

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

APRIL
1939



FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS

ARTICLES

RAYMOND GRAM SWING
CARL R. RASWAN
JOHN R. TUNIS
B. S. ROGERS
FRED EASLEY
LELAND F. ROBINSON

FICTION

MANUEL KOMROFF
SÁNDOR HUNYADY
JESSE STUART
BENEDICT THIELEN
PERCIVAL WILDE
DANIEL FUCHS
J. L. CAMPBELL

SATIRE

PARKE CUMMINGS
DOUG WELCH
R. B. JOHNS
HORATIO WINSLOW

POETRY

M. WALTHALL JACKSON

SPORTS

LEO FISCHER
ROBT. SAUNDERS DOWST
ILES BRODY
JOHN FYLER

DEPARTMENTS

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
GILBERT SELDES
CARLETON SMITH
PERRY READ
PATTERSON MURPHY
CHARLES RUTHERFORD
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY

CARTOONS

E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
D. McKAY
ABNER DEAN
HOWARD BAER
GEORGE PETTY
PAUL WEBB
GILBERT BUNDY
B. SHERMUND
HENRY BOLTINOFF
A. ROSS
ROBERT HOLLEY
GEORGE JO MESS
ADOLPH SCHUS
A. VON FRANKENBERG
(COVER)

INDEX ON PAGE 5

REVIEW OF
MOTORING FOR 1939

Just can't be Weather-Beaten!

Just like
Betty Petty . . .
Old Golds love the
April Showers
For the bloom they
Give to May flowers.
But like smart Betty,
Old Golds are
Doubly Protected
Against the
Spring dampness
That steals the
Freshness of a
Girl's curls or a
Cigarette.
Working together
Like slicker and
Umbrella . . . those 2
Cellophane jackets
On every pack
Just can't be
Weather-beaten.
They keep O. Gs'
Extra choice, extra
Long-aged tobaccos
As fresh and fragrant
As the Tulips of
Spring . . . ready to
Delight your
2 lips in any
Climate
Anywhere!



Copyright, 1939, by P. Lorillard Co.

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets
of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket
opens from the *BOTTOM*.

ATTENTION! YOU PETTY FANS!

Send 10c and 2 Old Gold wrappers for a
beautiful 4-color reproduction of this pic-
ture of "Betty Petty," without adver-
tising, suitable for framing. Address: OLD
GOLD, 119 West 40th St., New York City.

For Finer *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds

TUNE IN on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, every Sunday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

★ ★ ★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY

★ *quality*
 ★ *bouquet*
 ★ *clean taste*



On Caribbean cruises, on the floating palaces of the Atlantic and Pacific... on *all* the seven seas, you'll find "Hennessy-and-soda!" the order of the discriminating traveler. For the quality, bouquet and "clean" taste that make Three-Star Hennessy the preferred liqueur of the connoisseur also make Hennessy-and-soda a delightfully refreshing and satisfying highball. Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. JA^s HENNESSY & C^o Established 1765.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES:
 Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794



HENNESSY-and-SODA

1 jigger of Three-Star Hennessy
 3 ice cubes • Plain soda water

INSIST ON HENNESSY

in an Old-Fashioned • Side Car
 Mint Julep • Stinger Cocktail
 Brandy Sour • Brandy Cocktail



*Always More for Your Money
...and more than ever today!*

In forty-seven years, scarcely a year has passed that we haven't found a way to make Florsheims better. Tried and proved, these better ways have been put into practice—making Florsheim the foremost value in the fine shoe field. Always better, Florsheims today are the finest ever to leave the last. In fit and finish, in craftsmanship and comfort, in stamina and style, these new Florsheims offer the greatest values in Florsheim history. By every method of measurement, Florsheims give you more for your money. *Styles illustrated above, The MAJOR, S-845, \$10; The EMBASSY, S-861, \$10; and The MAJOR, S-869, \$8.75.*

\$8.75
SOME HIGHER

THE Florsheim SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Manufacturers · Chicago

Edited
by
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
DAVID A. SMART
WM. H. WEINTRAUB

Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright, 1939, by Esquire-Coronet, Inc., Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A.

Contents for April, 1939

ARTICLES

Reported Dead.....	Fred Easley	39
Swing Is from the Heart.....	B. S. Rogers	43
Gossip from the Desert.....	Carl R. Raswan	52
First World War Peace Offer.....	Raymond Gram Swing	56
Aviation As a Business.....	John R. Tunis	77
Strange Fish Stories.....	Leland F. Robinson	97

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury.....	10
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire.....	34
The Lively Arts: The Eternal Hotfoot.....	Gilbert Seldes 66
Music: Roulades and Cadenzas.....	Carleton Smith 78
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments.....	George Jean Nathan 82
Technical Fashions: The New 1939 Cars Do a Cat Walk.....	by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky 84
Books: Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf.....	Charles Rutherford 87
Potables: It's Only the Beginning.....	Perry Read 88
Movies: The Candid Cameraman.....	Patterson Murphy 91
Records: On the Record.....	Carleton Smith 94
Wearables: Wardrobe Manners for Shoes & Socks.....	Fashion Staff 100

FICTION

Deutschland Über Alles.....	J. L. Campbell	40
The Tutor's Trousers.....	Sándor Hunyady	46
The Woman in Buffalo.....	Daniel Fuchs	50
The Extreme Airiness of Dutton Lang.....	Percival Wilde	54
In the Year of Our Lord.....	Benedict Thielen	60
Death of an Outcast.....	Manuel Komroff	62
The Crazy Professor.....	Jesse Stuart	72
Doctor Comes of Age.....	Harry Sylvester	98

Art Director: ERIC LUNDGREN

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design.....	by A. von Frankenberg (Direct Color Process by Rosenow)
They're Off!.....	by Murray & Henry Boltinoff 68
The New 1939 Cars Do a Cat Walk.....	by E. Simms Campbell & Alexis de Sakhnoffsky 83
Provosts' Towers—U. of Pennsylvania.....	Etching by Frederick Polley 96

POETRY

Full Moon, Swing Joint, Oxford.....	M. Walthall Jackson 42
(Lithographs by Eric Lundgren)	

SATIRE

Flying As a Hobby.....	Parke Cummings 45
The Kid Don't Get It.....	R. B. Johns 59
We've Been Betrayed.....	Doug Welch 65
Fun Before Breakfast.....	Horatio Winslow 71

SEMI-FICTION

The Foolproof Cover.....	GT-99 81
--------------------------	----------

SPORTS

Nomads of the Hardwood Floor.....	Leo Fischer 49
The System Again.....	Robert Saunders Dowst 69
The Cult of the Woodchuck.....	John Fyler 74
Polo: Gentleman's Game.....	Iles Brody 92

TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches by Saalburg, Valentine, Marya, Goodman, Fellows, and Hughes beginning on page 124

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

The Anatomy of Penny Wisdom You remember that definition of a Liberal that's been going the rounds lately? Winchell had it, credited to somebody, but we disremember who. Anyway: "A man with both feet planted firmly in the sky." Well, we're it. You say you knew it all the time? But this time we mean *literally*. Because this one, this time, is written in flight. Head in clouds and feet in sky, somewhere south of Lookout Mountain, headed for a rendezvous with a fish. Of course, it takes two to make a rendezvous. The fish has the right of refusal.

The situation has points paralleling that of the man who said, "I'm going out and get drunk tonight and gosh how I dread it!" The eternal struggle between Romance and Realism, in other words. Realism, in our time, decides against doing many things that were done at the drop of a hat in other days. A realist, for instance, wouldn't go to the races, much less bet on them, because "it has long since been established that one horse may run faster than another."

A realist wouldn't go fishing, either. Not unless there were no other way to acquire fish, and no other food but fish to acquire. A realist would think the problem through, to the logical conclusion that fishing is the most expensive and least efficient means of acquiring

fish. For your practicing realist always ignores the emotional overtones, even when it requires effort to ignore them, preferring to go by the sum total of the concrete facts, whether or not they square with the abstract truth.

To today's realists might be applied Oscar Wilde's pat phrase about "the people who know the price of everything and the value of nothing." Or Leon Blum's later variation on the same theme, to the effect that "they know everything without understanding anything."

In the field of diplomacy, for instance, the realist has figured out the price of Peace, down to the last ounce of concession, without a thought for the fact that Peace may be purchased so dearly that it loses its value. When that happens, then you have reached the endpoint of Realism, where it merges indistinguishably into Defeatism. Then the realist, by the force of his Know-Everything attitude in theory, merely arrives at a Do-Nothing attitude in action.

Granted that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, it is equally true, on the other hand, that an over-dose may be debilitating. In other words, you can act stupidly from knowing too much, as well as from knowing too little. Or, stated still another way, people who are too wise to consider war as an instrument of policy may be just as dangerous, to the continuance of our civilization, as people

who are too dumb to consider anything else.

But chasing this line of thought gets us far afield. This didn't start out to be about war and peace and how to tell them apart (though *that's* an essay that needs doing) but only to reflect on that state of mind which counts the cost of everything so carefully that it winds up considering that practically nothing is worth what it costs. Such an attitude, if it does nothing else, squeezes most of the fun out of life. It can't enjoy the doughnut, for thinking of the hole.

To such a state of mind, going a couple of thousand miles to catch a couple of fish, or a couple of dozen or maybe none, is unthinkable. There are cheaper ways to get fish. Similarly, eating by candlelight, in a place that has electricity, or burning a grate fire where there's central heating—these are things that lie outside the pale of the over-logical, over-realistic mind. That state of mind delights in figuring out ways to concoct a horrible-tasting mouthwash out of eight cents worth of home-mixed chemicals, to avoid paying the druggist forty-eight cents for one that "only tastes better." Examples could be multiplied indefinitely. One pretty obvious instance, of course, would be the sheer folly of paying fifty cents for a magazine—when as anybody knows you can always get a magazine for a nickel!

ESQUIRE
April, 1939



T. M.
Reg.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire-Coronet, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), \$5.00; elsewhere, \$7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

NEW YORK EDITION

Vol. XI, No. 4
Whole No. 65

T. M.
Reg.



KEN

WITH AMERICA'S ELOQUENT OKAY...KEN GOES WEEKLY...APRIL 6



Every day since the meeting at Munich and the abandonment of Czecho-Slovakia (which it predicted five months beforehand), American interest in world affairs has increased and Ken has grown in prestige and popularity. Hence Ken has a bigger job to do—and goes weekly to do it in a bigger way.

GOOD RIDDANCE

Hail!



YESTERDAY. Pants were closed with five fastenings. They made you feel as though you were dressing with boxing gloves on.



TODAY. You close and open your pants with one pull on the modern TALON slide fastener. Quick, easy, 100% sensible.



YESTERDAY. Remember your embarrassment when the old-type fastenings broke off your trousers—or, just as bad, came open by accident?



TODAY. You always know your trousers are properly closed with the TALON slide fastener. No need to worry about damage from pressing, cleaning!



YESTERDAY. Offensive gaps—that grew worse as your suit grew older—were often caused by the old fly.



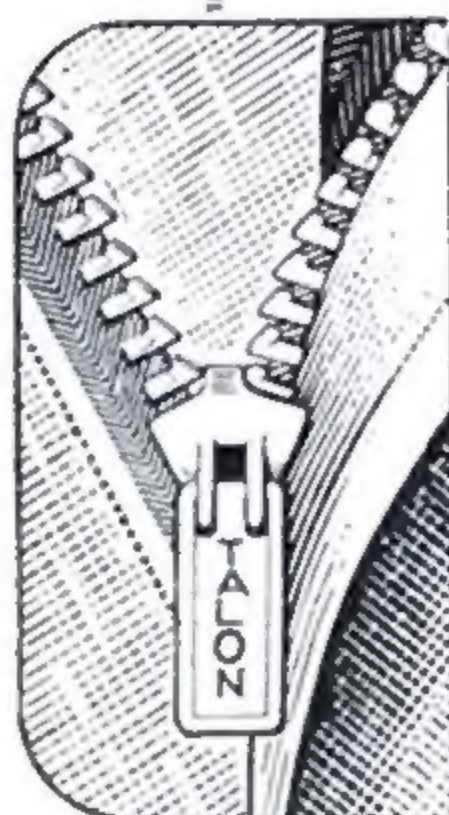
TODAY. What a difference with the TALON slide fastener. It always keeps you well-groomed.

SPRING NEWS! You now get the TALON slide fastener in most of the better-made new suits

Why continue with the disadvantages of the old-style fastenings? Today you can have the ease, security and durability of the Talon slide fastener in all your clothes—no matter how much or how little you pay for them! This spring, when you buy a new suit, get one that's *really* new. Make sure it has the modern Talon fastener in the trousers!

TALON TROUSER FASTENER ★ MADE BY TALON, Inc.
MEADVILLE, PA.

IT PAYS TO "TAKE A SECOND LOOK" WHEN YOU BUY SUITS OR SLACKS



Be sure
the name
"TALON"
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
is on the
slide fastener

It's important to avoid inefficient slide fasteners. Trousers require one kind of slide fastener—jackets another—dresses another—in fact, every different wearing problem calls for a different kind of slide fastener. Play safe. Always "take a second look" for the name "TALON." Then you're sure the fastener is specially made to give perfect service on the specific article you're buying—whether it's trousers or anything else.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



CAMERAS

Enjoy the most entrancing advancement of modern photography—Kodachrome in full color—as well as perfect black and white shots of every type (even under poor light conditions) with the popular priced Jubilee, a 35MM Miniature Camera with F2.9 lens in Compur shutter with speeds up to 1/300th part of a second. Price \$35. Eveready Case \$5. Send for Booklet E.J.U. WILLOUGHBY'S
World's Largest Exclusive Camera Supply House, 110 West 32nd Street, New York.



CAMPING EQUIPMENT

ATTENTION OUTDOOR ENTHUSIASTS
Equipment for hunting, fishing, camping, hiking. Our new complete catalog E4, free on request, describes tents, packs, sleeping robes, clothing, Russell Moccasins, cook outfits, Hudson's Bay Blankets, etc. For personal attention to special requirements address Mr. Abercrombie.
DAVID T. ABERCROMBIE CO.
Established 1892
311 Broadway New York



CHEESE KITS

CHEESE IN 5 DISTINCT TANGS!
Serve this mouth-watering assortment of choice cheeses aged in wines and brandy:—English Stilton in Port, Holland Edam in Sauterne, French Roquefort in Brandy, English Cheddar in Port, and Italian Gorgonzola in Brandy. Special Kit of 5 generous earthen crocks containing above cheeses sent with package of canape wafers all for only \$2.50. Add 25¢ west of Mississippi.
DUTCHESS FOOD SPECIALTIES CO.
1947 Park Ave., New York City



LEATHER CONDITIONERS

Fortify all leather articles—shoes, bags, cases, gloves, saddlery—against wet weather with LEXOL.

Apply LEXOL to fine book bindings, furniture, luggage and sports gear of leather. Sold at hardware, luggage, shoe, book, saddlery and sport stores. 25¢, \$1.00 and up.

THE MARTIN DENNIS CO.
855 Summer Ave., Newark, N. J. Since 1893.



PARTIES

Make Your Next Party a Big Success. Order a Beulah Kuh PACKAGED PARTY. Packaged Parties contain everything (except the eats and drinks). You name the occasion and Beulah Kuh will plan and mail you a Packaged Party. Complete, for 12 guests, \$20 (deduct \$1.00 for each guest less than 12, add \$1.00 for each guest more than 12). Order now... a Packaged Party for birthday, anniversary or other occasions.
PARTY MART, Inc.
510 Madison Ave., New York

BERMUDA FOR EASTER. If you're the type who would rather spend Easter in a pair of slacks and a sweater instead of a topper and cutaway, and who'd rather see fields of Easter lilies in bloom instead of behind a florist's window, then Bermuda's the ticket. This "do-as-you-please, dress-as-you-please" paradise is a natural for Big Business, a mere 5 hours from New York by Pan American or Imperial Airways' luxurious planes, or 40 hours on the Furness Line "Monarch" and "Queen."



ON THE FRONT PORCH AT "TWENTY-ONE" CLUB in Bermuda you'll sit looking across the harbor and watching the arrival or departure of the ships, while working on one of "Twenty-One's" potent rum swizzles which the bar-keep will have run up as follows: juice of ½ lime, 1 tsp. falernum, 1 jigger Barbados rum, dash brandy and bitters, ½ glass cracked ice. Swizzle well. You can't enter the sacred confines of this club without a coat, so to forestall the informality of open-mesh shirts, etc., "Twenty-One" keeps a supply of light jackets on hand to decorously fit out the visiting firemen. When you go to lunch or dine at the "Ace of Clubs," you'll lead off with an "Ace of Clubs" cocktail... juice of half a lime, 1 oz. creme de cocoa, 2 ozs. Barbados rum, tsp. sugar syrup. Then you inspect a large assortment of live lobsters swimming unconcerned about in the club's marine tank. When you see a crustacean whose personality and physique appeal to you, you select him to be served up later as an epicurean masterpiece.

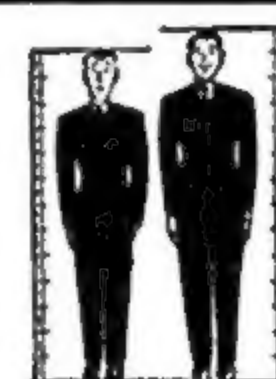
FIELD DAY FOR ATHLETES. If you crave to lead a life fraught with athletic endeavor, there are 5 swell 18-hole golf courses on the island... and several 9-hole courses; 168 varieties of fish in the glorious blue-green waters... be prepared for anything from a barracuda to a tuna, and be sure to register your heaviest haul, they award prizes for record catches. And what a spot for yachtsmen! In April come the International Races, considered tops in the yachting world. Plenty of tennis on en-tous-cas courts, cricket matches, water polo, trap shooting, horseback riding and cycling up and down the hard white coral roads.

IT'S A MAN'S LAND... but should you feel gregarious, the place is over run with lithesome lovelies, dying for a dance, a drink and a dash of romance... Bermuda brand.

FLOWERS AND PERFUME FOR YOUR LADY'S EASTER. She'll be expecting a floral tribute, come Easter. It's a nice touch to send along a bottle of perfume with it... that added "plus" that makes a sale. When you're in Bermuda you might go to see floral perfumes being made. The factory has its own gardens containing examples of every plant that grows in Bermuda, emerging eventually as Lili Easter Lily perfume, Bermuda Passion Flower, Jasmine and their newest killer-diller, "Eve." If you don't make the trip, you can buy the perfumes up No'th.

MORE EASTER FRAGRANCE. Lenthéric's "Triangle de Fleurs," containing 3 charming floral scents in a fancy plumed box; D'Orsay's 3 little colored Easter eggs containing 3 different types of D'Orsay perfume. For the lady who prefers gardenias, a bottle of Chanel's glorious Gardenia perfume; if she wears sweet peas, Caron's stately Pois de Senteur. The chic camelia lady gets Ciro's illusive Camelia Du Maroc; if roses are her choice, send Patou's Joy. Sophisticates will like Guerlain's intriguing Coque d'Or, Corday's provocative Tzigane, or Coty's Paris.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



BUILT-UP SHOES

Increase your height with Joseph Burger's STATURAIDS, the special built-up shoes. Smart, attractive, normal looking. Built up feature does not show—no heavy soles or high heels. Used by actors, professional men, salesmen, statesmen, and well dressed men everywhere. Wide assortment of styles. Not only increase stature but also give better posture. Send for illustrated catalog. JOSEPH BURGER'S STATURAIDS
2067D Third Ave. New York, N. Y.
Mail orders our specialty (Plain Wrappers)
Prompt confidential personal service



PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

Sensational Swing Record by All-Star Band of America's leading swing musicians. Goodman, Dorsey, Berigan, Teagarden, James and eight other famous instrumentalists get "into the groove" playing Blue Lou and The Blues. An inspired recording that sparkles with the brilliance of the country's greatest individual swing soloists. Record No. 26144 shipped safely anywhere, only 75¢
Send for Complete Catalogs to Dep't. E
RABSONS MUSIC SHOP
100 West 56th Street New York City



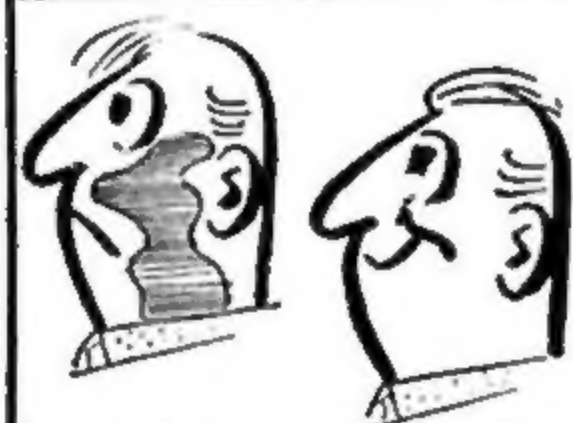
MATCHBOOK-ALBUMS

Get ready... get set... for the World's Fair! You'll hit New York's high spots. Later on you'll want something to show for it... So save the little "adventure-arguing" matchbook covers from the hotels, restaurants, and nightclubs. Save 'em in a Master Matchless Album. Holds 5 sizes, no paste, a beauty, and only \$2. Give it to others who are going, and by all means, get onto one for yourself. \$2. at leading stores, or order direct.
MATCHLESS ALBUM CO.
Box 120, Grand Central Annex, New York



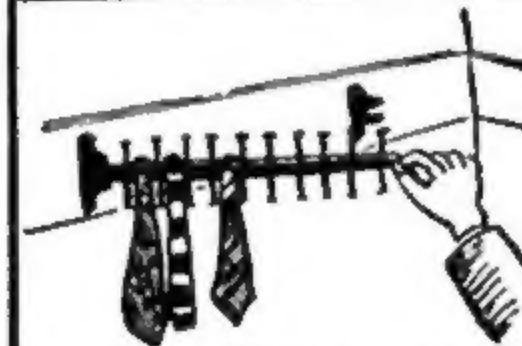
MASONIC BILLFOLDS

Why fumble for your lodge cards, licenses, etc? Use a Redding BILLFOLD-CARD CASE and your cards will be ready for instant use. Send \$1.00 for this genuine leather case holding 5 cards and currency, and gold stamped FREE with lodge emblem. Your full name in gold 35¢ additional. Send for circular illustrating other styles. Masonic book catalog on request.
THE REDDING MASONIC SUPPLY CO., Inc.
17 West 23rd St. New York, N. Y.



BLEMISH-CONCEALING CREAM

COVERMARK CREAM FOR MEN, called "Modern Miracle" in Reader's Digest, completely conceals all blemishes and discolorations, from birthmarks to black eyes! Waterproof! Unnoticeable! Stays on! Among COVERMARK users are prominent business and professional men, salesmen and actors. For temporary blemishes such as hasty-shave nicks, pimples, etc., send \$1.25 for Covermark Spotstick.
LYDIA O'LEARY, Inc.
551 Fifth Ave., N. Y., VANDERBILT 3-5090



TIE-RACKS

Neckties (cravats to you sophisticates) have at last been put in their place. PINA-TY-RAK keeps them neat, handy and sorted for quick selection. An attractive addition to any man's room. Beautiful solid black walnut. Pina-Ty-Rak holds 24 to 100 neckties. Can be used in four different positions—vertical and horizontal. In attractive woodgrain box. At gift, department and men's stores, or send \$1 bill to
KLIPPER SPECIALTY CO., INC.
496 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y.

fashion Memo from:



to a World's Fair Visitor-to-be

● New York World's Fair visitors-to-be will have much to see here in addition to that exciting and truly gargantuan exposition that has risen on our Flushing Meadows.

In reality it is two expositions in one that they shall witness . . . from the wondrous trylons and perispheres and the great Hall of Style "MAN—His Clothes, His Sports" of the Fair to the towers and star-scrappers of the great city which, year in and year out, is the most amazing Bazaar of all civilization and civilizations.

Proud to be a part of this permanent panorama, John David . . . with over a third of a century's intimate insight into the mind of New York . . . bids you warm welcome, urges for your own sake that you make its shops your headquarters.

The shops of John David are conveniently located . . . but that is small reason for your attendance. Rather should you know that they are the fashion centres of the world . . . that the name "John David" is another name for "New York".

Here you will find wearables you have admired . . . subtly distinguished by that typically New Yorkish, smart conservatism.

Yes, come see John David, gentlemen. With John David's promise that the air you breathe is the authentic air of smart New York.

● Write for our FREE booklet "On Being Well-Dressed" featuring correct things for men to wear, with useful information on what is right and what is wrong on many puzzling, but important, little details.



BROADWAY AT 32nd STREET



TIMELY CLOTHES
Timely Tailored



HICKEY-FREEMAN
Customized★ Clothes



FIFTH AVENUE AT 43rd STREET

FIFTH AVENUE AT 43rd STREET • BROADWAY AT 32nd STREET

336 MADISON AVENUE • 125-127 WEST 42ND STREET • NEW STREET AT EXCHANGE PLACE • CORTLANDT AT CHURCH STREET • BROADWAY AT WARREN STREET

Two Stores In Brooklyn — COURT STREET AT REMSEN and FULTON STREET AT SMITH • Mail Inquiries — 1271 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

WHO WOULD NOTICE DOGS ON WINDY DAY IN CENTRAL PARK?

I agree with Mr. Ficke when it comes to women making fools of themselves over their "cute little snookims," but I can't understand why he didn't hit more on the subject.

Hasn't Mr. Ficke ever walked in Central Park during a windy day and seen the ladies with their dogs? Hasn't he noticed (how could he help it!) the poor "muts" walking around dressed in coats, shoes, and sometimes even caps! The poor dogs, it's a wonder they don't rebel and give the mistress a nip or two. On rainy days they have raincoats, and overshoes during a snowy day!

I know of a woman who has a complete wardrobe for her dog. The dog has a bed; a stuffed chair just his size; a special box of special "educational" toys; and clothes! Yes, clothes. Overcoats, shoes (patent leather and rubber), raincoats, and overshoes. The dog has best and second best just like the mistress. You may rest assured that when the two go out their coats either match or go together in color!!

Another woman I know has a Boston Terrier and he has a fur coat!! Now I realize that a Boston Terrier gets cold but a fur coat—

I GIVE UP!!!

Sincerely,
GRETA KEYLANDER
Springfield, Mass.

YOU'RE WELCOME

The biggest laugh I got out of the January issue was this howler that George Jean Nathan himself would have printed in the old "Americana" column of the *American Mercury* when he was co-editor with Hank Mencken, if it was another critic's boner:

"Andre Birabeau's *Dame Nature* . . . proved to be an originally amusing light comedy about a young boy and girl who have an impromptu baby completely and cruelly botched by slipshod preparation and crassly misguided direction."

MARTIN KEARNS
Chicago, Ill.

THE JESSE STUART CIRCULATION STATEMENT

This bit of information may be of interest to you and because the "Esquire" is my favorite magazine, I am passing it along.

Curiously enough, but the *ESQUIRE* outsells any other magazine in this section which includes the eastern half of Kentucky. I know this to be true because of two things. One being that I have covered this territory pretty thoroughly and I find it in the majority of homes, rich and poor alike.

Another is that I have asked news dealers concerning it. I wondered what it was about the *ESQUIRE* that caused the mountain people, who as a rule, never have much extra money to buy such an expensive magazine. Fifty cents is a lot of money in the mountains. I found out that it was because of Jesse Stuart's stories and poetry.

The mountain people are passionately proud of Stuart and look upon him as a paragon of literary excellence. Anything which bears his signature is read with avidity. Stuart is their kind and he writes in a language which they can understand.

I like the *ESQUIRE* because it is different. It is the one magazine which

has gotten away from the shopworn formula which is still in use by the majority of other mags. Not only that, but for its pungent fearless articles and spicy cartoons. Even the advertisements are intensely interesting. It is the first magazine I ever saw which fuses originality into everything it publishes.

This letter is not by any means a pan letter. I buy the *ESQUIRE* from a crippled news dealer thereby doing two good deeds in one. One for the news dealer and for myself. I like Stuart's writings fine but I never saw him in my life. Well to be specific, I'm trying to express my appreciation for the best magazine on the stands and to encourage you to keep up the good work.

Very sincerely yours,
NEVYLE SHACKELFORD
St. Helens, Ky.

LOSING OUR ILLUSIONS, ONE AFTER ANOTHER

I picked up your December issue last eve and read *The Voice of Cain, Kentucky Mountain Folk* by Thomas Newman.

I am thinking it a mistake to publish such stories, so noticeably exaggerated. There is no such abundance of game in Eastern Kentucky as he describes, no Deer, Bear, and Turkey, if any at all they are scarce as snakes abroad in winter season. His night mare, re rabbit and wild cat was really a night mare. Walnut trees except of sapling size are long gone.

Farmers are protected by law in their rights to royalty for oil and gas leases. One-eighth in all cases. I am a product of Eastern Kentucky. Have in my experience cut lumber from 20 of the 40 counties and drilled 100 oil wells in five. Have ridden day and night, never saw Deer, Bear, nor Turkey, nor so many as 20 or 30 squirrels in one tree.

Some thirty years ago some of my woodsmen tracked down and killed a bear, the only one known to be there by men then living.

Newman should have laid his story in New Mexico or on the slopes of the Rockies in Colorado. The story is not so badly told, but the exaggerated detail makes it a joke to any who know the country and the people.

Yours truly,
FRANK B. RUSSELL
Louisville, Ky.

SO PEOPLE LIKE THE TRUTH?

Just finished reading your story, subject: *Sport Among the Vikings* in January's issue of the *ESQUIRE*. Here is quoting parts—"Don't go to Norway unless your primary interest is Skiing" . . . "If it's women you want you better bring your own" . . . "Masculine chivalry is at low ebb in Norway" . . . "Social life outside from skiing is nil" . . . "Your Ego will suffer no inferiority complex, as the standard of skiing is not as high as in fashionable Alpine resorts."

You are positively insulting and I don't see how the story was ever permitted to be printed. People like the truth. Let me tell you—Norway, home of the Vikings, land of the midnight sun and beautiful Fjords. Snow covered mountains and flower roofed homes. Land of peace and above all the land of the highest civilized and respected people in the world. "Skol," to Norway.

Do take a trip there some day.
N. L. RUNLEY
Chicago, Ill.

P. S.—I am neither Norwegian, Danish or Swedish.

PUT BRODY ON TO BOIL

I have just been reading an article by Iles Brody under the heading *America—Happy Hunting Ground*. And it is out of this that my grouch arises.

Obviously Iles Brody is American, and obviously he does not know England. I am not acquainted with the Aristocracy (I hate that capital "A"—but they tell me it is correct to put it) of England which can afford to mount horse and gallop over the country-side in chase of a fox; but I do know that the poorer classes, and the middle classes are all in agreement that these blood-sports should be abolished. Now if the barber, the mechanic and the truck-drivers do not belong to these lower and middle classes whatever class do they belong to?

I challenge Iles Brody. I do not think he can prove to me that he has ever seen the sign "Out Hunting; will return at 6 p.m." on any door of any barber-shop, green grocer's shop, or any other shop in England.

"In England," he writes, "fox hunting is a national institution"; and further on, "village-barbers among earls." That is all tripe.

The reference to English hunting has in the eyes of the English reader spoilt a good essay. Not only that, but it is very mis-informing. It is degrading, in fact; we lower-classes (and how I hate this class distinction) are all against blood-sports. And for your information the so-called Aristocracy only hunt because there are no night-clubs in the day-time, and perhaps, their reason may be given as tradition. Many youths would back out I think, but they have no "guts." Some of their pals would laugh at them and call them silly. What's a fox, anyway? And he continues his hunting.

Just another point, the typical English village lacks a barber's shop.

If Iles Brody has anything to say to that I should be pleased to hear from him.

Yours most faithfully,
F. HARVEY HODGSON
Chelmsford, Essex, England

HE MUST HAVE SOMETHING

Now Mr. Gingrich, what did I tell you about Jesse Stuart's verse? Did you ever read lines with a greater wallop. Of such flood-water undercurrents? His estimation of humanity in *Defense of Serpent*, is a master stroke of powerful truth. His understanding of the meanness of the female hypocrisy is almost unbelievable in one so young. I could feel the vitality of the man as he sets his value on the "Mountain Woman." He was wise in making her singular, for as a specie women are alike under the skin. Woman is woman, a strange individualist.

Jesse caught feminine selfishness in *City Girl*; surely he is appealing in his poignant aloneness with his freshly turned loam under wind-clean skies. The mistake he made there is in thinking she should have left her city or that she would have loved that "spacious room," or have been consoled in the rugged hills.

I do not believe Jesse Stuart knows she would have killed the genius in him, or that she would have made him believe the soil was unclean. She would have showed him that the wild rose had a poison dagger with which to pierce the flesh of those who love its beauty. No, he does not know the capacities of a lovely bit of fluff whose

mind is brittle and whose heart is adamant, or that her dainty heel is most comfortable when set upon the neck of the man whose genius is greater than her allure.

Please excuse me—but Jesse Stuart's poetic genius is something set apart, in my estimation. (I flatter myself that my mentality is more masculine than feminine.)

Carleton Smith is getting some cat calls in the *Sound and Fury*. That must mean he's good. What I can't understand is a group of men like the St. Louis Symphony not being able to see through the comedy of these criticisms. Why in Sam Hill do they have to take themselves so seriously?

Sincerely yours,
MRS. ALICIA L. ROONEY
South Pasadena, Calif.

THANKS FOR NOTHING

I have just finished reading Sándor Hunyady's short story, *Business Was Terrible*.

It certainly was.
Pearl River, N. Y. JACK CURRAN

EDITOR CAN'T READ

E. Simms Campbell draws well; as a light versifier he is pathetic. Bright, sophisticated Esqy has sophomoric standards of prosody that would disgrace the editor of a high school magazine. "Let me sleep and not be bothered making rhymes." Phooey! Who called them rhymes?

Tin Pan Alley has outgrown such puerility. "Time, mind; mind, time" (he fell in love with that one); "mine, time" (versatile, if nothing else); "snoozed, news; kind, rhymes" (kee-ripes!). In the yearbook that our kids publish, we run a page of humor, the standards of technical excellence for which are much lower, of course, than for the rest of the book. The text of *Insomniac's Lament* would be turned down for our humor page because of bad rhymes and sloppy meter.

If *ESQUIRE* wants to publish light verse, why not get some decent stuff from the real versifiers who know their trade? If the editor doesn't know the difference between good verse and bad, let him read Tom Hood's *Rhymester*.

Skoal to Ficke for *Dog Owners are Crazy!* Apartment house corridors are worse traps for unwary feet than sidewalks. Dog owners aren't even housebroken!

But tell Comdr. Gatti to whittle down his miracles. Readers have some sense. *Scum of the Jungles* was at least credible, though other stuff of his certainly hasn't been.

Very truly yours,
EILEEN WILLIAMS
New York, N. Y.

YOU'LL FIND OUT

You're just too grand! On behalf of all Continental bachelors I want to thank you for the flattering publicity you made for us in your article *In Defense of the American Gigolo*.

By this obliging help we might get a chance to have a marvelous time over there during the World Fair. The number of the guys expecting to sail is increasing rapidly. So long, girls!

Yours for saving us from matrimonial troubles:

Paris, France L. B. SANDORHAZY
Continued on page 12



How many whiskies do you put into a Manhattan?

THE ANSWER, in our opinion, should be: *Several whiskies*...one whose claim to greatness lies in its silken *smoothness*...another noted for its rich, deep *fullness*...still another for its tempting *aroma*...or its satisfying *flavor*.

And where can you hope to find these matchless whiskies? We thought you knew...you can get them all in one bottle. *Simply ask for Four Roses!* For Four Roses is a glorious combination of several truly great whiskies, each distinguished for some special quality!

Even the youngest of these whiskies is 4 years old

All the whiskies in Four Roses are old enough to be bottled in bond, if we thought they would be as good, sold separately that way.

But, instead, we think it better to reduce these whiskies to 90 proof to make them lighter, milder. Then we bring them together, so as to unite all their individual virtues in one whiskey that is finer by far than any of them could be alone. Four Roses is ALL whiskey—whiskey, every drop.

So, tonight before dinner, we wish you'd try a Manhattan made with "several" whiskies—in other words, *with Four Roses!* You'll find Four Roses at any good bar or package store. It may cost a trifle more than some other whiskies—but it's worth it! *Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.*

Famous Recipe for a Famous Cocktail...*a Four Roses Manhattan:*
½ Italian Vermouth—(French Vermouth, if you prefer your cocktails dry) ¾ Four Roses Whiskey • Dash of bitters • Stir well with cracked ice, strain, and serve with cherry.

FOUR ROSES

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY
AT LEAST **4 YEARS OLD**

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are four years or more old.



THE SOUND AND THE FURY

YOU HAVE TO HAVE BULLETS

After reading and digesting the last issue I make haste to rise and fire a shot or two to the barrage in your column.

It seems that I have a bone to pick with the authors of *You Have to Have Snow*, namely M. Springer and P.



Read. In their tour of the snow sport centers they embraced practically every ski jump and toboggan slide from coast to coast and parts of Canada but when they men-

tioned the west coast they jumped completely over one of the finest winter playgrounds in the United States. I speak of the Shasta-Cascade Wonderland in general and the Mount Shasta Area particularly.

Although the Mount Shasta Area is younger in development than some of the more popular and better known playgrounds we can boast of the highest Class A jump in North America, a 2200 ft. up-ski that eliminates a 500 ft. climb and last but not least the longest ski run in the world, fourteen miles. I was disappointed, to say the least that the authors did not see fit to give the Mount Shasta Area at least one little paragraph.

For my second shot the sights are lined up on one Mr. Erle P. Dudley, ex-Captain of Engineers in the A.E.F. His word is good when he says that brother Goodes article on guns in your December issue was O.K. but when I read the inventory sheet of his private arsenal a big and hearty laugh escapes suppression. The list includes an 8 mm. Mauser carbine, a Sharps 45/70 Old Reliable, the same caliber in a Springfield breech-loader, and a 30/40 Winchester M'95. To head this list he recommends the 30/30 as a utility gun with the new ammunition. Now everyone knows that the 30-30 is a very poor cousin under any circumstances to the modern family of high-power sporting arms. The efficiency of the 30-30, with any ammunition compared to the performance of the current high-power guns make it seem as obsolete as the old Model T and who drives a Model T in this advanced age? Would like to suggest that Mr. Dudley procure a copy of *Outdoor Life* for November, 1938 and read what Capt. Edward C. Crossman, a well conceded authority has to say in his article; *This Deadly 30/30*. Regarding the other rifles in the list—I know of a museum that would love to have them. Again a hearty laugh.

Sincerely yours,

MORRIS G. ESTEP

Dunsmuir, Calif.

WE'RE OFF AGAIN!

I am sending you the proof that Dr. Stevens gun fire problem in your December number can not be solved.

The firing schedule for the first five days of the week can be arranged as follows: (I letter the guns instead of numbering them to save space):

AFK AGM AHO AIL AJN
BGL BHN BIK BJM BFO
CHM CIO CJL CFN CGK
DIN DJK DFM DGO DHL
EJO EFL EGN EHK EIM

Sixth day could start thus:

ABC
FGH
KLM

It can be seen by inspection that every gun has been fired once and only once with each of the guns not in its own column of five. The sixth day's firing must therefore start with three rounds of three guns each such that each round is selected from one of the previous columns of five. After this there are two guns left in each of the original columns of five which must

not be fired with any other gun not already fired in the first three rounds of the sixth day. The firing must therefore cease under the conditions laid down, namely that every gun must be fired once each day and that no two guns may be fired twice together.

Yours sincerely,

London, England WALTER HUGHES

P.S.—I offer a subscription to *ESQUIRE* Magazine to the first person who can show me any way of firing more than twenty-eight groups of three guns each under Dr. Stevens conditions. I enclose a check for \$7.50 to show I am not bluffing.

SLIPPING UPHILL WITH OLD ESQ.

I've just flipped through the pages of your magazine from December '37 to date. I was wondering how much I had enjoyed. You see, the other night I said to a friend that the noble rag was falling off. He said that was not so: I was merely growing up.

Most memorable was Eric Knight's story about the Yorkshire Crisis, *Never Come Monday*, in March. That was done with skill and it had the pith you seem earnestly to seek. It fits into that "new leisure" you



talked about years ago. I suppose it gives you a moment of pleasure to have that phrase "years ago" dragged in—*ESQUIRE*, the most successful magazine in a decade; and so forth... *Farewell Old China Hand* had that pithiness, too. It said more about the position of the white man in Asia than any two articles by a foreign correspondent, and it was said with the right innuendo.

Also memorable was the return of Mr. Hemingway. War, it would seem, has one good effect. It puts Mr. Hemingway back on his tracks. Then, there's the pictorial department... It is a pity that Petty's best work is done for Old Gold, but it's true. In September there was a reprint of an "ancient but honorable Petty drawing." Why? And what is so hilarious about it? Were you attempting to demonstrate to the critics of Mr. P. that his humor was formerly worse than it is now? His drawing has gained some finesse anyhow. Mr. Bundy still crawls the ladies I wish to meet but never expect to. He has become a creditable water-colorist (I think it's water-color, anyhow) does he ever do anything else but illustration? If you have the nerve to peddle an album of Petty, why not get out an album of Bundy—or am I behind times here?

The fashion plates are still amazing. How you can go on with them and never show a man who looks like any one of the thousands of Americans I see about is no mean achievement. In November you showed a young man with glasses. That was a great moment. Previously, any man with glasses appearing in a fanny-length raincoat (are you supposed to carry a spare pair of trousers when you wear one of those little *jacquets* in anything heavier than fog?)... anyhow, any guy with glasses prior to the millennium of Nov. '38 was a portly old dog. Have your artists ever noticed the numbers of us young 'uns who are begoggled? In that same issue on p. 156 there was another milestone, a fashion plate with a decent-looking woman in it. My compliments to "Valentine," whoever that is.

May you have another year of being banned into a circulation of half-a-million, and may the letters cancelling subscriptions be longer and more bigoted—and let us hope you have to write them yourselves.

Sincerely,

FRANCIS HUTCHINSON, JR.

Redwood City, Calif.

ODE ON THE GENERAL SUBJECT OF TOO MUCH IS MORE THAN ENOUGH

A continuous diet of cabbage or steak Does not make

A gourmet of man.

In fact, it makes him everything else than.

He loses his taste for all things that are edible,

The same theory holds true for all things that are readable.

Month after month of the same authors on our literary platter

Is like eating food always cooked in the same kind of batter.

There's Komroff, Gatti, Ficke, and Hunyady.

No doubt it's a pleasure to have a manuscript ready

By them every month for publication But why submit us to continual vaccination?

An occasional story tickles the palate But to keep on repeating—well it Soon becomes uninteresting fare And we feel the need of fresh air.

Have you no other pastures of art to beach us

Than in Salpeter who is but one who can teach us?

Jesse Stuart in poem and prose served too often

Is apt to place him in a verbal coffin. Louis Paul, Louis Paul, Louis Paul, Louis Paul.

Is that all

You are able to give us each edition? Tell us what brings about this deplorable condition.

A sabbatical leave for your favorite cartoonists

Might bring them back smiling and perhaps with some new twists

Departments are different and once you have begun

Reading *Potables*, you look forward each month to old Pemberton

Carleton Smith knows his operas, orchestras, and masses

And acts as a Spring tonic of sulphur and molasses.

George Jean Nathan is always a joy. What a boy!

Why not put an unusual spice in the fiction you offer?

Try many more times putting in a new author.

You'll find in the long run it won't be much bother

Then escape this and ever so much of such dother.

Pen-Mar. Penn.

BETTY SMITH

SOMEBODY'S CRAZY

The article *Dog Owners are Crazy* by Arthur Davison Ficke starts out fairly and squarely. It is not the dog's fault that he has so few friends, states Ficke, but his master's. True. Let's glance over his bill of particulars and see what the canines are charged with.

1. He soils the sidewalks.
2. He barks and keeps the neighbors awake.
3. He brings wet dog tracks into a friend's apartment.
4. His affectionate leap soils a friend's white trousers.
5. He sheds hair on a visitor's clothing.

Regarding the first item. But first let me say that I own a female chow dog. It took me less than a week to train my dog to relieve herself in the gutter. A dog is smart and can be taught almost anything and as he is a creature of habit this situation is entirely up to the dog owner.

In respect to the second complaint:



Only certain breeds are persistent barkers. Chows, for instance, are not. In addition, a dog will not bark continually unless left alone and unattended. Again, it is a matter of the owner.

Number three is another indictment against the dog's master. I never take my dog visiting and I don't think one should.

The next item on the agenda also has to do with the owner. The over exuberant dog should be restrained. Also the breed again comes into it. The chow, again for instance, will make no such advances except to the immediate family.

The same answers prevail regarding the fifth and final point made by Mr. Ficke.

It all seems to boil down to the fact that ownership of a dog in a city involves certain responsibilities on the part of the owner. If he or she has neither the patience or intelligence to properly train the pup then he or she should be fined until the dog is trained or given up.

Now, however, fairness demands that the dog's side be presented. The fact that millions of people in cities cherish dogs must indicate there are reasons.

The frequent comment that a dog cannot be happy or well in town is just not true. If it were then all the dogs would have been dead long ago and people like Mr. Ficke would have nothing to worry about except something else. It is once more a question of the owner's consideration for his pet.

All dogs are a certain amount of care but they return this attention a thousand fold. Not only in faithfulness and affection (are you sneering, Mr. F?) but in value received. The press recently carried a disclosure made by a particularly enterprising burglar to the effect that the thing a house breaker most feared was a dog. It might very well be that a dog who is disturbing his neighbors is frightening away a thief.

Then I recall a story in the papers not more than a week ago that had to do with a chow who awakened the family to warn them of fire. The point I am trying to make is that a dog gives its owners a grand feeling of security. A dog should pull his weight the same as a human but a great deal has to do with the way he was handled as a puppy.

One thing we can be sure about. Mr. Ficke has never owned a dog. There has never been an instance, to my knowledge, of a person shunning a dog once he has had one as a pet. As for dog lovers being actuated by a desire for power that is just a lot of psychological horsefeathers and comes of reading too many books that you don't understand.

Maybe Mr. F. better get himself a dog so he can be crazy with the rest of us.

NED GOLDSCHMIDT

New York City, N. Y.

DINNER BITES MAN

My wifey has been reading streamlined menus in a magazine called *McCall's*, and damned if she didn't try to feed me some ginger ale with grapes (skin and all) in it along with some bacon-tomato-and-peanut-butter sandwiches.

Dear Editor—you can help me. Just include a few more articles in *ESQUIRE* on he-man food and drink. You see the little woman reads your magazine from cover to cover, and what she needs is ideas—good ones. Give! (Thanx.)

Yours truly,

C. FINLEY DOWLING

Gainesville, Fla.

Continued at bottom of page 108



A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

THE CADILLAC SIXTY SPECIAL is the most fascinating car to drive in all the world.

This is the verdict of owners without number—many of whom have driven every car of reputation the market affords.

Indeed, hundreds who had vowed they would never again drive a motor car have gone back to the wheel with a whoop—in charge of their Cadillac Sixty Specials.

It is hard to explain what happens in a Sixty Special that *doesn't* happen in other cars—for the difference encompasses *everything*.

First of all, there's the marvelous smoothness of the engine. The throttle feels like velvet under your foot, and the steering wheel is as kind to your hand as a chamois glove.

Then there's the way the car rides the road. You don't bobble, you don't side-

sway, you don't roll. You just settle down like Man o' War on the home stretch and stick tight to the pavement. It's a tremendous sensation.

And how you snuggle down into those seats! Your favorite chair at the club was never more inviting. It's the most *relaxing* ride you can imagine.

And the *time* you make is terrific—yet you do it without once showing a heavy foot. The car is simply so quick and nimble and well-balanced that you post a high average without excessive speed.

Yes—this car is an experience. And it's an experience no man who loves a motor car should ever think of missing.

How about it for you? Your Cadillac dealer has the Sixty Special. All you need do is provide the time—and name the place.

THE NEW

CADILLAC

Sixty
SPECIAL

Also, see the Cadillac Sixty-One—the lowest-priced Cadillac for 1939. Its remarkable performance and luxurious riding comfort make it a worthy companion car to the famous Sixty Special. Your Cadillac dealer will be happy to demonstrate both cars at your convenience.

Which shoes to wear

IT'S A STYLE IDEA that's unquestionably sound, this one of fitting shoes to the suiting fabrics in your wardrobe. And Jarman makes it *easy* to grasp . . . with a series of charts like the one over at the right. Created by "The Style Reporters," the Jarman Style Charts tell you *exactly* which shoes to wear with what.

These helpful, up-to-date Style Charts not only give you accurate information on the correct shoes for every suiting material, but also for every season and for every occasion.

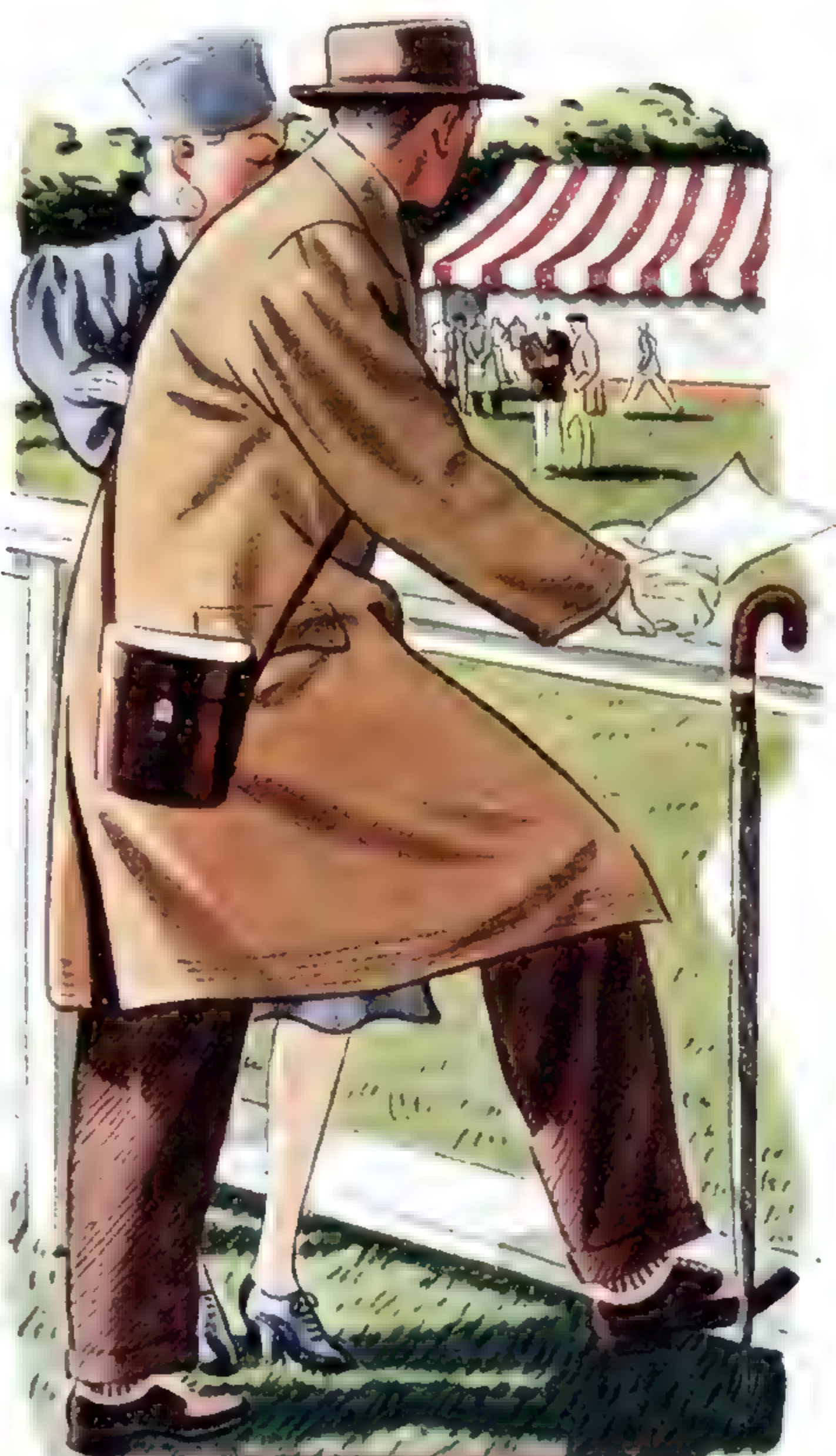
Be sure to consult your Jarman dealer's Style Chart Book before you choose your Spring shoes. Jarman dealers have long set the pace for value in the country's smartest men's shoes. Now they offer you this exclusive *new* service.

If you don't already know a nearby dealer who has Jarman shoes, wire collect to JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, Nashville, Tennessee, Division of General Shoe Corporation.

DEALERS: For interesting sound-slide film presentation of the new Jarman business proposal, write or wire collect



A If you wear a tailcoat for the Easter parade, be sure to see this Jarman model. In Sudan black calfskin, straight tipped, it meets requirements either for daytime formal or semi-formal attire. Shown here with striped flannel. No. 4205, the Beverly.



B The popular Norwegian pattern in a two-tone tan. Notice its warm combination of Spring shades, its modern lines, interesting design. Recommended for spectator wear with camel's hair, covert, etc. Shown here with camel's hair. No. 1569, the Stroller.



C Even on the wettest day there's Spring in the air when you're wearing this smart Jarman oxford! It's a smooth straight-tip calfskin in a warm new light shade of tan. Double soles to keep your feet dry in typical April weather. Wear it with any Spring suitings. Shown with covert. No. 1142, the Talisman.

with what?



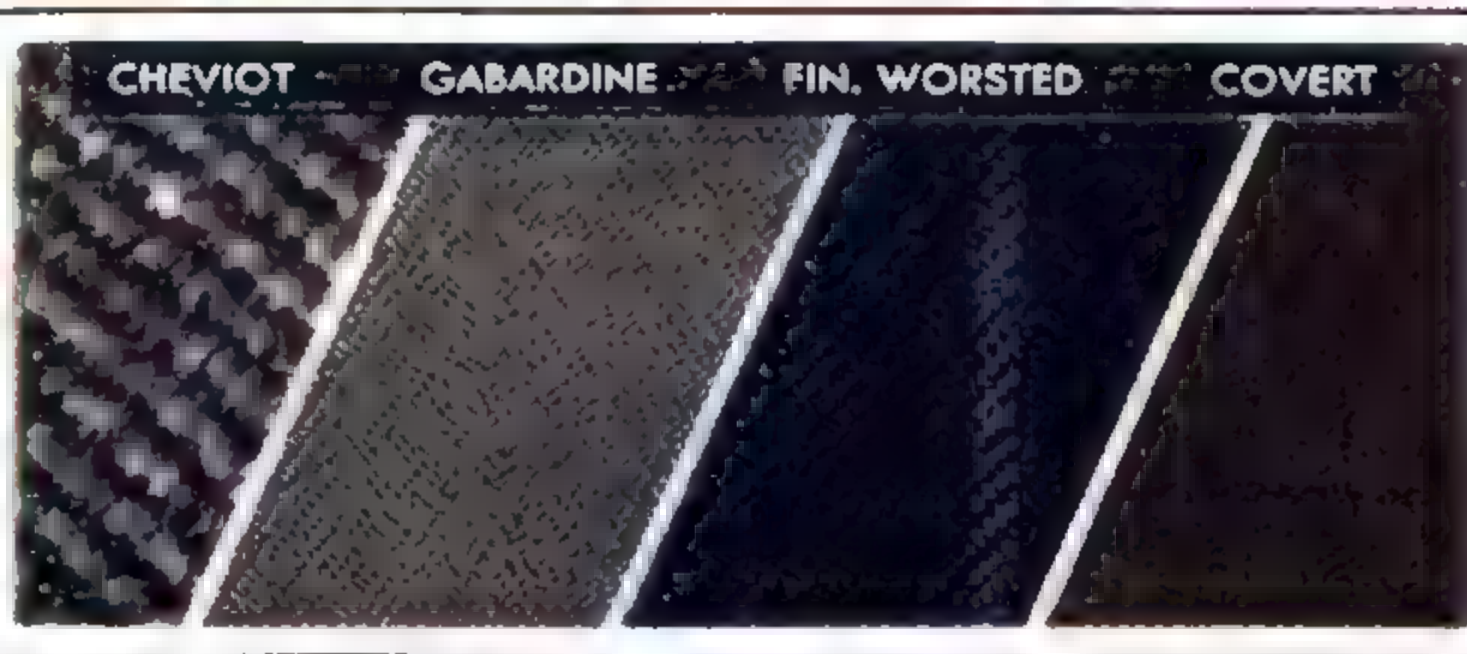
Jarman STYLE CHART D-4 EASTER-SPRING SPORTSWEAR



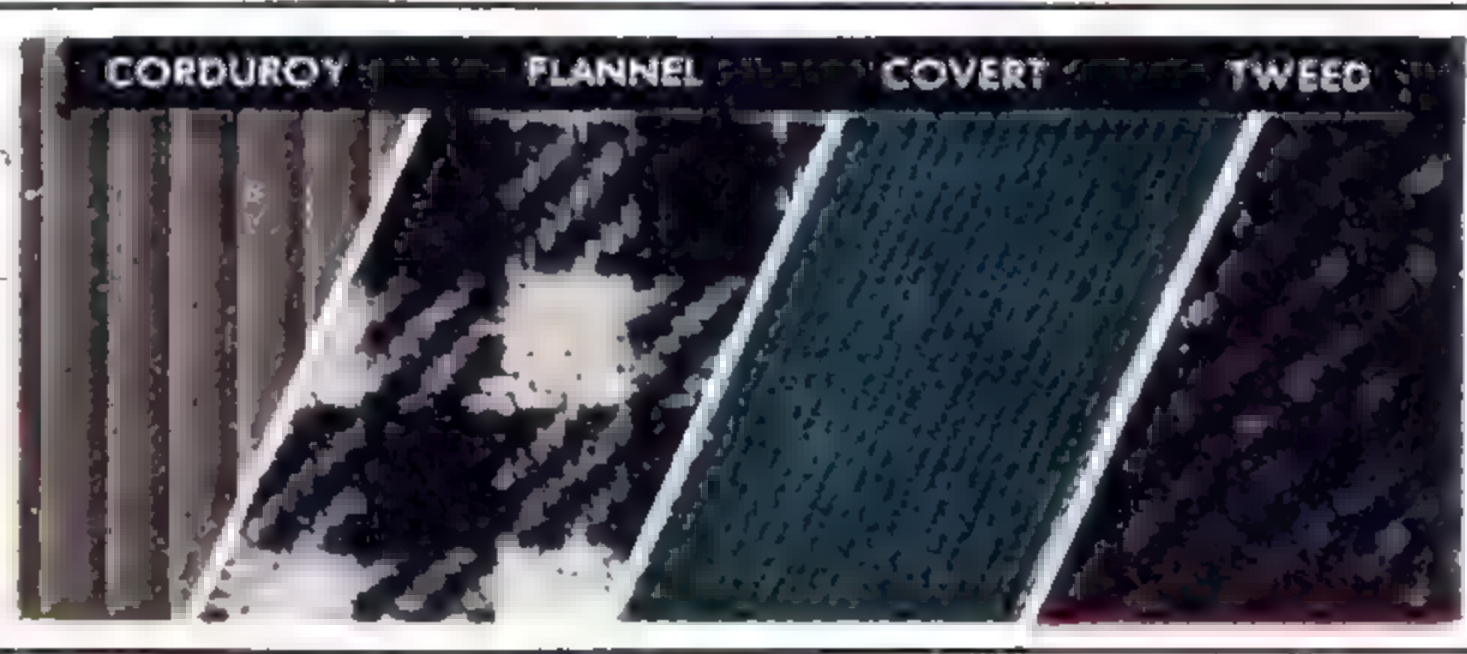
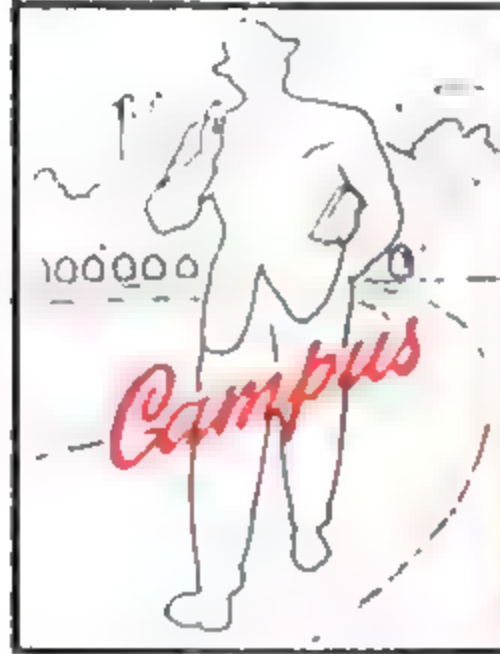
Jarman offers 58 models particularly suited for wear on Easter Sunday and other semi-formal daytime occasions. They are plain, wing, and straight tip blacks and tans, your choice depending upon suiting fabric. Leather soles only. Example: Illustration A.



Two-tone tans and greys will be very popular for early Spring spectator wear. There are 19 Jarman Spectator and semi-sport shoes, including many smart two-tone models. Either leather, hard-rubber or crepe soles are correct. Example: Illustration B.



Jarman has 13 "April Shower" shoes . . . neat, comfortable, good-looking, but with double soles to keep out rain and dampness. Specially designed for rainy day fabrics—covert, tweed, heavy gabardine, the worsteds, etc. Example: Illustration C.



Spring on the campus brings out jaunty, colorful sports clothes. Jarman has 37 special shoes for this type of dress. They accent crepe soles and unusual style features. Two-tones will be very popular among college men this Spring. Example: Illustration D.

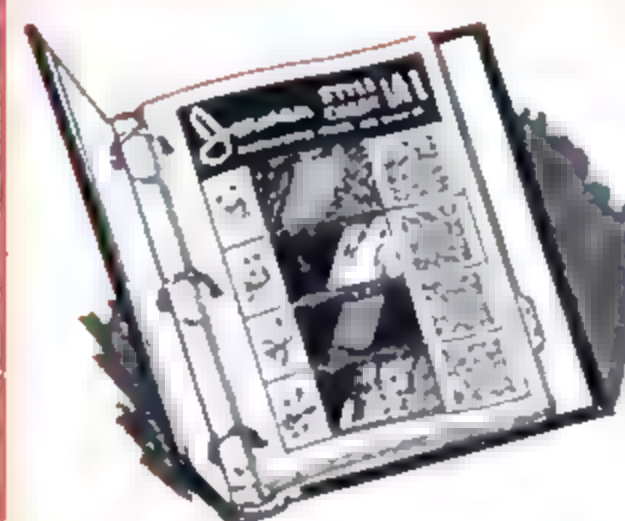
Copr. 1939 by General Shoe Corporation



MOST \$5.00 \$7.50
STYLES TO

Jarman

SHOES FOR MEN



ONLY AT JARMAN DEALERS' . . .
this Style Chart Book showing, in a series of charts, the correct suit-shoe combinations for every occasion the year around. Be sure to see it!

D Look it over . . . you'll see it a lot this summer! It's Jarman's new, sensational hand-woven model, the "Fiesta," and what a hit it's making! Cool, comfortable, modern . . . its snappy appearance clicks with everybody. A perfect leisure shoe. Shown here with flannel. No. 1587, the "Fiesta."

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



You don't need a lesson!

Even if you can't read a note you can learn by yourself in just a few minutes to play song hits, classics, and old favorites. For solos, duets, pre-band work, it's unbeatable. Not a toy. Used by famous swing bands. Send name and address with one dollar. A Tonette will be mailed postpaid with easy instruction melody chart. **TONETTE CO., 30 EAST ADAMS ST., CHICAGO.**

\$1

TONETTE

ANYONE CAN PLAY IT

BENJAMIN AIR PISTOL

With Lever Hand Pump for Target—Small Game—Camping—Etc.



WRITE TODAY

Guaranteed - Accurate - Practical - Economical - Safe - Clean - Quiet. Adjustable Force - Amazing Maximum Velocity. No smoke or fumes. Bolt Action - Hammer Fire - Hair Trigger - Safety Lock - Hand Pump. Single Shot BB \$8.10; Single Shot cal. 171 or 22 with rifled barrel \$8.50; BB \$8.50; \$11.00; BB (cal. 22) \$9.00. Also a Complete Line of Benjamin Genuine Compressed Air Rifles for BB and cal. 171 or 22. No license required from dealer or factory. Ask for complete specifications & free targets. Benjamin Air Rifle Co., 898 Marion St., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

STOP YOUR COLLARS FROM CURLING

with Invisible *Spiffy* STAY



HOLDS YOUR COLLAR NEAT AND TRIM

GET A **SPIFFY STAY** today at your men's shop or jeweler. It gives you that starved collar appearance with soft collar comfort. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct. Send \$1.00 coin or stamped for silver, 50¢ for Deluxe 21K Gold finish. State name and address of dealer who was to supply you and we will include free an attractive tie chain.

CREST SPECIALTY CO.

663 W. Washington Street, Desk B-Chicago, Ill.

LOOK and FEEL like Going Places!



Appear SLIMMER immediately!



The successful man of today appears trim-waisted, ready for action...streamlined! Take care of that "bay window" the safe way...without diet, drugs or exercise.

The Vito Belt gives support to the sagging abdominal muscles that are dragged down by the weight of excess fat.

Made of pure rubber, perforated for ventilation—shaped for comfort.

If the Vito Belt does not make your waist appear inches smaller at once, it will cost you nothing!

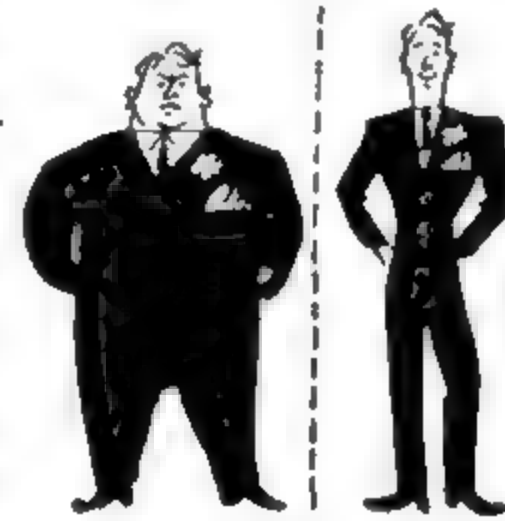
Send today for illustrated folder describing Vito Belt and full details of 10-day FREE trial offer!

Hamilton Belt Co., 214, Hill St.

New Haven, Conn.

Test VITO for 10 days at our expense!

AND NOW . . . VITAMINS TO REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT. The whole human race seems to be busy swallowing the alphabet as a cure for every human frailty. Statistics prove that $\frac{1}{3}$ of the population is overweight . . . so science has produced a new set of vitamin and mineral perles which, used as a supplement to a very lenient diet, accomplish sound weight reduction while building up health at the same time. The diet allows you 3 good meals daily . . . ample portions of lean meat, vegetables, even sugar and a cocktail or two, provided you cut down on something else. You never get emaciated and irritable with this kind of diet, they tell us, because the vitamins and minerals in the tiny perles aid the body's vital processes and increase energy with each pound of overweight lost. The perles make up not only for the shortage of vitamins and minerals in the diet, but the abundant "supply" contained in these perles provides buoyant health. One vitamin perle, for example, furnishes more vitamins *without the calories* than 2 quarts of milk, 3 pounds of butter, $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds whole wheat bread, etc.

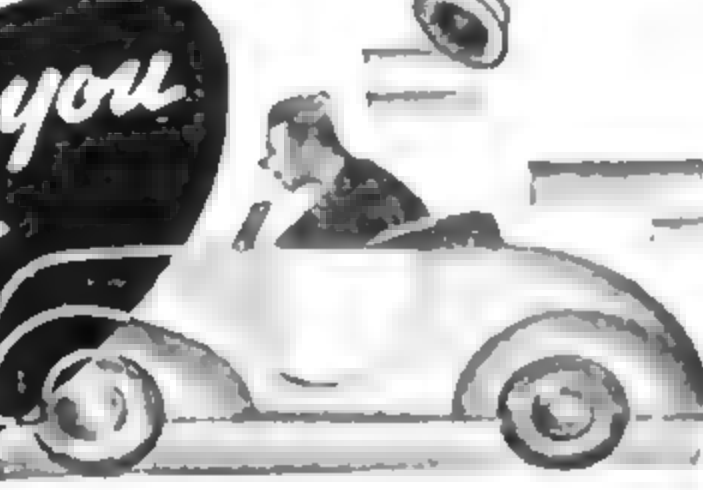


STREAMLINED TO A SLIVER. Now they've designed a man's wrist watch that is a mere shadow on your wrist. The center is about standard size, but the ends are sloped downward on each side to a thickness of little over that of a half dollar. This extreme slimness is made possible by an ingenious re-arrangement of the wheel train. Wheels are usually arranged wheel above wheel, but those in this particular wrist watch are all on one level, which allows for its very thin slick appearance. In spite of the wafer-thinness of the cases, the movements are all rugged and full-sized. Doesn't set you back much, either.

DON'T HIRE UNTIL YOU SEE THE WHITES OF THEIR EYES!

A fine thing to make a night of it, but not so good to appear before your prospective boss with red-rimmed or blood shot eyes. Even if they did get that way from working far into the night he'll never believe it. To avoid this possible predicament, you should know about an eye lotion containing a special, harmless ingredient which is effective in clearing and soothing inflamed eyes and rendering rose-tinted eyeballs a snowy white. Also useful after viewing a double feature at the movies, sitting for hours in smoky rooms or to relieve eye strain after driving into headlights at night. Little bottle comes with handy "dropper" top. (Of course this is not a cure for infections or organic disturbances of the eye . . . better see your oculist on that.)

When you gotta GO



GO McCULLOCH SUPERCHARGED

FOR FORD V-8 AND MERCURY CARS & FORD TRUCKS

What a kick you'll get out of your Ford, or Mercury, equipped with the new McCulloch Supercharger. Worlds of extra power! Livelier handling! Smoother performance! Quiet! Substantial gas savings! Longer engine life! Easily installed. Truly a miracle that will make your car the "talk of the town." Get FREE catalog.

McCULLOCH ENGINEERING COMPANY

3227 N. 31st STREET • MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Coming:

ESQUIRE'S NEW YORK

A New York Guide Book for World's Fair Visitors

That \$150,000,000 spectacle opens April 30th. Describing the Fair is somebody else's business, but interpreting New York City to World's Fair visitors is very much ours. We'll tell you about the New York of the "natives", where to go to be in the know, the names of the head waiters, how much to tip, where are the brightest spots, what the gayest hours—in short, the sophisticate's New York. 150 pages, plastic bound.

Avoid disappointment. "Esquire's New York" will be ready April 15th—we suggest a reservation now, because the quantity will be limited. Send 50¢ now and be sure of one of the first copies off the press.

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

366 MADISON AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

Professional GOLF SECRETS

Really Teaches You The Game!

Actually tells you how—definitely simple. An amazing series of 32 practical lessons in one concise volume. Starts the beginner right, enables the mediocre player to quickly correct his faults and play in championship form. No red tape, no mystery, no bunk, no confusing technical terms. Pronounced the simplest, clearest, most understandable golf instructor ever written. Highly endorsed by Donald Mackay, the famous golf teacher. Fully illustrates every position, every stroke. The only truly scientific golf instructor on the market. Revised edition, fully illustrated, now ready. Price complete only \$2.00 postpaid. Order today and see your game improve marvelously.

GOLF SECRETS, P. O. Box 464-K

Springfield, Ohio.

CANADIAN LANDS Seized and Sold for Taxes

\$58 buys small island
\$88 buys 13 acres lake front
\$108 buys 20 acres lake front
\$135 buys 200 acres with stream
\$171 buys half-mile river front

Our 22nd Annual List, just issued in the form of a 20-page booklet, describes the above and many other choice properties offered at 1/2 Sale price. The amount quoted is the full price asked, perfect title, no mortgage. Beautifully situated hunting and fishing camps where there is real sport; summer cottage sites; heavily wooded acreages. Now is the time to invest in Canada's minerals, forests and farms. Small monthly payments if desired. Don't delay. **WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOK-LET** with full explanation.

TAX SALE SERVICE

ROOM 630, 72 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO, CANADA

HAND WOVEN

by the Spanish people of New Mexico



If you want real distinction in your ties here it is for only \$1. Ever since the 17th century the Spanish people here have been raising sheep and weaving wool. And our colorful landscape makes them natural artists. The result in their hand-woven ties is unbeatable! Lovely patterns and colors. All wool texture (marvelous with tweeds), made up to tie right and hang right. Can be cleaned again and again. Never sold in stores, but \$1 postpaid anywhere in U.S. or Canada.

WRITE for my Rainbow Folder of 20 ties, with actual fabric sample. See why my customers are constantly asked: "Where did you get that tie?" Write now.

Webb Young, Trader, 115-G Sena Plaza, Santa Fe, N. M.

Mothersills

SEASICK REMEDY



Quickly Relieves Travel Sickness

DRIVE ANY ROUTE On the Map



You can follow any directions with a Hull Auto Compass on your windshield. Drivers everywhere depend upon it to get them there on time, and by the shortest route. It shows your direction of travel at all times, in any weather. Only \$2.95 at your dealer. Two-piece model \$1.95. Write for circular.

Hull Mfg. Co., P. O. Box 246-G12, Warren, O.

MONOGRAMMED BRIDGE CARDS

Exceptionally Fine Quality

CONTRASTING COLOR BACKS
GILDED EDGES
12 Decks \$5.50

Orders shipped same day received
Illustrated Catalogue of Unusual Gifts FREE

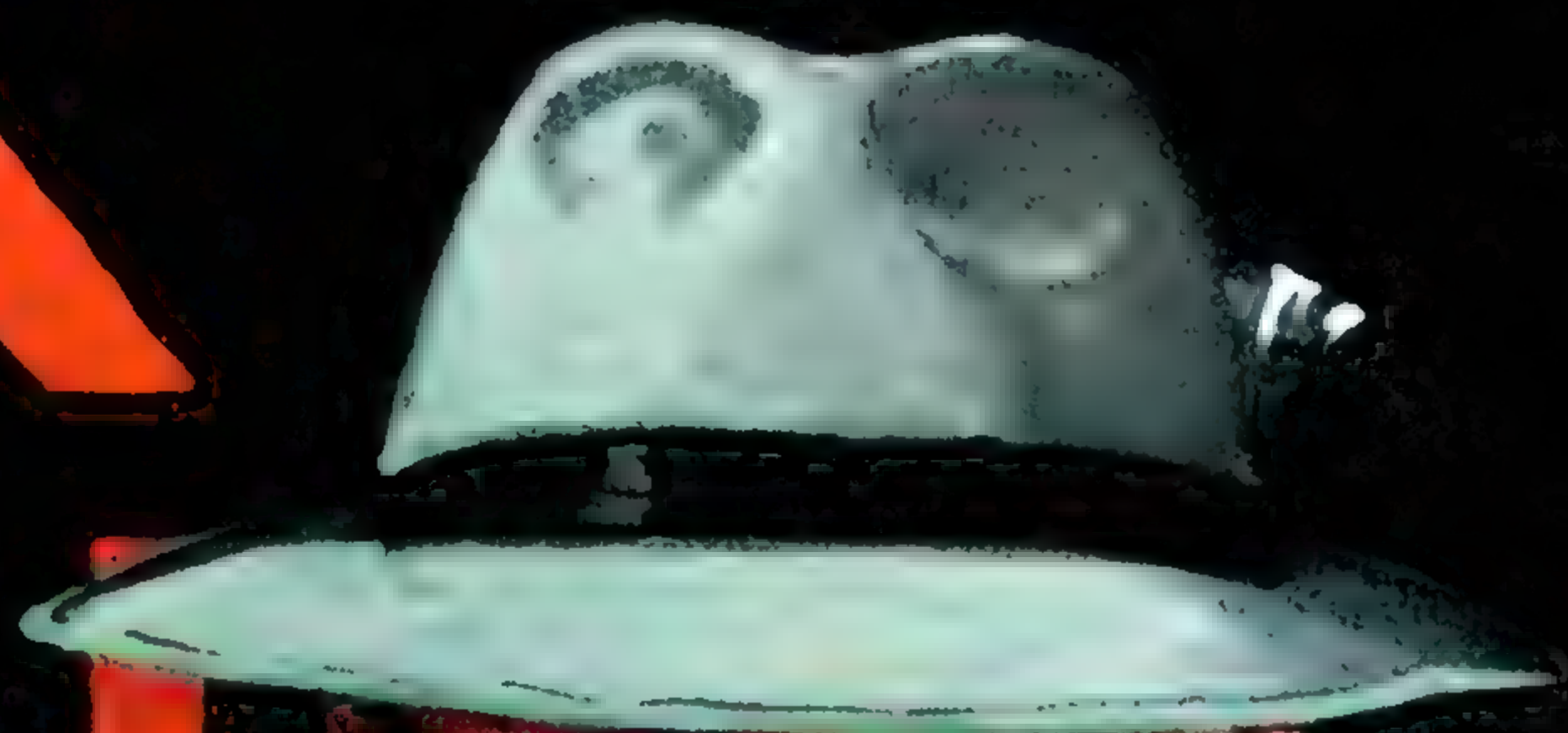
Send CHECK—MONEY ORDER or STAMPS

American Engraving & Ptg. Co., 1480 B'way, N.Y.

K N O X

*Semi-Sport
Hats*

FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY



*Exclusive
Interpretations of the
Ruling Fashion*

KNOX THE HATTER

Fifth Avenue at 40th Street
New York

*See Them at Your
Local Knox Dealer*



SPOTLIGHT ON SMARTNESS

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

SOME PEOPLE are smart in a money sense; some in a style sense; some in both . . . But whichever you may be, you're certain to get credit for knowing your way around, if you blossom forth this spring in a stunningly beautiful new 1939 Studebaker President . . . Raymond Loewy, ace designer of the day, gave it style . . . America's most expert group of master automobile

craftsmen gave it stamina . . . The American Automobile Association gave it first place in its class for economy in this year's Gilmore-Yosemite Run . . . And you'll give it your vote for value . . . Planar suspension and its miracle ride, automatic hill holder, non-slam rotary door locks, steering wheel gear shift . . . See this 1939 President today at your local Studebaker dealer's.



Copyright Brooks Bros.

Grand National—by Paul Brown

BROOKS BROTHERS single-breasted, fly-fronted, Dorset Overcoat for Spring may be had in a particularly good choice of British materials, including Scotch Cheviots.



BROOKS ENGLISH SHOES, hand-lasted on our own lasts in England, in particularly choice leathers, include more than 20 models for every occasion of wear. The shoe illustrated is an English oxford in either tan or black.



STRIPED ENGLISH FLANNELS, such as the one illustrated, and other soft, smooth-finished British woollens, such as fine worsteds, are particularly notable in Brooks Brothers' double-breasted suits now ready for Spring.

The *kind of material* illustrated on this page...whether wool, felt, or leather (or even the foulards used incidentally in the photographs)...is one of the most important factors in Brooks Brothers' reputation. The *kind of workmanship* employed with these materials is another...careful stitching, close felting, hand-lasting, or whatever it may be. And the *kind of style* is, of course, quite as distinguished as the quality of work or goods. Yet Brooks Brothers' Spring prices today are lower than heretofore—reflecting whatever tariff reductions are made possible by the recent trade agreement with Great Britain.



HAND-MADE SHETLANDS from native wool, grown, spun and woven in the Shetland Isles, are among the specially imported materials used in Brooks Brothers Odd Jackets. Handwoven, these woollens present a limited quantity of each pattern—although the complete choice is wide.



THE HAT illustrated is made by Lock & Co., of London, for whom we are special agents. Other English felt hats include complete assortments from Herbert Johnson of London and Brooks English hats, made on our own blocks.



HERRINGBONES, as illustrated, stripes, plaids and plain colors, are all included in the British materials now in stock in Brooks Brothers' single-breasted suits for Spring.



WHO BUYS in BOSTON



The Customer Purchase Survey, recently completed by the Department of Labor reveals that half of the families living in the nation's important markets spend more than 70% of the total spent for consumer goods and services.

The Herald-Traveler, with a coverage of more than half the families in Greater Boston, has for years proven this to be a fact. Its readers so consistently demonstrate their readiness to buy commodities of every kind that this newspaper is the first choice of advertisers in every major classification — National Advertisers—Financial Advertisers, Automobile Advertisers, Retail Advertisers, Department Store Advertisers and Classified Advertisers.

THE BOSTON HERALD-TRAVELER

For 12 Consecutive Years
Boston's Advertising Leader

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

FROM PATENTS TO PERCUSSION

Billy Gladstone, energetic snare drummer of Radio City Music Hall, also doubles as an inventor. The Paderewski of percussion, as the radio-ites call him, has been with the hall since it opened in 1932. Between drumming he thinks up little things like the electrically lighted orchestra baton with which Erno Rapee conducts the Music Hall stage shows; improved drums and traps and even an illuminated tongue depressor, an orange juice extractor and a trick keycase.



SO YOU GOT SHOE POLISH ON YOUR SHIRT!

The boss told you to leave for Washington, but fast. You rushed home, threw your shirts and an extra pair of shoes into your bag casual-like, and in the morning, behold, a smear of polish on your shirt. The answer to this is, of course, shoe bags. There's a new kind with a special patented top arrangement which locks the shoe into place by a flip of the cloth top. No tapes, no trouble. Bags come in a variety of cloth fabrics, some of them have a transparent window in the side so that it is not necessary to open the bag to see whether you're pulling out your patents or your calfs.

INDEX THE BED SHEETS

This is for those of you who habitually say to your wives: "Now if you ran the house the way I run my office". . . Don't tell 'em, gentlemen, *show* 'em. Take the first step by buying some of those bedsheets that have, as an exclusive and patented feature, projecting "quick pick" index tabs sewn permanently into the bottom hem of each sheet. No more fumbling in the linen closet to find a single size sheet for Aunt Lizzie who came for the evening and stayed 3 weeks, because the tab bears the measurements of the sheet and the type of bed it fits. Each tab is in a different color . . . gold for extra wide, blue for double, etc.



KNOCK KNOCK

Smoker's bowl big enough for the most prolific smoker. Polished copper or chromium with cork center ball for tapping out dead ashes without damaging the pipe bowl. For the absent minded professor type who puts cigarettes down and allows them to burn into the mahogany, there's the tray with the unique thermal spring which is placed at the inside edge of the cigarette rest. The heat of the fiery tip causes the spring to expand, tilting the rest automatically, the cig is thus dumped into the center of the tray where it can burn out in safety.

KEYHOLE GLASSES

Frosted glass beer glasses or highballs with plain glass keyhole etched thereon. A peek through the keyhole reveals a few bare essentials.

BELL BOTTOM

Silver cocktail glass with tiny dinner bell bottom. No such thing as taking a surreptitious snort when every motion of the elbow is announced by a silvery tinkle.



DREAM PAD

A small neat case holds a pad of paper and a mechanical pencil. As you pull out the pencil, a tiny bulb lights up the pad, shedding its radiance upon the paper. A fine thing upon which to record those love sonnets that come to you in the dead of night; that idea for increasing the business, the title of a new book. If that blonde you met at a cocktail party calls you up at 2 a.m. you needn't disturb your wife by snapping on the light . . . just write down the phone number on the dream pad.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Three Generations Have Traveled the World Obtaining these Imports for You

WHY YOU SHOULD LOOK FOR THE WILE SEAL

In your grandfather's day, the House of Wile was known for fine imported wines and spirits—selected by the founder from the Old World's choicest vineyards.

Since 1877, the House of Wile has grown. Today, in its third generation, it still offers you the pick of the world's good things to drink—personally selected by the heads of the business. They have spent many years . . .

traveled many thousands of miles . . . tasting, comparing, selecting. Today the WILE seal is your assurance of a product which has established its reputation in the country of its origin, and in the principal markets of the world. For an excellent product at a fair price—Look for the WILE seal. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y., Sole U. S. Agents.



LEMON HART

Jamaica Rums

Rich bouquet and delicate liqueur quality make Lemon Hart Rum first choice for smooth, delicious cocktails. For Planter's Punch, there's a special dark Lemon Hart Rum, more pungent. 90° and 97° proof.



GARNIER

Abricotine Liqueur

Here is the true luscious flavour of fresh apricots, captured by Garnier for your pleasure. Delightful, delicious, different—and you will find Abricotine an instant success on any occasion. 60° proof



DRY SACK

Sherry

Pride of Williams & Humbert, venerable sherry shippers of Spain. Medium dry, its distinctive nutty flavour long remains a pleasant memory. Many prefer it slightly chilled. Alcohol 20½% by volume.



ESCHENAUER

Bordeaux

This famous Eschenauer Sauternes is rich, satisfying, with just the right degree of sweetness. Serve throughout the meal. And for delicious dry white Graves, try Eschenauer Chateau Olivier 1934.

d'après A. M. CASSANDRE



3 HOURS OF FISHING

AND . . .

then a Dubonnet cocktail. What a grand prelude to tall stories . . . and food. Dubonnet, made of fine French wines deftly blended, will delight you. The flavor of this delicious French appetizer is neither too sweet nor too dry. It's just right. Try it before dinner . . . tonight!

TRY DUBONNET THESE 2 DELICIOUS WAYS

- ① THE FRENCH WAY—Dubonnet straight, well-chilled. You'll find it mild and delicious.
- ② THE AMERICAN WAY—Dubonnet cocktail—half gin and half Dubonnet; stir with ice and strain, add twist of lemon peel. A grand drink!



DUBONNET

STRAIGHT OR COCKTAIL

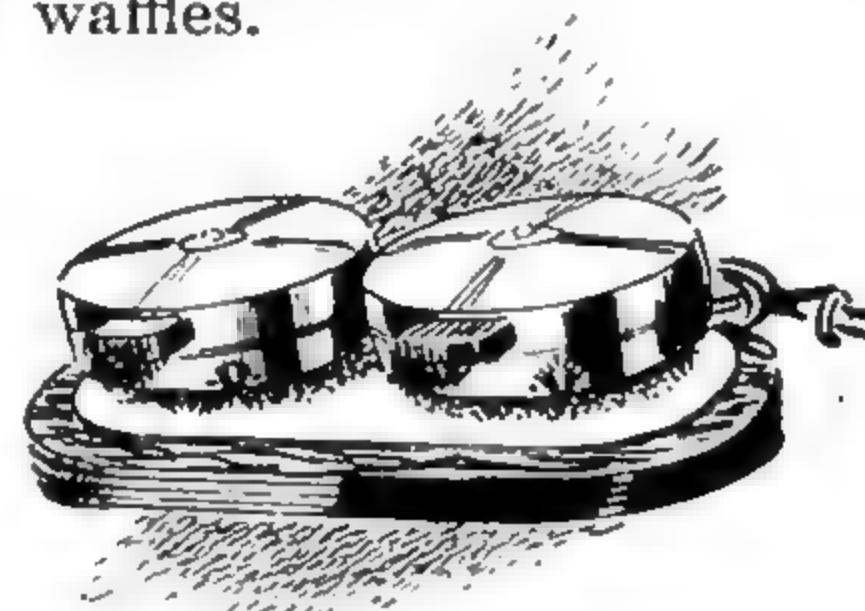
APERITIF WINE—ALCOHOL—18% BY VOLUME—COPYRIGHT
1939, SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.



MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

PRESENT HER WITH TWINS

One of the easiest ways of feeding the multitudes is to work up a mess of waffles. First thing to do is to provide yourself with a decent iron. Most of the new ones have all kinds of fool-proof gadgets . . . red lights that snap on and off when waffles are done, indicators on the side which can be pushed to light, medium or dark, non-drip trays and such constructive ideas. Smart indeed is a brace of irons attached to a handsome walnut base. Each grid has an individual regulator so that you can do light and dark cooked waffles at the same time to suit individual tastes. No waiting. The irons have expansion hinges to permit proper rising of the waffles.



CORN WAFFLES READY MIXED

You can whip up as good southern waffles as the next one by getting a prepared flaky corn mixture. All you do is add an unbeaten egg, some milk and a dash of melted butter. Same mixture makes corn muffins that rival mother's . . . 12 to 18 muffins to a package.

WAFFLE VARIATIONS

If you are having a stag party, try cheese waffles on the boys . . . simply throw in a sprinkle of grated cheese on top of your regular waffle mixture. Ham waffles are super-fine with scrambled eggs . . . sprinkle ¼ cup diced, uncooked ham over the batter before closing the iron. For pecan waffles, substitute nuts instead of the ham. Feminine guests relish chocolate waffles which taste pretty much like a regular chocolate soufflé. Add a couple of squares of melted chocolate to your standard mixture and serve with ice cream or whipped cream.

SOUP SANDWICH

Our mailbag usually carries a goodly number of requests for new canape recipes. Here we give you the soup sandwich or canape: 1½ cups grated cheese; ¾ cup finely ground ham; 1 can condensed tomato soup, 1½ tsp. prepared mustard, 1½ tsp. grated horseradish. Combine ingredients, mix thoroughly. Spread generous amount of mixture on slices of bread or toast. Grill open sandwiches under broiler until lightly browned. Garnish with parsley. Makes 12-14 servings. Can also be served as hot canapes on toast fingers or crackers.

TOMATO CANAPES

When you see pretty Franciska Gaal cavorting with Bing Crosby in "Paris Honeymoon," you can think of her as the gal who makes the swell tomato canapes: cut 3 large tomatoes in half. Cut 6 rounds of bread and toast. Spread upper side with thin layer of anchovy paste mixed with creamed butter, then with thin layer of mayonnaise. Place tomato halves on each. Dust with salt and pepper and cover tomatoes with thick layer of whipped cream to which 2 tbsp. of well-drained horseradish and a little grated onion have been added. Dust with paprika and grated carrots.

BRAZILIAN BLACK BEANS

Up at Ruban Bleu, de luxe loft over Theodore's, you'll find the incomparable Elsie Houston, pride of Brazil, and one of the few entertainers who calls for silence during her numbers . . . and gets it. If Elsie likes you, you may be invited to her house to partake of one of her Brazilian dinners. Like as not the main dish will be "feijao" (pronounced fay-jyan). You have to buy your supplies at a Brazilian store in Brooklyn, Elsie tells us. A pound of black beans, 1 lb. dry beef, 1 lb. sausage (of enormous proportion). Soak beans and beef over night. In morning drain off water and cover again bringing slowly to a boil until beans are soft and beef done. Put butter in fry pan, add 1 large bologna, 2 green peppers, diced, 1 onion, garlic to taste, small can of tomatoes. Simmer mixture slowly. Drain beans and beef, add second mixture. Put in casserole, cover with grated cheese, parsley, paprika. Brown in hot oven till cheese is melted. Serve with dish of Spanish rice and tomatoes.

FOR LIVING ROOM DINING

You get a small, but handsome living room side table . . . which, in a measure, is exactly what it is . . . drop leaf, in pigment mahogany with handsome maple inlay, etc. But, when you decide to throw a dinner party, this remarkable little number, through an ingenious leaf arrangement, opens out to seat eight people comfortably. Size when closed, 32 x 18½ x 29 . . . extended, 5' 2". Can be had with a heat-proof top, too.

DINING ROOM ARCHERY

If the men of the family like to throw things, get an archery set with darts which have suction cup tips instead of the usual sharp points.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

THE SPIANS' SANTA CLAUS

Last year thousands of young hopefuls besieged the Hollywood studios. Only 34 girls and 16 young men were considered good enough to be put under contract by the major studios . . . 50 actors a year!

Some months ago, we lunched with Jesse Lasky at the Algonquin. Realizing that the country is filled with clever and comely kids, many of whom deserve a crack at stardom, but who, due to life's vicissitudes seem to be "born to blush unseen," Mr. Lasky decided to come to the aid of these young people determined upon a cinema career. The Jesse Lasky "Gateway to Hollywood" talent search was the result . . . which is proving a Hollywood "colossal" in every way.

Here's the way the contest works: young aspirants fill out application blanks and send their photographs to Mr. Lasky and his committee who carefully study pictures and data. Likely applications are filed in 24 separate units representing 24 sections of the country. The candidates chosen are notified to assemble in the 24 key cities over the country where talent scouts give them voice and photographic tests. One couple (a boy and a girl) from each city is then recommended to Mr. Lasky . . . and one couple a week is brought to Hollywood to appear in a dramatic sketch on a coast to coast broadcast. The radio audience votes, via wire and postcard, from week to week for their favorites (seems that boys have been receiving more votes than the gals, probably due to the fact that 75% of all the votes are sent in by women voting for their favorite young men contestants).

After a number of weeks of sifting, the grand winners of the whole contest, chosen by the judges and public acclaim, are brought to Hollywood and given a contract in which they will be featured in an RKO picture called, of all things, "Career." When the kids sign the coveted contract on the dotted line, they shed their own names, and forever after are known as Alice Eden and John Archer, names of Mr. Lasky's manufacture. Mr. L. says he named the girl Eden because he admires Anthony Eden . . . the boy's appellation came to him when he was viewing the picture "Robin Hood" . . . so there you have it.

We checked with Jesse the other day on the contest. More applications are coming in from small towns than the big cities.

They've had over 1000 applications from students in dramatic schools, which is natural enough, and 3 times as many come from gals as from young men. Among the large number from college and university students, the majority of applications come from young men . . . who apparently prefer to major in histrionics rather than history and would rather be a Fairbanks Junior than a business tycoon. Mr. Lasky figures that at the rate of 5000 or so applications streaming in per week, they will handle about 100,000 all told.

If you listen to the broadcasts, you know that prominent Hollywood stars play supporting roles in the dramatic sketches in which the kids are starred. He says that at first, the cinema constellations did not lend themselves too kindly to the idea of playing *supporting* roles on a broadcast with amateurs. But after Miriam Hopkins volunteered, the others followed . . . Joan Bennett, Edward Arnold etc. Enthusiasm is running high, each star rooting for his or her particular "team".

The studio, where the broadcasts are held, is packed with producers, stars and the public who storm the stage door to procure the autographs of an unknown boy and girl who may someday be a great star.

HOW TO BE A PRODUCER IN YOUR OWN PARLOR

Latest game for movie fans is a little number called "Movie Millions" played with a deck of cards each bearing a picture of a glamorous movie star. By moving small tokens from space to space around individual playing boards, each player tries to produce a certain type of picture . . . comedy, romance, etc., in the shortest length of time.

PUTTING OVER A PARTY

If you have a difficult little group on your hands and want to change boredom into bedlam, you might trot out a new quiz game called "Quick Wit". The deck of cards is embellished with a letter of the alphabet and two questions. Dealer exposes a couple of cards and the player who first shouts the answer to the question on the first card beginning with the letter of the second card, wins. Just try to think of a piece of furniture beginning with "Q" . . . but fast!

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

HOME SPUN
HAND LOOMED
LONDON TAILORED



Here are three significant things you should know about this heringbone topcoat: *First*, the yarn was spun by hand in the Shetland Isles. *Next*, this yarn was loomed by hand into pleasantly soft, but very durable material. *Then*, this material was fashioned by the

master tailors of London into a Shetland Homespun topcoat that has the comfort and good looks of easy English lines.

As is traditional at the House of Smith, this coat combines those two irreconcilables—supreme quality and moderate cost.

1889

FIFTY YEARS OF QUALITY

1939

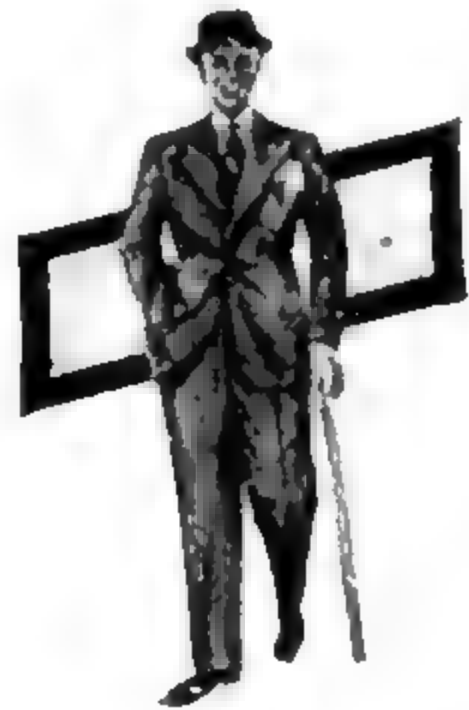
H.A. & E. Smith Ltd
FIVE SHOPS IN
BERMUDA
(EST. 1889)

COATS • SPORTSWEAR • BRAEMAR SWEATERS • PERFUMES
British apparel of all sorts for men and women



Where many of the best dressed men order their clothes with complete assurance of satisfaction

All that Quality, Fashion and Workmanship can signify in Men's Clothes to Individual Measure



STADLER & STADLER

TAILORS AND BREECHES MAKERS

666 FIFTH AVENUE — NEAR 53RD STREET
NEW YORK



ONE OF THE FINEST SHOES MADE
ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRES!

Wherever you go this spring or summer . . . to the most exclusive clubs or famous resorts . . . you'll find Whitehouse & Hardy shoes being worn by the men who are critical buyers of footwear. • These men know that they get longer wear, greater comfort and lasting style from a shoe that gives them the utmost in quality. • Combining the exclusive designs of Whitehouse & Hardy with Johnston & Murphy fine craftsmanship. Write for folder E-4 of latest models.

THE BROADMOOR

English custom last, this model in light- or medium-weight. Tan "Belgen" grain and black Calfskin. Straight tip, medium toe, leather heels.



Built by
JOHNSTON & MURPHY

Exclusive Lasts and Patterns—Designed and Sold Only by

WHITEHOUSE & HARDY, Inc.

Broadway at 40th Street 11 Cortlandt Street
335 Madison Avenue at 43rd Street (Biltmore Hotel)

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



**BRUSH UP ON THE
BRUSH SITUATION**

Go into an English gentleman's dressing room and you'll behold a collection of brushes second to none. In addition to the obvious classifications of hair and clothes he will have several "skittle-shaped" valet brushes, numerous cloth brushes and always a tweed brush (sketched herewith). Now the tweed brush is a replica of the brushes used by British tweed weavers for centuries to produce the surface bloom on the woollens. The super-long bristles are made of Bahia fibre and they smooth out the surface hairs that would otherwise roll up into nubbins and break off. Britishers claim that the tweed brush adds years of life to a suit.

HEADACHE BRUSHES

When a Britisher gets a big head, he has his lady or his lackey get busy with a little systematic scalp massage via the "headache brush." These brushes are made with blunt bristles of split whalebone, which, like hundreds of tiny fingers, stimulate circulation and help banish pain.

BRUSH EMPORIUM

An enterprising importer here in town is doing a lot towards making American men brush conscious. In England, brush-making is a tradition . . . now all these sterling bristle jobs may be had on this side of the water. Hair brushes with impervious-to-water backs of beautifully grained satinwood from Asia Minor and the East Indies; brushes with bristles from rare pedigreed boars from Russia and Siberia. Siberian variety of bristles keep their stiffness longer than average bristles. Boar bristles come in a variety of colors, white and yellow preferred because they are the most resilient and long wearing. Black bristles are stiff and more brittle.

HAND BRUSHES

The day's grind is no respecter of persons. Come six o'clock, before you expose your hands to dining and bridge table scrutiny, better get into the rub and scrub dept. with a good nail brush.

SHAVING BRUSHES

You can get way up in the dough in the matter of shaving brushes. There are de luxe editions of this proletarian product; handles of ivory-like plastic, English horn or real elephant tusk ivory with brushes made of carefully matched badger hairs, an artistic sight to behold . . . a joy to use.

**THEY COOK AS WELL AS THEY
CONDUCT**

Sunday cocktails to most of us, means dropping in at a friend's apartment, snatching a drink and an anchovy on a cracker and leaving when the supply of both is exhausted. To Emil Coleman, urbane maestro of the Waldorf's swank Sert Room, Sunday cocktails gives him an excuse to wrap an apron around his middle and prepare an epic bit of gastronomic delight with which to astonish his friends. Here's one of his special favorites, which he has modestly tagged "smoked turkey Coleman." Put a layer of seasoned cream sauce in a shallow baking pan. Cover with ½ lb. mushrooms, sauté with 1 tbsp. finely chopped onion. Add layer of finely chopped steamed spinach (wash spinach and leave washing water on leaves; place in saucepan, dot with ½ tsp. grated nutmeg, cover and allow to steam for about 25 minutes). Pour over this slices of smoked turkey breast that have been poached in half the cream sauce. Over all, pour ¼ cup cooking sherry. Garnish with parmesan cheese, fresh black pepper and slivers of pimento. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.

Over at the Commodore, Sammy Kaye of "Swing and Sway" fame, also qualifies as a chef conductor. Bachelor Kaye specializes in "pohk" chops barbecued the way they do them out in Ohio. We can see the 1000 or so jitterbugs, members of the "Swing and Sway Club," suddenly going in for the Kaye brand of barbecue instead of the Suzy Q. Here's how: 4 pork chops of 1½ inch thickness, 3 tbsps. chili sauce, 3 tps. lemon juice, 2 tps. grated onion, 1/3 cup water, 18 prunes, 4 halves of potatoes, ¼ tsp. dry mustard, salt, pepper, cloves, 2 tps. Worcestershire sauce. Mix chili sauce, lemon juice, grated onion, mustard, Worcestershire and seasoning. Pour mixture over pork chops and let stand 1 hour, turning chops occasionally. Drain and brown in small amount of fat. When brown, put in baking pan, add the water and remainder of mixture. Pit the prunes and insert a clove in each. Add to baking dish together with potato halves. Cover and bake for about an hour.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



*My Corporation is Growing
... But my Business is Slipping!*

Why have a surplus where it doesn't belong? How can a business be in good shape when the heads of that business are not? Follow the example set by stars of Stage, Screen and Radio, as well as professional and business men . . . Reduce or gain through the famous Al Roon system and feel like a "million."

Skilled instructors and expert masseurs guide you through scientifically planned exercises, corrective work, Hydrotherapy, Turkish, Electric Cabinet and Sun baths, sports of all kinds and the real Swedish massage which leaves you tingling and vibrantly alive!

Protect your assets at Al Roon's.

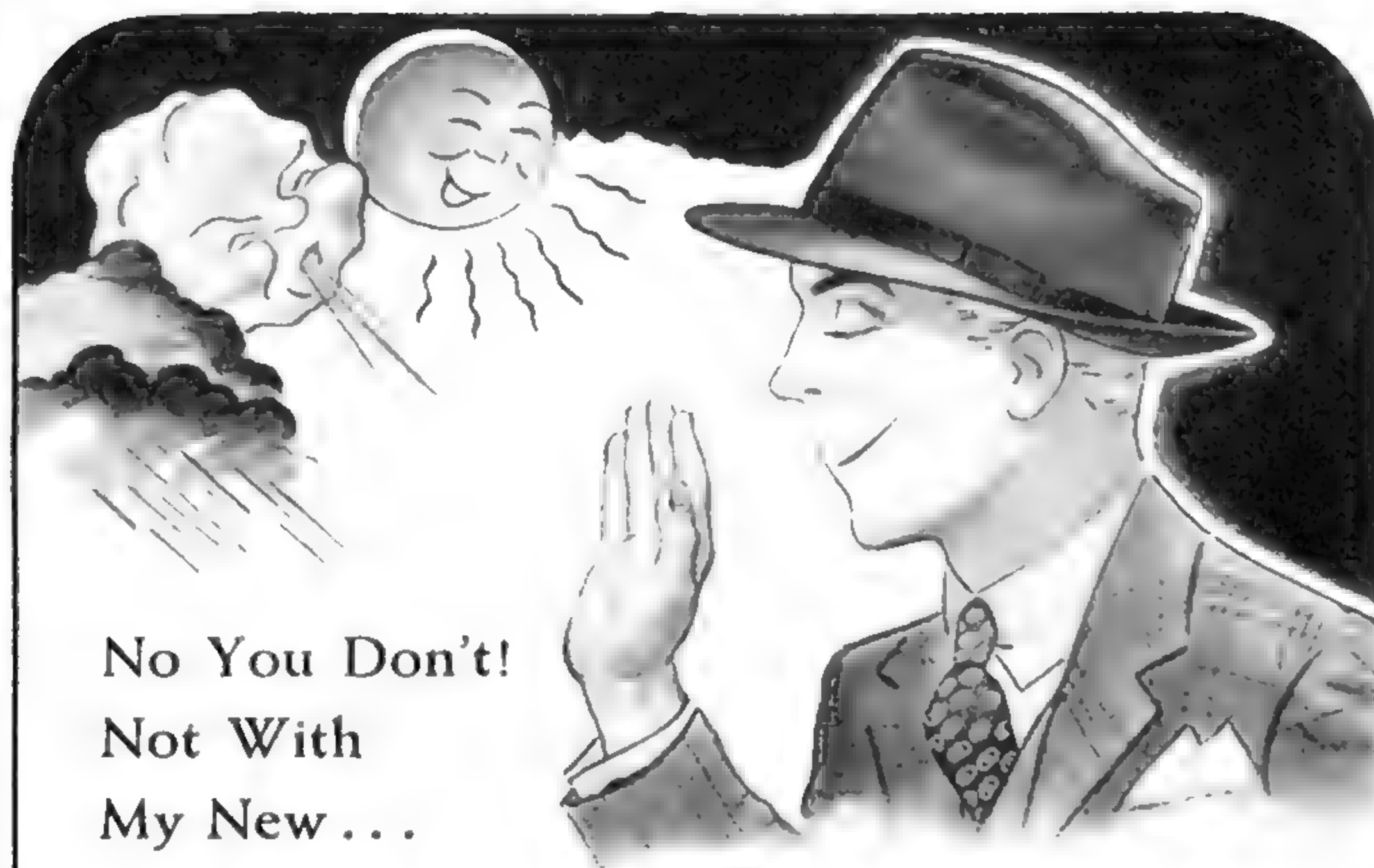
Separate Departments For Men and Women.

AL ROON'S HEALTH CLUBS

Specialists in health conservation.

423 Lexington Ave., Manhattan
(Opposite Grand Central)
Phone—Vanderbilt 3-1040

2255 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn
(Near Church Avenue)
Phone—BUckminster 4-1000



No You Don't!
Not With
My New...

WHISPER WEIGHT

The elements themselves respect the WHISPER WEIGHT hat. For cause. It's the only lightweight hat that's

1. Water-repellent
2. Perspiration-retardent
3. Cushioned for head comfort*

The most *practical* light weight hat you've ever worn. It's "light as a whisper—rugged as a shout." \$2.95...De Luxe, \$3.85

*Exclusive Temple-Eze Leather



At Fine Stores Everywhere

THE CAPSON HAT CO. • EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • NEW YORK

**HOTEL
LENOX**

Homelike surroundings—Famous for its food and drinks—Conveniently located at Boylston and Exeter Streets within easy walking distance of the shopping and theatre districts. When next in Boston, let the Hotel Lenox make your stay more pleasant.

Rooms from \$2.50

● **THE BLUE TRAIN**

Boston's most unique cocktail salon and the center of social activities.

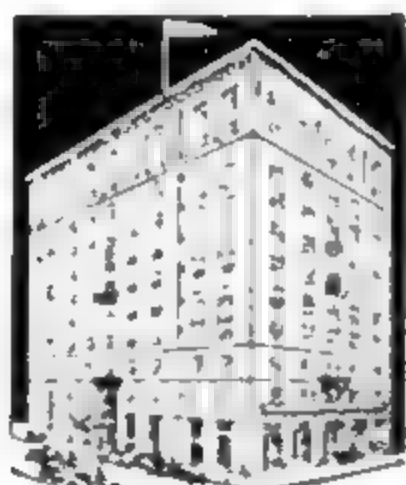
Bert Lowe—and his music

● **DANCING and ENTERTAINMENT**

No Cover Charge—No Minimum Charge

**IN
BOSTON**

**TWO MINUTES FROM
BACK BAY STATION**



**REDUCE
WAIST-HIPS-THIGHS
and look ten years younger!**

"Effortless Exercise"

EXERCYCLE is the modern way to peel off pounds—easily. No strenuous diets—no harmful drugs.

Operated by Electricity

You just get on and RELAX. Plug in the machine and it exercises you. Adjustable to four types—swimming, horseback riding, rowing, bicycling. 15 minutes a day is enough and the exercise is so passive it is recommended even for invalids.

Fun to Use

Yet it gets results *fast!* Hundreds of enthusiastic letters in our files from users prove it!



SILENT
VIBRATIONLESS

*Small down payment.
Terms to meet your convenience.*

EXERCYCLE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MAIL COUPON NOW

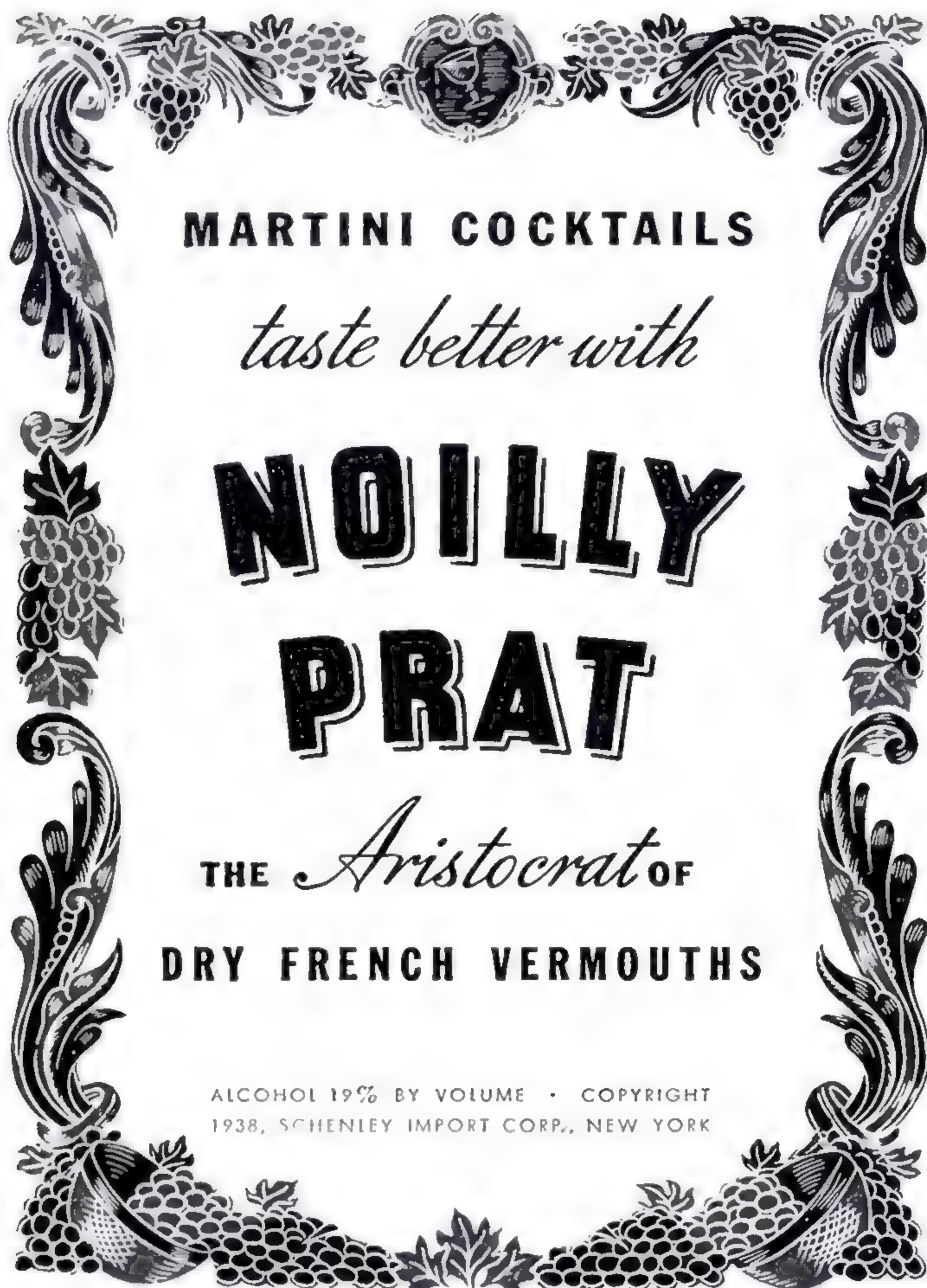
Marlowe Equipment, Inc.
240 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Please send me your illustrated brochure telling about the Exercycle.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



MARTINI COCKTAILS

taste better with

NOILLY PRAT

THE *Aristocrat* OF

DRY FRENCH VERMOUTHS

ALCOHOL 19% BY VOLUME • COPYRIGHT
1938, SCHENLEY IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK



WHERE
THERE'S
LIFE
THERE'S
Soap

WHITE ROSE
TRADE MARK
GLYCERINE SOAP

With Spring just around the corner, life begins anew for your face and hands, milady. Here's a delightful suggestion. Start using "4711" White Rose Transparent Glycerine Soap—and enjoy its soothing effect through its creamy and cleansing lather. And you'll love its refreshing Rose fragrance, too. Try it once—you'll use it ever after. In both Toilet and Bath sizes at better stores everywhere.



A FULL LINE OF TOILETRIES FROM BATH TO BOUDOIR . . . FERD. MULHENS. INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

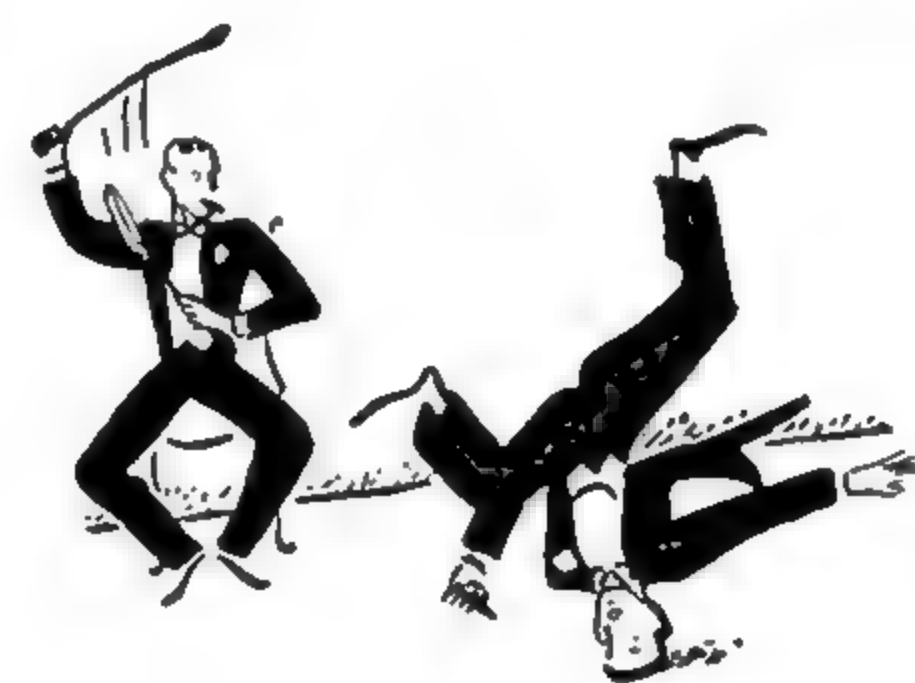
STAFF OF LIFE

If you are suffering from roundness of the midriff, one of the first things they'll expect you to eschew is bread. If you love your staff of life, however, you can still carry on with a certain type of breadsticks and rusks that are crisp, delicious and non-fattening to the chassis. Seems that they are made of Jerusalem artichoke flour, the Jerusalem artichoke being the only member of the vegetable kingdom that contains no starch. The breadsticks are made from the dried root of the flower. Even the natural sugar is extracted from the flour before it is made up. The rusks are allowed to retain the natural sweetness of the flour, plus a little orange flavoring. These artichokal wonders are made and sold exclusively by a well known reducing and health resort up the Hudson, whither trek ladies of the theatre and social world to shed poundage. The ladies return to their native heath, we're told, laden with boxfuls of the breadsticks and rusks, which have been speedily devoured by the masculine contingent.



AND NOW . . . THE SHOWER DRAPE FOR A BACHELOR'S BAWTH

Comes the revolution in shower curtains. Instead of the hook and pin attachments, these curtains zip on and off the rod via a slide fastener. The curtain hangs from a neat casing top like your living room drape. The designers have gone a step further, and have turned out some masculine patterns that would do credit to any man's shower . . . the zebra pattern, for example . . . these decorative little animals patter briskly over the surface . . . black on white, green or blue on a black background. Or a seaman's design called "regatta" . . . silvered sails on a burgundy ground, red boats on white, etc. For gentlemen of raffish inclinations, there's a pattern called "Montmartre" . . . a row of can-can gals going into their dance being viewed by a gent in tails. This little number can be had in red with black legs, or in green, yellow and other less raucous colors. You can get rubberized window drapes to match all these shower drapes.



CULINARY COUNSEL FOR THE CORPULENT

The number of portly gentlemen interested in shrinkage must be increasing. Several places around town are making it easy to eat without increasing your avoirdupois. Take the Sherry-Netherland, for example: every day but the Sabbath, they run what they call dietetic luncheons, with caloric contents of each item listed at one side of the menu. On Mondays the Sherry goes in for what they delicately call "Week-end Cure" luncheons . . . taking into consideration those country houseparties which turn out to be no more athletic than excessive elbow-bending. One of the things on Sherry's menu that is easy to concoct in your own ménage is the health salad which you make as follows: Boston lettuce, grated carrots, seedless raisins sprinkled casually atop the carrots and in dead center of the lettuce field, a half cottage and half cream cheese ball. Over this goes a *mineral* oil dressing.

On the Avenue there's a little luncheon haven where they feed you on a diet of raw vegetables and fruits, not two or three combined, but a good half dozen. Idea is that they think that fruits and vegetables served in natural condition of ripeness without being subjected to the chemical destruction brought about by cooking, are concentrated sources of minerals, vitamins, etc. Carrots, parsley and other green vegetables supply vitamin A. Whole grain cereals contain vitamin B and so forth. Salads are the big thing, served with reducing dressings. French dressing is made with 1½ cups mineral oil, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 tsp. vegetable salt, 2 saccharine tablets, ½ egg yolk and a half clove of garlic for the masculine touch. "Reducing" mayonnaise is made with 1 egg yolk, 1 cup chemically pure mineral oil, 1 tbsp. lemon juice, vegetable salt to taste. Proceed as in regular mayonnaise, feeding the oil a little at a time and beating soundly.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

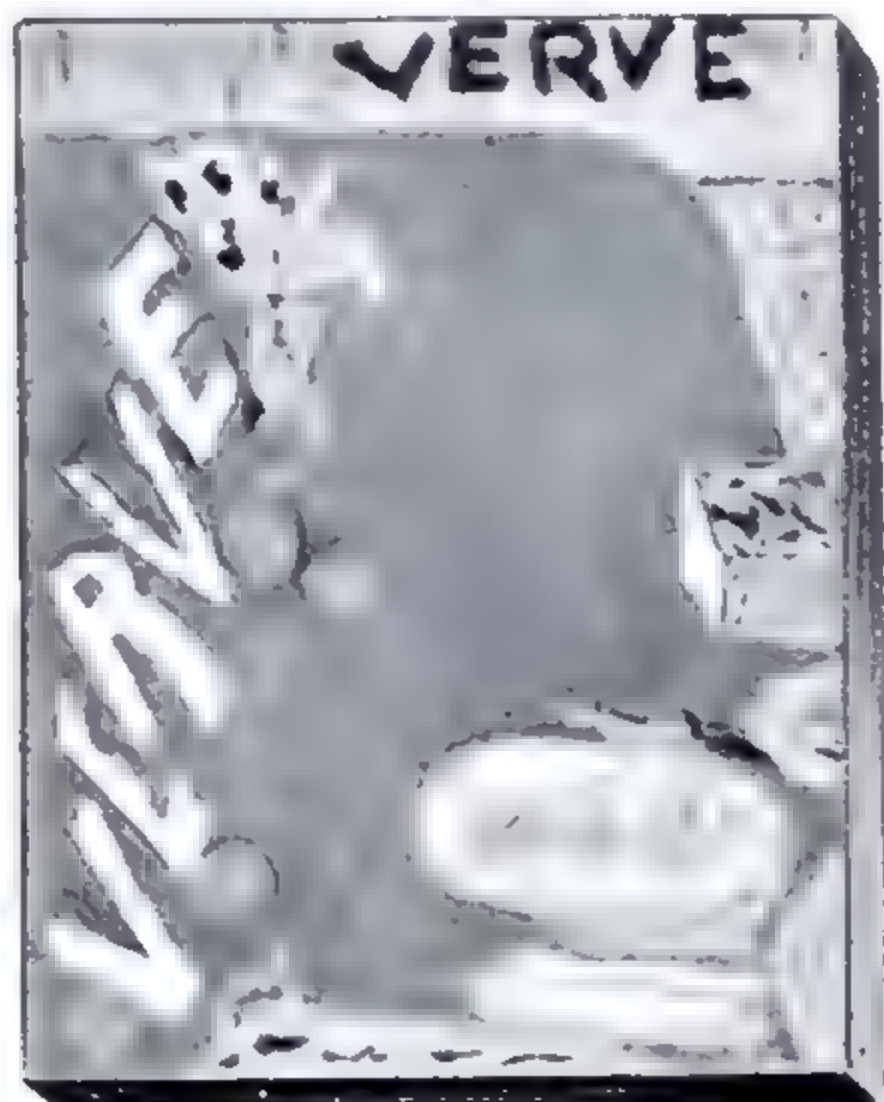
4 Steps to an Incomparable Private Art Library . . .



1 The First Issue of Verve—twenty-four full color reproductions of masterpieces by Watteau, Corot, David, Courbet, Léger, Derain and others—scores of reproductions in heliogravure and letterpress—commentary by André Gide, John Dos Passos, Elie Faure and André Malraux.



2 The Second Issue of Verve—twenty-nine full color reproductions of works by Ingres, Uccello, Renoir, Bosch, Kandinsky and others—complete portfolios of photographic studies and drawings—commentary by Paul Valéry, James Joyce, Ernest Hemingway and André Suarès.



3 The Third Issue of Verve—thirty-two full color reproductions of paintings by Rousseau, Bonnard, Matisse, Delacroix, Chagall, Miro and others—a unique collection of drawings and photographs—commentary by Rabindranath Tagore, André Siegfried and Pierre Reverdy.



4 The Fourth Issue of Verve—thirty-seven full color reproductions of works by Rubens, Rousseau, Seurat, Matisse, Pascin and others—numerous additional reproductions of drawings, paintings and statuary—commentary by Ambroise Vollard, Federico Lorca, Georges Rouault.

Now . . .

all 4 issues of **VERVE**

bound together into one magnificent volume



A SINGLE copy of VERVE is in itself a collector's treasure of art and commentary—and now the unique riches of VERVE are multiplied by four. Here in this one volume, handsomely bound in French chintz of an original design, is a unique addition to your private library. Its investment value as a collector's item will increase through the years. Its delightfulness to the eye and its stimulation to the mind will never fade.

\$10⁰⁰

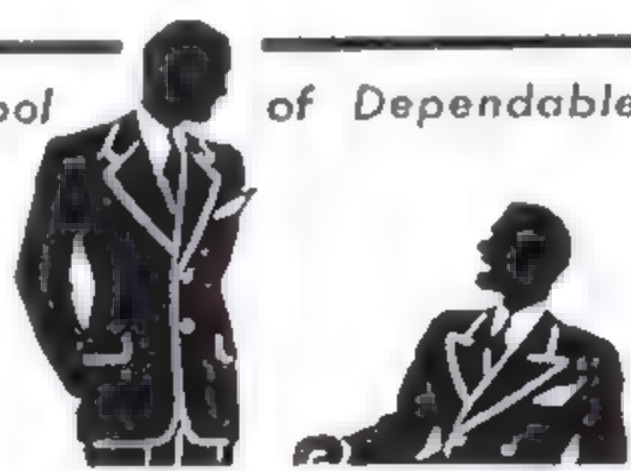
(Complete remittance should accompany your order—your volume will be delivered to you express prepaid.)

LIMITED EDITION . . . ORDER NOW FROM THE SOLE AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVES FOR VERVE:

ESQUIRE-CORONET, Inc., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

The Symbol of Dependable Quality



★ **SIMPSON CLOTHES**

*Fabrics and Fashions
in the Esquire Manner*

★ Luxurious economy... extra quality with visible distinction... perfect fit because tailored to each customer's individual requirements... these are but a few of the plus values you get in the purchase of SIMPSON Clothes for Spring and Summer, 1939.

Simpson salesmen, skilled in measuring call direct with America's handsomest fabric and fashion selection. If you like the style and sophistication of clothes in the Esquire manner... write now for illustrated Fashion Brochure E.

J. B. SIMPSON, INC. SIMPSON BLDG.,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Display Rooms in Many Cities



Since 1779

In 1779 Indians traded beaver skins for Hudson's Bay "Point" Blankets. They were the same, rugged, long-napped blankets that today are keeping sportsmen warm and dry. No finer blankets made. None genuine without the Seal of Quality. For Color Chart write: The Esmond Mills, Esmond, R. I., Sole American Distributors.

**HUDSON'S BAY
Point BLANKETS**

Free! PIPE CATALOG
SAVES YOU MONEY

508 different pipes, 91 high grade tobaccos at bargain prices! Tells "How To Keep Pipes Sweet," etc. We ship postpaid all over U. S. Send for free catalog. No obligation.

WALLY FRANK, LTD.
DEPT 1 10E. 45TH ST., NEW YORK

THE WALNUT
AROMATIC BLEND

Contains the World's 7 Finest Tobaccos

Sold by your dealer. If not, send 10c for sample to John Middleton, 1211 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. E2

30c

"WORKS WHILE YOU SLEEP." If you should happen to be listening to your radio around the midnight hour, you may hear the announcer say that the following program will be "facsimile transmission," and that ordinary broadcast receivers will not be able to get it. You can now buy a facsimile printer receiver in a small radio-like cabinet which you hook up to your own radio, plugging it in place of your loud speaker. There are about 15 broadcasting stations, who, after the regular broadcasts cease, transmit facsimile for several hours each night to some 750 facsimile receivers now in use. Equipped with such a receiver and an inexpensive automatic radio timer, you can set it to turn on at the scheduled time so that while you sleep, there will be reproduced in your own home, a facsimile radio print which will give you, upon rising, a printed and pictorial summary of last minute news. Suppose your daughter elopes in the dead night... and some newshawk gets a flash of her and her crooner driving to the justice of the peace... next morning as you rip off your facsimile... there will be a news photo and flash of the whole business. Already this kind of reception has reached a high state of perfection. Radio static has little or no effect on it. A photo-electric cell scans the original printed page at the facsimile transmitting studio and transmutes it into varying signal strengths which, in turn, are brought back to sight again in your home by a delicate electric needle which burns the varying shades of pictures and the black of the print onto a roll of specially sensitized paper. Cost for a week's reproduction runs about a dime or so. This sort of thing is not expected to supplant newspapers, but is useful to the police and for remote rural sections for news flashes.



MORE SAN FRANCISCO. A couple of issues back we told you about some of the stores where visiting firemen, Exposition-bound, could fit themselves out in sartorial splendor. In complete injustice to San Francisco and its hosts of fine stores, we erred in mentioning but a few, so we quickly render a more complete list of men's stores, arranged according to the good old alphabet. Robert S. Atkins, Berger's, Bullock & Jones, Hastings Clothing Co., Moore, Ltd., Pauson's, Roos Bros., and Swift's. Department stores, which run through practically everything from A to Z in the way of merchandise, are City of Paris, The Emporium, Hale Bros., O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., The White House.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



Close up Action

Athletic events are packed with thrills that ordinary spectators miss. But, through the Wollensak Allscope (telescopic spectacles worn like glasses) this hidden action is revealed clearly. Leaves both hands free. Light. Comfortable. Double power, \$14; 3 1/4-power, \$16. At stores, or direct, postpaid (or C. O. D.). Money-back guarantee.

★ Write for
FREE BOOK!

Wollensak Opt. Co., 715 Hudson Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

WOLLENSAK

"BETTER THAN BUTTONS"
ON SHIRTS



Dot Snappers wear better, look better, work better. They are laundry-proof for the life of your shorts, pajamas, shirts or sportswear. In buying, ask for them by name. United-Carr Fastener Corp. Cambridge, Mass.

**DOT
SNAPPERS**



"Oh, Lady,

**BE GOOD TO ME!
I Want Red Heart Dog
Biscuits Every Day!"**

Your dog ought to have delicious 3-flavored Red Heart Dog Biscuits every day. Why? Because they are rich in essential vitamins, minerals, iodine, and irradiated yeast. They're grand for teeth, too—help remove tartar, harden gums. Free! Write—today—for booklet, *Dogs, Their Care and Feeding*. Address: John Morrell & Co., Dept. 164, Ottumwa, Iowa.

**RED
HEART
DOG BISCUITS**



HUARACHES
THE SANDALS THAT
MADE MEXICO FAMOUS



**Will Feel Famously
Soft and Cool on Your Feet**

Your pair will be different in weave and pattern from any other pair ever made. None but the famous STEER-HIDE Huarache from Oaxaca can make this claim. Into them is woven smart style and amazing stamina. Natural beige leather for men and women.

Your size is in stock, just mention it and send outline of foot, together with **\$3.75**

**The
OLD MEXICO SHOP**
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

**Honey STRAIGHT
BRIAR GRAIN**

SWEETENED with NATURE'S HONEY
MOISTURE GUARD
AIR COOLER
\$1
UNBREAKABLE STEM

Gen. imported Bruyere Root. Gives you a SWEETER, COOLER smoke. 300 cooler by actual test. Never clogs. No other pipe like it! REG. \$5 VAL. Over 250,000 sold. Guaranteed bowl replaced without charge if it burns out or cracks. Our famous PIPE CAKER included as a gift: breaks-in pipe with first smoke. FREE! Your name in gold on stem. Pipemakers since 1887. Check shape, send \$1.00 to SACHS, 5435 Myrtle Ave. Bklyn, N. Y.

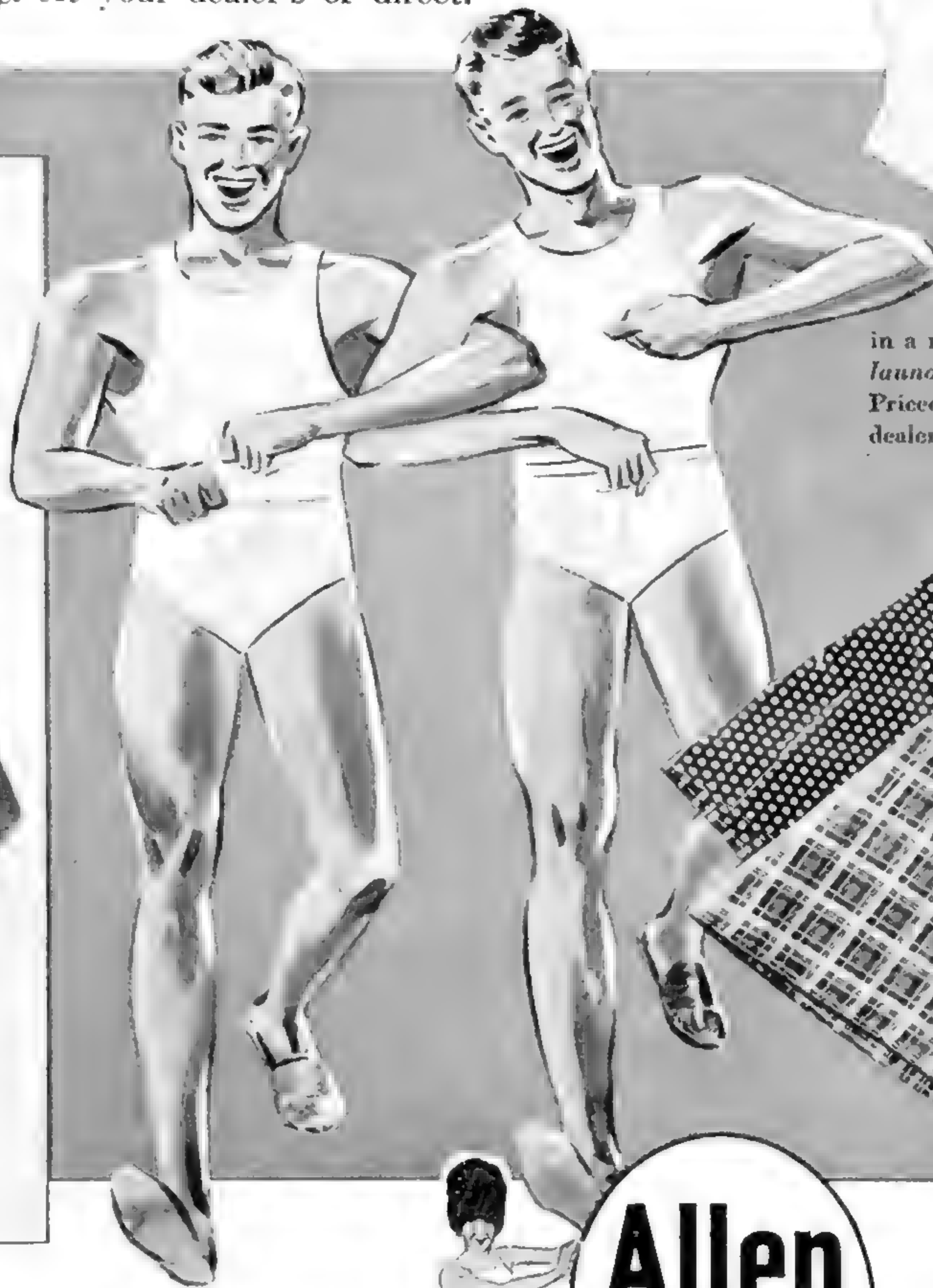


STOP THE SAG END THE FAG..

WITH THE EXTRA LIFT OF ALLEN-A LIFE GUARDS



Don't let Four O'Clock Fag mow you down. Just hop aboard these new Life Guard Shorts . . . and lick that dragged-down feeling that knocks your afternoons for a loop. ¶Six smart Short models, priced from 50¢ to 75¢. Companion Shirts, 50¢ to 75¢. At your dealer's or direct.



ALLEN-A HI-STYLE SHORTS . . .

in a rich array of fine shirtings. Every fabric laundry-tested! Convenient Gripper fronts. Priced at 50¢; others at 35¢ and 50¢. If your dealer fails you, write us.



WE SOCK 'EM TO SHOCK 'EM — This sextet gives but a suggestion of the gorgeous spring range of the sock-in-the-public-eye. Regulars, Lastex tops, anklets . . . in rich or riotous colors, 25¢, 35¢, 50¢.

**Allen
A**

**THE ALLEN-A
COMPANY**

BENNINGTON, VERMONT

Copyright, 1939, The Allen-A Company

"ALLEN" FOR THE MAKER'S NAME . . . "A" FOR FIRST AND FINEST QUALITY

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

NEW YORK'S MOST POPULAR HOTEL

R.S.V.P.

Consider yourself invited to the popular, convenient-to-everything Hotel New Yorker. Every room with both tub and shower, radio, Servidor. Four popular priced restaurants. Private tunnel to Penn Station.

Only ten minutes and a ten cent fare from the hotel to the New York World's Fair.

HOTEL NEW YORKER

34th St. at Eighth Ave., New York
Ralph Hitz, President
Leo A. Molony, Manager

2500 ROOMS FROM \$3.50

UNIQUE IN NEW YORK!

Hawaiian Room

Now in its second year! Thrilling hurricane—glamorous native-girl floor show!

In its spirit of friendliness, too, this hotel is truly an outpost of Hawaii! On your next trip to New York stop at—

HOTEL LEXINGTON

Lexington Ave. at 48th St., New York City
Charles E. Rochester, Vice Pres. & Managing Dir.

JIMMY KELLY'S
181 SULLIVAN ST. AL. 4-1414

DINNER \$1.25 \$1.75
REVUE 8:45 11:45 2:15

The Montmartre of New York

The Persian Room of the Plaza has never lost its hold on those New Yorkers who are a solid part of the population. Around school holidays especially is the room aglitter with the heart throbs of sub-debs and their blonde swains from Groton and St. Marks. Eddie Duchin is the answer to the maiden's prayer when it comes to dignified dance rhythms. The inexhaustible Hartmans came back for their Plaza appearance with new satires, even funnier than their old routine. We always feel the country is safe as long as we can laugh heartily at our dancing foibles as satirized by the Hartmans. In the back walnut-lined grill, you will find the town's leading citizens after the market has closed and after theatre, with their wives and sisters. There are few spots like it for quiet drinking for those of us thinning at the top.



Sometimes, when the occasion calls for champagne, we use an American Brand, such as Cook's Imperial, for example. Before the war it was generally recognized as one of the leading champagnes, and we are glad to see it regaining its pre-war popularity. Such fine American champagnes not only are easier on the purse, but frequently rate well up with many importations, while they are certainly superior to second rate stuff with foreign labels.

Le Ruban Bleu continues as one of the city's more sophisticated places after the theatre, duplicating its sudden and solid success of last year. Whether it was Greta Keller singing the romantic songs that made her famous abroad, or whether it was some version of the chanteuse Americaine, such as Aileen Cook, the entertainment was top-notch and just enough. And of course there is always Elsie Houston with her notable Brazilian folk songs and the suave proprietor, Herbert Jacoby.

Horace Heidt is always sure of a welcome back to the Bowman Room of the Biltmore. He has perfected a formula of entertainment that fits perfectly the clientele. The show has an air of informality, emphasis is on the side of youth, and Heidt never forgets that some men never forget the old college days. The orchestra is composed of specialists, so the show is continuous from dinner to supper.

One of the pet cocktails of the Sugar Wharf at Jamaica is now hereabouts under the name of the "Million." It is made of $\frac{1}{3}$ lemon juice, $\frac{2}{3}$ Myers's Rum, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of sugar and a dash of bitters. We ran across it at the Mansfield Bar which has developed into a night spot for after-theatre folk of the other side of the Avenue.

Jack Dempsey, of course, eats in Jack Dempsey's restaurant but we saw Gene Tunney dining in state at Theodore's. Sports writers could give you a column on that, including the long count and a moral. All we can add is that Tunney must know good food. Theodore's started out as one of the top-flight dining places and has maintained the standard. Aside from the food there is an air of cultured quiet about the restaurant that is the hall-mark of the continental place. Waiters move about noiselessly, know their guests' wants, and also know what a wine card is for.

In his Diamond Horseshoe, in the depths of the Paramount Hotel, Billy Rose has brought off his best bit of showmanship. Here he has a concept within his abilities and with the expert aid of John Murray Anderson, he goes



to town. It is nostalgia with a tongue in the cheek, never becomes boring and never lets its authenticity override its entertainment value. It is one show that can be recommended to both Dad and the son, a moral on the mores of the times, whatever year. The room is garish but not offensive, the food adequate and the whole thing one of the best larks of the season. (One bit of bad taste can be overlooked, the dark meat chorus; the remainder is so excellent.)

GEE! HE SMOKES
THAT AROMATIC
LONDON DOCK TOBACCO



The aromatic fragrance of London Dock "gets the nod" from pipe connoisseurs and public alike. Try this popular blend—it's real smoking pleasure. We'll wager you'll say it's America's finest aromatic tobacco. Want a sample first? Send 10¢ to

128 Delmar Bl.,
St. Louis, Mo.

London Dock
Aromatic
SMOKING MIXTURE

Export Foil Package 40¢
POUND PACKAGE \$3.99

Christian Peper St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

THE **Glass Hat**
PRESENTS
GAY ENTERTAINMENT—DANCE AND
DINE IN SMART SURROUNDINGS.
CIRCULAR BAR
HOTEL BELMONT PLAZA
John H. Stember, Manager
Lexington Ave. at 49th St., N. Y.
NATIONAL HOTEL MANAGEMENT CO., INC.
Ralph Hitz, President

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CHICAGO'S
NIGHT CLUBS
The Colony
744 N. RUSH • DEL. 2666
EPICUREAN DINNERS
SONNY GOLDSTONE Managing Directors NICHOLAS DEAN

Chambord
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
Presenting distinguished French Provincial
Cuisine par excellence and a carefully selected
cellar for connoisseurs.
803 THIRD AVE., N. Y. C. EL 5-7180
between 49th and 50th Sts.

FAMOUS RUM DRINKS
ALEXANDRA
FOR MEN WHO PREFER
DINING TO EATING
8 East 49th. Plaza 3-1542

Confident and Carefree!

"If naught but CONFIDENCE dwells within thee when thou dost extinguish thy candle at nightfall, then on the morrow thou shalt arise from thy cot vibrant and aglow with the sheer joy of waking from thy dreams to discover that life is REAL—AND THINE TO ENJOY!"

... Deciphered from an early scroll.



New bottle and label adopted Sept. 6, 1938

Golden Wedding the whiskey you feel good about!

Oft and again we've peeked at you as you've sat serenely luxuriating over your Golden Wedding highball...and we think we can account for that extra blissful smile of satisfaction on your lips. You feel good about this whiskey! And this confidence in your drink re-doubles the pleasure of drinking. You feel good in knowing this fabulous potion is a blend of straight whiskies—ALL whiskey—Finch's pride and joy. And since you know the very youngest whiskey in Golden Wedding is old, you feel good about that too! Isn't that right?



AND AT THE BAR—

When you see this tall bottle at the bar you're in a place that gives you ALL whiskey.

FINCH'S GOLDEN WEDDING

A Blend of Straight Whiskies—As you prefer in BOURBON or RYE

THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD!

90 PROOF. COPR. 1939, JOS. S. FINCH & CO., INC., SCHENLEY, PA.

Even the youngest whiskey in it is 4 years old

ALBANY, N. Y. Steefel Brothers, Inc.
ALTOONA, PA. The William F. Gable Co.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Peat's Men's Shop
AUGUSTA, MAINE J. B. Farrel Co.
BINGHAMTON, N. Y. Sisson Bros.
Welden Co., Inc.
BIRMINGHAM, ALA. The Parisian, Inc.
BOISE, IDAHO C. C. Anderson Co.
BOSTON Kennedy's Inc.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN. Meigs & Co., Inc.
BUFFALO, N. Y. Kleinhans Co.
CHAMPAIGN, ILL. Stanley L. Kaufman
CHARLESTON, W. VA. Frankenberg Co., Inc.
CHICAGO, ILL. Benson & Rixon
CINCINNATI, OHIO The Alms & Doepke Co.
CLEARWATER, FLA. William C. Barefoot
COLUMBUS, OHIO The Union Co.
CUMBERLAND, MD. Schwarzenbach & Son

DAVENPORT, IOWA Syndicate Clothing Co.
DAYTON, OHIO The Metropolitan Co.
DENVER, COLO. Denver Dry Goods Co.
DES MOINES, OHIO Frankel Clothing Co.
DETROIT, MICH. Harry Suffrin
ERIE, PA. P. A. Meyer & Sons
FT. WAYNE, IND. Patterson & Fletcher
HARRISBURG, PA. London Clo. Shop
HARTFORD, CONN. Kennedy's, Inc.
HOLYOKE, MASS. A. T. Gallup, Inc.
HUNTINGTON PARK, CAL. Lee's Dept. Store
INDIANAPOLIS, IND. L. Strauss & Co.
LANCASTER, PA. Watt & Shand
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA Magee's, Inc.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. Broadway Dept. Store
MEMPHIS, TENN. H. Halle & Bro.
MISSOULA, MONT. Missoula Mercantile Co.
NEWARK, N. J. Kresge's

NEW HAVEN, Conn. J. Johnson & Sons, Inc.
NEW ORLEANS, LA. Maison Blanche
NORFOLK, VA. Shulman & Co.
OAKLAND, CALIF. Schwartz & Grodin
OGDEN, UTAH W. H. Wright & Sons
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA. Hiram Paul Clo. Co.
OMAHA, NEB. Berg Clo. Co.
PEORIA, ILL. D. W. Klein Co.
PHILADELPHIA Frank & Seder
PHOENIX, ARIZ. Diamond Dry Goods Co.
PLAINFIELD, N. J. Tepper Bros.
PORTLAND, ME. A. Benoit & Sons
PORTLAND, ORE. Fatusos & Green
PROVIDENCE, R. I. The Outlet Co.
PROVO, UTAH Taylor Bros. Co.
READING, PA. Epstein Bros.
ROCHESTER, N. Y. The National
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH Z. C. M. I.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX. Kaufman's
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. Selix Cloth
SCRANTON, PA. Scranton Dry Goods
SEATTLE, WASH. Poll
SOUTH BEND, IND. Max Adl
SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Albert Steig
SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Kennedy's
STAMFORD, CONN. Hendrie & Lovat
STUBENVILLE, OHIO The
ST. LOUIS, MO. Stix, Baer & L
ST. LOUIS, MO. Weil Cl
TOPEKA, KANSAS Cunningham & M
UTICA, N. Y. John F. M
WASHINGTON, D. C. Woodward & L
WATERBURY, CONN. Jones, Morga
WILKES-BARRE, PA. The Lazurus

Dear Young Man:

FROM Maine to Hawaii... from the Great Lakes to the Panama Canal... Middishade retailers are answering the Annual Roll Call with another stirring demonstration of clothing value!

The distinguished fabrics illustrated to the right are six good reasons why you ought to run your finger down these pages for the name of your nearest dealer. And never have the many advantages of Middishade's famed system of Specialization... concentrating on a single price... shown up so notably!

*Partial List

Today youth is having its fling!... and the best way we know to take years off your age is to take on a new Middishade! New youth in style... rich, spirited patterns... precise, flawless tailoring... it's the best balanced suit of clothing that ever saw a modest \$35 price tag!

WE, THE PEOPLE who sell Middishade Clothes, are proud to show America again what wonders Middishade Specialization has done! If you don't find one of us near you... write The Middishade Company, Inc., Philadelphia, and you'll be taken care of promptly.

YOUR MIDDISHADE DEALER

ABERDEEN, WASH. A. W. Barkley
ABILENE, TEXAS. Minter Dry Goods Co.
AKRON, OHIO M. O'Neil Co.
ALAMOSA, COLO. Gordon Stores
AMBRIDGE, PA. Davidson's
AMSTERDAM, N. Y. Lewis Sochin
ANACONDA, MONT. MacIntyre's, Inc.
ANDERSON, IND. B. L. Bing's Sons
ANGLETON, TEX. The Men's Shop
ANTIGO, WIS. M. E. Harris
ASHURY PARK, N. J. I. C. Silbergleit
ASTORIA, L. I., N. Y. Gold & Silver
ASTORIA, L. I., N. Y. Phil's Clothes
ASTORIA, OREGON. Burke Est. & Quarles
ATHENS, OHIO J. L. Beckley & Son
ATLANTA, GA. B. Levine The Toggery
BAKER, OREGON. Neuberger & Heilner
BAKERSFIELD, CAL. Harry Coffee, Inc.
BANGOR, MAINE. Friesse's, Inc.
BARRE, VERMONT. F. H. Rogers & Co.
BATTLE CREEK, MICH. Brandt Bros.
BAY CITY, MICH. Ford's
BEAVER DAM, WIS. Maier & Zahn
BEAVER FALLS, PA. Lisle T. Miller
BEMIDJI, MINN. Patterson Clothing Co.
BECKLEY, W. VA. E. M. Payne Co., Inc.
BEVERLY HILLS, CAL. Lewine Bros.
BIG SPRING, TEXAS. A. M. Fisher Co.
BIRMINGHAM, ALA. Sokol Bros. Co., Inc.
BIZBEE, ARIZ. The Fair Store
BLOOMFIELD, N. J. M. Kerian Co., Inc.
BOONE, IOWA. J. C. Peterson Co.
BOUND BROOK, N. J. M. A. Jackson
BRATTLEBORO, VT. Good, Pear. & Hunt
BROCKTON, MASS. Kennedy's, Inc.
BRONX, N. Y. Harry Isaacs
BROOKLYN, N. Y. Hollywood Clo. Inc.
BROOKLYN, N. Y. Irving's Mod. Clo. Sh.
BROOKLYN, N. Y. Phil's Fashion Clo.
BROOKLYN, N. Y. I. Snider Clo. Corp.
BROOKLYN, N. Y. Horton & Malleson
BROOKLYN, N. Y. J. Thorne Clo. Shop
BURLINGHAM, CAL. Frederick Galloway
BURLINGTON, VT. Hayes & Carney
BUTLER, PA. Green & Young
BUTTE, MONT. Bouchers, Inc.
CANAN, CONN. John A. Bianchi
CANTON, OHIO Marvin B. Homer
CAREY, OHIO Burson Clothing Co.
CARNEGIE, PA. Morris Scheuer
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA. Syndicate Clo. Co.
CHAMBERSBURG, PA. Ray C. Hays
CHARLESTON, S. C. Berlinsky Bros.
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA. J. & W. Wood
CHATTANOOGA, TENN. Fulmer, Reeves, Ware
CHEYENNE, WYOMING. H. Pasternack
CHICAGO, ILL. Turner Bros., Inc.
CHICAGO, ILL. Weinberg Bros. Clo. Co.
CHICAGO, ILL. Benjamin Bandalin
CHICAGO, ILL. Berg & Isenberg, Inc.
CHICAGO, ILL. Douglas Clo. Co.
CHICAGO, ILL. The Golden Eagle

CHICAGO, ILL. Raymond Levine
CHICAGO, ILL. Jerome J. Oppenheimer
CHICAGO, ILL. Max Raffeld
CHICOPEE, MASS. Petluck, Inc.
CLARKSON, PA. George W. Alexander
CLARKSBURG, W. VA. R. S. Cropp
CLEVELAND, OHIO B. R. Baker Co.
CLEVELAND, OHIO Holstein & Polster
CLINTON, N. J. Rittenhouse & Co.
COATESVILLE, PA. Cohen Bros.
COLUMBUS, OHIO Simon Kerstein
CONCORD, N. H. Hardy & McSwiney
CORONA, CALIF. Emerson's
CORNING, N. Y. Edward Pregor
CORY, PA. Nast Co.
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA. Joe Smith Co.
CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND. Herschel Stock
CRYSTAL LAKE, ILL. Tober's Men's St.
DECATUR, ILL. Edgar H. Bachrach
DELMAR, DEL. S. N. Culver
DOVER, N. J. Benjamin Horowitz
DUBOIS, PA. B. S. Cummings Co.
DUNDEE, ILL. Melvin T. Bethke
DUNELLEN, N. J. David Goldberg, Son
EAU CLAIRE, WIS. G. D. Campen
EAST BOSTON, MASS. Frances Fine
EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO Harry Altman
ELIZABETH, N. J. M. Caprio Men's Sh.
ELIZABETH, PA. George Jaskol
ELMHURST, N. Y. James M. Frank
ELLWOOD, IND. Herschel Stock
EMPORIA, KANSAS. Jones Anderson
EPHRAATA, PA. Schwartz Bros.
ESCONDIDO, CAL. The Wardrobe
EUGENE, ORE. Paul D. Green
EUREKA, CAL. A. M. Bistrin
FALL RIVERS, MASS. The Hub Clo. Co.
FAR ROCKAWAY, N. Y. Phil's Shop
FITCHBURG, MASS. F. H. Lane Co.
FLINT, MICH. The Flint
FLUSHING, N. Y. Samuel L. Nusbaum
FORT DODGE, IOWA. J. C. Peterson
FORT EDWARD, N. Y. Thos. C. Loughlin
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA. Oscar Levine
FRACKVILLE, PA. Levi Bohorad
FREEHOLD, N. J. Sidney S. Stryker
FREEPORT, PA. Louis Nassan
FREEPORT, L. I., N. Y. A. Levy & Son
FREDERICKTOWN, PA. A. Lazovik
FRESNO, CAL. H. M. Dermer, Inc.
GALESBURG, ILL. Stamm's
GARDINER, MAINE. Harry Glaser
GARDINER, MAINE. F. C. Wise & Son
GIRARDVILLE, PA. Louis J. Matlow
GLASSPORT, PA. Raden & Co.
GLEN COVE, N. Y. M. Greenberg
GLEN DALE, CALIF. Henry J. Gurr
GLOVESVILLE, N. Y. H. I. Abdella, Inc.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. A. May & Sons
GRANTS PASS, ORE. Golden Rule
GREAT FALLS, MONT. Strain Bros.
GREENSBURG, PA. Kuhns-Johnson

GREENVILLE, PA. Conway-Wasser
HAGERSTOWN, MD. Hoffman Sons
HARRISONBURG, VA. Paul's Clo. Co., Inc.
HAZLETON, PA. Barney Chonetz
HEMPSTEAD, N. Y. Harvey Clo., Inc.
HENDERSONVILLE, N. C. The Leader, Inc.
HERKIMER, N. Y. Grogan Store, Inc.
HIBBING, MINN. Sachs Bros.
HOBOKEN, N. J. Geismar's Shop, Inc.
HOMESTEAD, PA. Saul J. Goldberg
HOUSTON, TEX. Shudde Bros.
HUDSON, N. Y. Adam Kritzman
HUNTINGTON, N. Y. Schwartz Bro.
HUNTINGTON, W. VA. Dunhill's, Inc.
HUTCHINSON, KAN. Star Clothiers
HYDE PARK, MASS. Kennedy's, Inc.
IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO. C. C. Anderson
IOWA CITY, IOWA. Ricketts & Shelladay
ITHACA, N. Y. Ithaca Wholesale Hse.
JACKSON, MICH. J. S. Harrington
JACKSONVILLE, FLA. Zahra's Dept. St.
JAMAICA, N. Y. B. & B. Clothes
JEANETTE, PA. Phil A. Taylor
JEFFERSON CITY, MO. Goldman & Kaiser
JEFFERSON, WIS. Halverson Cloth. Co.
JEFFERSONVILLE, IND. G. S. O'Bryant
JERSEY CITY, N. J. Alfred Yeston
JOHNSON CITY, N. Y. Men's Qual Shop
JOHNSTOWN, N. Y. Dockstader, Farrell
JOHNSTOWN, PA. Penn Traffic Co.
KALAMAZOO, MICH. Kooi-Knapper
KELSO, WASH. Mottman Dept. Store
KENEDY, TEXAS. Bennett's Dept. Store
KENOSHA, WIS. Iserman Bros.
KENTON, OHIO "Colonel" Ellis
KILGORE, TEX. H. Weinberg Men's Shop
KINGS PARK, L. I., N. Y. Elias Patiky
KINSTON, N. C. D. L. Bronstein
KITTING, PA. Einstein's
KOKOMO, IND. Max Gross Clo. Co.
LA CROSSE, WIS. P. Newburg Clo. Co.
LADYSMITH, WIS. Louis Cohen
LA GRANDE, ORE. Trotter's
LAKE CITY, FLA. Leo J. Gelberg
LAKE FOREST, ILL. Walter F. Smith
LAKEWOOD, N. J. Mayers Men's Shop
LANCASTER, O. Hammond's Men's Shop
LANSING, MICH. F. N. Arbaugh Co.
LARAMIE, WYOM. Al's Midwest Store
LAREDO, TEXAS. I. Alexander
LAWRENCE, KANSAS. Carl's
LEBANON, PA. Lawn Bros.
LEHIGHTON, PA. Cohen's Dept. Store
LEWISTON, PA. Joe Katz
LEXINGTON, KY. Paritz Clothes Shop
LITTLE FALLS, N. Y. Louis L. Yourden
LOMPOC, CALIF. Moore Mere. Co.
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y. Jack Seidel
LONGVIEW, WASH. Col. Riv. Mere. Co.
LOWELL, MASS. J. A. Desrosiers & Co.
LUBBOCK, TEXAS. Walton's
LYNCHBURG, VA. J. E. Wood & Bro.

LYNN, MASS. Kennedy's, Inc.
MADISON, WIS. Albert Dizon
MAHANAOY CITY, PA. Bohorad's
MALDEN, MASS. Ellis Reinherz Co.
MANCHESTER, CONN. C. E. House & Sn.
MANITOWOC, WIS. Foley & Kernan
MANSON, IOWA. Foley Clo. Co.
MARIETTA, OHIO. W. A. Sniffen Co.
MARQUETTE, MICH. Jacob Rose & Sons
MARSHFIELD, WIS. Gag Clothing Co.
MARYSVILLE, OHIO. Louis F. Otte
MEADSBORO, PA. Samuel Kalchstein
MEADVILLE, PA. Tom K. Williams, Inc.
MEDFORD, MASS. T. O'Brien & Sons, Inc.
MELROSE, MASS. Aleck Levine
MELROSE, ILL. Rubins Outlet Store
MENASHA, WIS. Frank Grove
MENDOTA, ILL. Erbes Bros.
MENOMINEE, MICH. Lauerman Bro. Co.
MERIDEN, CONN. Oscar Gross & Sons
MIAMI, FLA. Everglades Men's Shop
MILLVILLE, MICH. E. J. Fath & Bro.
MILWAUKEE, WIS. Stock Brothers
MILWAUKEE, WIS. George Garens Co.
MINNOLA, L. I., N. Y. M. Saul & Sons
MINOT, N. D. Sgutt Men's Store
MISSOULA, MONT. Missoula Mere. Co.
MITCHELL FIELD, N. Y. M. B. Kaplan
MONTGOMERY, ALA. The Hub
MONTPELIER, VT. A. D. Farwell Co.
MORGANTOWN, W. VA. Johnson & Son
MT. CARMEL, PA. The Hub
MT. PLEASANT, PA. Glick Bro. The Hub
MT. VERNON, N. Y. Gramatan Men's S.
MUNCIE, IND. Herschel Stock
NACOGDOCHES, TEX. Burrows Bros.
NAMPA, IDAHO. C. C. Anderson
NANTICOKE, PA. Alfred M. Friedman
NASHUA, N. H. The System Co.
NEWARK, OHIO. Emma Emerson
NEW BEDFORD, MASS. J. D. Mendelsohn
NEW BEDFORD, MASS. S. Mochaber Co.
NEW BERLIN, N. Y. Fred L. Johnson
NEW BRITAIN, CONN. Tomik & Dawson
NEW BRITAIN, CONN. Henry Sirkin
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. S. S. Cohen
NEW CASTLE, IND. Lloyd Beal
NEW CASTLE, PA. The Winter Co.
NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y. Bloom & Bloom
NEW YORK, N. Y. Patsy Arcomano
NEW YORK, N. Y. Bryant Fashion Clo.
NEW YORK, N. Y. A. T. Harris Corp.
NEW YORK, N. Y. J. Forsythe Co., Inc.
NEW YORK, N. Y. Johnstreet's Clo.
NEW YORK, N. Y. E. Seidman & Son
NEW YORK, N. Y. Soling Bros.
NEW YORK, N. Y. James Trakis
NEW YORK, N. Y. White & White, Inc.
NEW YORK, N. Y. Charles Young
NEW YORK, N. Y. Edward Goldin, Inc.
NEWTON, N. J. Lewis F. Trapasso
NORRISTOWN, PA. B. E. Block Bro.

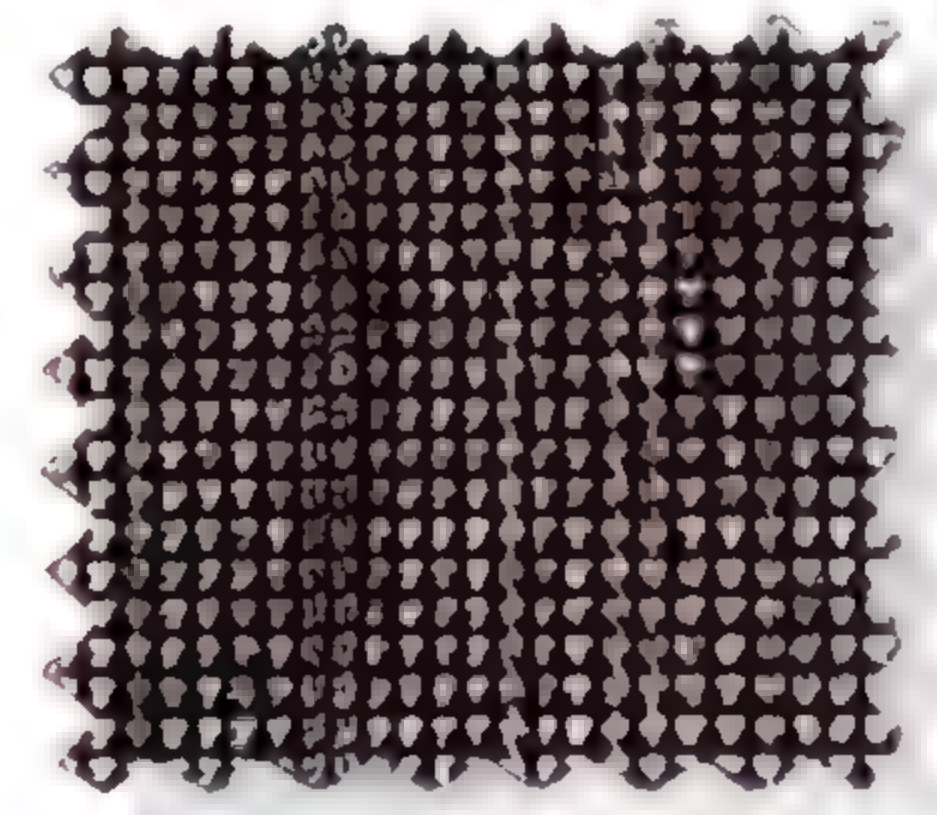
NORTHAMPTON, MASS. H. Daniel
NORWICH, N. Y. Fred L. Jol
OCALA, FLA. Rheinauer & Co.
OGDENBURG, N. Y. L. Frie
OIL CITY, PA. Michael
OLEAN, N. Y. The Liberty
OLYMPIA, WASH. Mottman Mere
ONEIDA, N. Y. Peter Ambro
ONEONTA, N. Y. George A. I
ORANGE, N. J. Harry Spia
ORANGEBURG, S. C. Hse. of McN
OSHKOSH, WIS. Spoo & Son
OTTAWA, ILL. Bell's Clo
OTTUMWA, IOWA. J. B. Sa
PARKERSBURG, W. VA. Poole's Sup
PASADENA, CALIF. F. C. Nas
PATCHOGUE, N. Y. Swezey-Newins
PATERSON, N. J. Louis L
PAYETTE, IDAHO. C. C. And
PEORIA, ILL. Bell Clo. & Sho
PERTH AMBOY, N. J. L. Breigs &
PERU, ILL. Frank C. V
PETALUMA, CALIF. The War
PHILADELPHIA. Otto Schlieske &
PHOENIXVILLE, PA. Martin & M
PIQUA, OHIO. Neth & S
PITTSFORD, PA. Cohen
PLATTSBURG, N. Y. Edward N. G
PLYMOUTH, IND. The Bal
PLYMOUTH, MASS. The Puritan Cl
PLYMOUTH, PA. Alex Plesset &
PONTIAC, MICH. Bird & St. I
PORT ARTHUR, TEX. Roos & L
PORT CHESTER, N. Y. Goldberg &
PORT JEFFERSON, N. Y. Ezra Woo
PORT JERVIS, N. Y. Levin's Dept
POTTSTOWN, PA. Morris
POTTSVILLE, PA. G. F. Moyer &
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. M. Schwartz
PRINCETON, ILL. Anderson & Mos
PROCTOR, MINN. Proctor Golden
PUEBLO, COLO. Crews Beggs Dry G
QUANTICO, VA. Michael Bolog
QUINCY, ILL. The State St. Store
RENO, NEVADA. George P
RICE LAKE, WIS. Chaimson Bros.
RICHMOND, VA. Meyer Gree
RICHMOND HILL, N. Y. M. Kauf
RIDGEWAY, PA. John A. I
RIPON, WIS. Spence & I
RIVERHEAD, L. I., N. Y. S. Leavitt
RIVERSIDE, CALIF. Allen & Ke
ROANOKE, VA. Brotherhood Mer
ROCK ISLAND, ILL. Mosonfelder &
ROCKVILLE, CONN. House & Mu
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C. Ches
ROSELLE, N. J. Levine's Men's
RUTLAND, VERMONT. Carbine Clo
SAGINAW, MICH. Jackel &
SALEM, MASS. Kennedy's,

Middishade

AN ACHIEVEMENT IN



SALEM, OHIO.....Walter F. Cowan
SALEM, ORE.....Miller Merc. Co.
SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.
Joe Goldberg
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.
Columbia Outfitters Co.
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.....I. Jacobson
SANFORD, PA.....B. L. Perkins
SANFORD, ME.....Beaudoin-Roberge
SANFORD, ME.....Thayer-Diggery Co.
SAN JOSE, CAL.....Stratford Clothes
SAN MATEO, CAL.....Loewe Zwierlein
SAN PEDRO, CALIF.
Hime & McDaniel
SANTA MONICA, CALIF.
Leo A. Krause
SELBYVILLE, DEL.....C. L. McCabe Co.
SHAMOKIN, PA.....Sam Dlugie
SHARON, PA.....Shontz & Myers
SHENANDOAH, PA.....Yng. Men's Sh.
SOMERSET, PA.....G. W. Schenck Co.
SOMERVILLE, N. J.....C. Schwed Co.
SPENCER, IOWA.....Wm. Flindt Co.
STAUNTON, VA.
Barth Weinberg & Co.
STEBENVILLE, O.....Reiner's, Inc.
ST. MARY'S, PA.....Smith Bros. Co.
STILLWATER, OKLA.....Katz Dept. St.
STOCKTON, CALIF.....Phil Kramm
STROUDSBURG, PA.....DeVivo & Quar.
SUNBURY, PA.....Stu. Klo. Sh., Inc.
SWEETWATER, TEX.....Levy Bros.
TACT, CALIF.....Smith Bros.
TALLAPOOSA, GA.....The National
TARRYTOWN, N. Y.....Michael Cohen
TAUNTON, MASS.
Goodnow-Morse-Brooks Co.
THE DALLAS, ORE.....Maier & Krier
TORRINGTON, CONN.
F. H. Joyce Co.
TRENTON, N. J.....Haverson's, Inc.
TRENTON, N. J.....Jahos Bros.
TROY, N. Y.....Thomas McBride
TUCSON, ARIZ.....Levy Bros. Clo. Co.
TULSA, OKLA.....Hyland Clo. Co.
TWO RIVERS, WIS.....Schroeder Bros.
UNION CITY, N. J.
Paul Servo, Inc.
UNIONTOWN, PA.....Julius Levy
VALLEY STREAM, L. I., N. Y.
Frank Suprina
VENTURA, CALIF.....Great East. Co.
VINELAND, N. J.....C. C. Mattioli
WACO, TEX.....Goldstein-Migel Co.
WALLA WALLA, WASH.
White House Clothing Co., Inc.
WALLINGFORD, CONN.
Rubin's Men's Shop
WALTON, N. Y.....Burns Clo. Co.
WASHINGTON, N. J.....H. A. Cohen
WATERLOO, WIS.....B. H. Hagel
WATERTOWN, WIS.
Kern's Men's Store
WATERTOWN, N. Y.
Clark & Knowlton
WAUKEGAN, ILL.
Durkin & Durkin
WAUPACA, WIS.....E. A. Haebig
WAUSAU, WIS.
Helling & Groff Co.
WAYNE, PA.....Wayne's Men's Sh.
WELLSBORO, PA.....Jos. Abramson
WENATCHEE, WASH.
Wenatchee Dept. Store
WEST CHESTER, PA.....Margolies
WESTFIELD, N. J.....Tarny's Togger
WESTFIELD, N. J.....John Franks
WEST NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y.
Tompkins Dept. Store
WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.
J. C. Harris Co.
WHITEHALL, N. Y.....Carbine-Cooke
WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.....Oscar Levy
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.....The Hub, Inc.
WILLIMANTIC, CONN.....J. F. Carr
WILMINGTON, DEL.
Papperman & Jarrell
WILMINGTON, DEL.....J. W. Toadvine
WILMINGTON, N. C.....L. J. Stein
WOONSOCKET, R. I.....Philius Auger
WORCESTER, MASS.....Kennedy's, Inc.
YONKERS, N. Y.....Louis Carmasin
YORK, PA.....Griffith-Smith Co.
YORK, PA.....McFall & Son, Inc.
YOUNGSTOWN, O.....G. M. McKelvey
★ ★ ★
GUATAMALA CITY, C. A.
V. E. Santolino C.
HILO, HAWAII.....E. N. Homes, Ltd.
HONOLULU.....Von Hamm Young
SAN JUAN, P. R.
Teleforo Fernandez & Hnos.
KETCHIKAN, ALASKA.....Bon Marche
ARECIBO, PORTO RICO.....Pagan Hnos.
ARECIBO, PORTO RICO
M. Echegaray



★ NOTE: Each of the fabrics above comes in all color groups of blue, green and brown.

Clothes \$35

SPECIALIZATION



PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

BY APPOINTMENT

This mellow, golden gin makes the world's finest Martinis



Imported from England

BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS
OF
LORDS
Distilled Dry Gin

100% NEUTRAL GRAIN SPIRITS... 86 PROOF

PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

- Delicious Nonsense!
- Sparkling Chatter!
- "Sly" EDDIE DAVIS
- Amazes the blasé
- The World-famous
- LEON & EDDIE'S
- 33 W. 52nd Street, New York

a New York Landmark...

Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
36th Near 6th

Famous for Mutton Chops and "Old World" atmosphere, for Clay Pipes smoked by celebrated guests, and for precious mementoes of the Theatre.

BILLY BAXTER CLUB SODA
right into your pantry.

Mail \$7.00 check for four dozen 10 oz. bottles, \$3.50 for half case; carriage paid, bottle refund \$1 East of Miss. River.

RED RAVEN CORP., CHESWICK, PA.

Dell O'Dell, the magic woman from Quinimo, Kansas, wowed 'em so long at the Raleigh Room of the Warwick, that she was asked back. In the meantime the place was taken over, for after-theatre time, by a relative of Charlie McCarthy — a distant relative. The Raleigh Room still has a monopoly of the town's beautiful women, if that kind of scenery interests you. They also bring the bottle to your table when you order by brand.



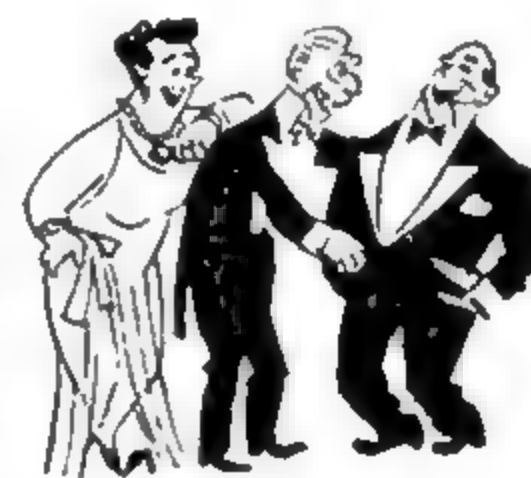
We have come across a good cocktail that you might try, called the "Texsun." It is made of $\frac{1}{3}$ gin, $\frac{1}{3}$ Grand Marnier and $\frac{1}{3}$ Texsun grapefruit juice. Plenty of ice, shake well and repeat when necessary.

With the budding of trees and the urge to dine at the Wayside Inns, let us remind you that old man Moses has perfected the last beautiful lap of the road to Jones Beach. Now you can start at the Triborough Bridge and ride without a stop to one of the grandest resorts in the world. You don't even have to look for signs. On the way back we like nothing better than to stop at Lakeville Manor Inn and let Herman run up one of his superb ducks. Cooked with orange as he does it, roast duck can not be had any better anywhere in the eating world. Recently we had one with a Nuit St. George '26 that was a superb accomplishment. And following that, a dessert of brandied peaches covered with a zabloni sauce; something to remember a long time.

The Village Barn will always win its way as long as trees grow in the ground and men remember the old homestead. The entertainment is right down to the ground, square dances, hick orchestras (usually to or from some swank night club), and a white rooster that is a good critic, crowing at the proper cues. The food is solid and of the best. The customers love it and why shouldn't they, having no obligation except to have a good time and relax. Recently, Larry Funk and his band of a thousand tunes from out west plays for the dancing, while Buddy Hayes shags around with his bass viol for amusement.

Theatrical executives who like thick steaks and chops may be found at Frankie & Johnnie's, 269 West 45th Street. It is a man's place and recommended mainly to those who eat hearty and smoke long black cigars.

John Hammond has recently done a fine service by bringing together Albert Ammons and a small band directed by Frankie Newton to the new Cafe Society, at 1 Sheridan Square. In our day it was called "honky-tonk" piano playing, but now it is "boogie-woogie" and is swooned over by the intellectuals and other left-wingers. The new cellar, by the way, has the gayest murals in town, decorated at will by some of the community's best artists, including Sidney Hoff and John Groth. The Birnbaum murals back of the bar are social satire of the highest order. Along with about the best music in town, the place reeks with released inhibitions; everyone is all aglow sneering at benighted folk enjoying themselves in other joints uptown. You owe it to yourself, if you lead a well-rounded night life, to see this reverse side of the shield.



Add to the town's better entertainers Arthur Boran, C.B.S. mimic. He is officially now the greeter for radio artists visiting the city and can be found at the Hotel Piccadilly.

One of the pleasanter luncheon places is the restaurant known only as 24 West 55th Street. In the modern Rockefeller Apartments, it is in keeping with that organization's high standard. The decor is soft to the eye and the food soothing.



Even if you can't get to Heinekens-aan-de-Zuiderzee (New York World's Fair) for Holland Food and Fun, You can always enjoy

HEINEKEN'S
IMPORTED
HOLLAND BEER
(SINCE 1620)

at home or Abroad!
Imported by

Austin Nichols & Co.
(INCORPORATED)
Brooklyn, New York

Albany, N.Y. Hempstead, L.I.
Newark, N.J. New Haven, Conn.
Chicago, Ill. Miami, Fla. Washington, D.C.



In NEW YORK 'The PLACE TO LIVE

For the visitor who would make the most of every hour in New York, the Savoy-Plaza is the ideal hotel. Overlooking Central Park. Smart shops and theatres nearby. Subway direct to the New York World's Fair at the door.

Plan to make the Savoy-Plaza your headquarters during your visit to World's Fair.

Henry A. Rost, Managing Dir.
George Suter, Resident Mgr.

FIFTH AVENUE
58th to 59th STS.



IN RAINBOW MIXTURES

DOBBS

Field & Stream

A HAT FOR TRUE SPORTSMEN



SEE YOUR DOBBS DEALER FOR DETAILS ON ANGLER'S BADGE OF HONOR

CAMERA GUN COURTESY OF ADERGOMUE AND FITCH

Hours upon hours of patient handwork are devoted to producing a smart felt hat with the soft velvety texture of Dobbs Field & Stream! No machine method could ever duplicate the feeling of richness you experience as you circle your hand over this superb hat. And nothing but skillful fur-blending by experts could produce the radiant Rainbow Mixtures—exclusive with Dobbs Field & Stream hats... Again Dobbs sets the style!

\$750

Dobbs

NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS

711 FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET
380 PARK AVENUE AT 53RD STREET • NEW YORK

Representatives in Fine Stores Everywhere

OTHER DOBBS HATS FIVE TO TWENTY DOLLARS

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

**NOW
AT YOUR
FAVOURITE BAR**

**MYERS'S
"MILLION"**

THE RUM
COCKTAIL HIT!
WITH A
WEALTH OF FLAVOUR

RECIPE: $\frac{1}{4}$ Lemon Juice, $\frac{3}{4}$ MYERS'S
RUM, $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoon Sugar. If desired,
add a dash of Angostura Bitters.
Shake thoroughly with plenty of ice.

**To taste like a "MILLION"
it must be made with**

**MYERS'S
RUM**

"Planters' Punch" Brand

100% FINE OLD JAMAICA
ALL 8 YEARS OLD
— 97 PROOF

For Free Recipe Book-
let write R. U. Dela-
penha & Co. Inc.
Agents in the U. S. A.
Dept. F4, 57 Laight
Street, New York.



An ancient beer
in a MODERN SETTING



**NATIONAL
Premium
A PALE DRY BEER**

*We do not wish to promote this
beer as a popular beverage.
Its output is limited. But
two men in the world today
know how to brew it, and
bring out its odd charm.*

The NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY
in BALTIMORE MARYLAND...

DIVAN PARISIEN
Le Restaurant par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR "CHICKEN DIVAN"
AND SPECIAL SALAD
Finest vintage wines and liqueurs.
17 EAST 45 ST. VANDERBILT 3-9011

You don't try to explain such things unless you teach psychiatry or practice it. Being a resident of the mad town of Manhattan you take it in your stride, jotting cases down as data for the history of a whacky age. Every night dozens crowd into the Monkey Bar of the Elysee, and many more wait outside the ropes, to hear Johnny Payne pound his piano. As time marches on both the songs and the singer become hotter, even a brawl or two from some gentlemen of the old and disappearing school may eventuate. Payne is a superb piano player. The fact that he has served this particular kind of commodity for two years is an index that there are plenty who like insults with their whiskey. But don't say we didn't warn you.



The Dorseys come and go at the New Yorker Hotel so it is difficult to remember which boy has his band there. But Tony is still there with his crepes wagon and a brand new dido for the World's Fair: a sort of Suzette with a meringue filling. It belongs in the Lily Painter's Union. The kitchen, we are glad to report, has made still greater strides. Proudly it boasts of the seven best beefs of the week and if you don't believe it, they are willing to show you through their ice box.

No, my dear, when they say "the ropes are up" at the Stork Club it does not mean that Mr. Hemingway has his gloves on and is waiting in his corner for the next broker. It merely means that the Stork has too many cash customers and are keeping hoi polloi out. Unfortunately we are always at a wrestling match or some other tournament when the Stork affairs are staged so we can not report on any of the contests. Our occupation is to drink and gab with Quent Reynolds or the boss, Mr. Billingsley, if he has time to unbend. Incidentally, the Stork's present decorative scheme is the handsomest yet and we hope they keep it.

Jimmy Rogers comes back from too short a stay in England to sing his songs at Mon Paris. He is about as he was, if you remember. The Mon Paris is one of the gentler places to dine; the room is pleasing and the food good, the genial proprietors having been long in the business of serving New York night life.

In this age of specialization the average bandman must be able to play fiddle and brass, tap dance and do magic. Ben Cutler, who came smiling into the Rainbow Room, simplifies things somewhat by having only his fiddlers double in the brass and woodwind. So, for current tastes, they trumpet, and for the old-timers, they bow. It makes for a nice balance and just what the Rainbow Room ordered. The old-fashioned waltz is here to stay, along with the short skirt; and it makes a happy combination. Mon-



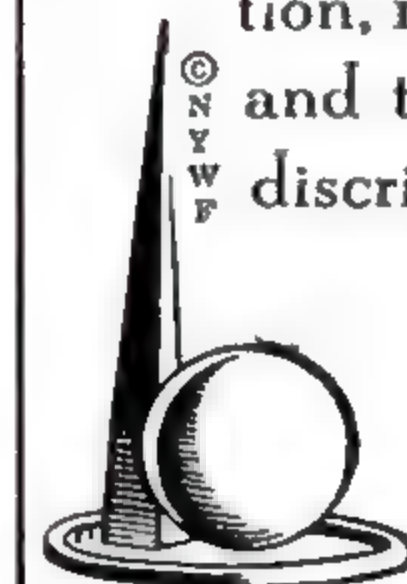
day nights at the sky room there are generous prizes for waltzers and you should see the papas put the debts to shame with their grace and skill. The beauteous Mary Martin shows how songs can be sung by a lady. Dean Murphy, after a marvelous satire on the Roosevelts, spoils it all by imitations of a lot of folk no one living ever heard of.

We have been told that Russian restaurants suffer a short life because the White Russian practices a Communism his Red brother preaches. Hence a good restaurant is no sooner opened than its hungry friends drive it to the wall. We hope therefore that the latest one, Casino Russe, is very Red. It deserves some cash customers. Located at 157 West 56th Street, it has native food in the higher brackets, guests who break into song at the drop of a blini, and yards of Russian atmosphere. The singers are excellent, the dancers young and eager. M. A. Georges, beloved manager of the old Russian Eagle, is in charge.



**THE
PLAZA
NEW YORK**

At THE Plaza, New York's leading hotel, you are assured of a standard of excellence in service found nowhere else in the world... Rich in tradition, modern in convenience and the choice of the most discriminating guests.



Facing Central Park, the Plaza is ideally located in the social center of New York. Subway station at Hotel direct to the New York World's Fair.

Henry A. Rost, President & Managing Director
**THE PLAZA - FIFTH AVENUE
AT FIFTY-NINTH STREET**

**Paint the
Town with
JOHNNY MESSNER**

When you come to town "go to town" in a big way with Johnny Messner's music at the famous **MARINE GRILL** in the hotel McAlpin, where smart New York celebrates.

DAILY ROOM RATES
Single from \$3, Double from \$4.50.

MARINE GRILL
HOTEL McALPIN
BROADWAY AT 34th STREET
NEW YORK
Under KNOTT Mgt. John J. Woellle, Mgr.

World Famous Shows!
MIKE FRITZEL AND JOE JACOBSON'S
CHEZ-PAREE
Chicago

**Ocean-Clasp
LOBSTERS**

World's Largest
Distributors of
LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED
LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul
And a wise whiskey judge was he.

He praised to the sky
His Old Overholt rye
For its richness and rare quality.



Like "Old King Cole," you too will find that Old Overholt is a whiskey "fit for a king"—a royal rye whose rich, distinctive flavor has enthroned it in the regard of fine whiskey judges for 129 years. You'll also find that this most popular of "bonded" rye whiskies is well within your means with Old Overholt now selling at the lowest prices in 20 years.

OLD OVERHOLT
U.S. BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY

COPYRIGHT 1939, NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., NEW YORK

ch end full-bodied
is Old Overholt
you can pour
and get fine,
flavored drinks.



For your blue suit *The Cadet Blue figures on the Hunting Red ground, and the Steel Blue ground behind the Scarlet figures, were both planned to blend with Blue shirts.*



For your grey suit *Slate Gray figures on a Pewter Blue ground that blends with a Blue shirt. Lacquer Red ground with Dove Gray figures that blend with a Gray shirt.*



For your brown suit *Madder Red ground with Buff figures that blend with a Tan shirt. Tan figures on a Spruce Green ground that blends with Green shirts.*



The "Country Club" Type *A collection of brilliant colorings for wear with sports clothing whether gabardine, tweed or tropical. Special group colored for the new green suitings.*

Sharp, clear colors in **DOESKIN FOULARD**

*The only Foulard with that
smooth tying, Doeskin touch*



Doeskin Foulard is hand printed by foreign experts and the result is clear, sharp pattern detail that brings out the season's newest, brightest shades to best advantage.

Ask your dealer to show you Doeskin Foulard. Then feel the heavy, smooth touch that only the special yarns used in Doeskin can give.

Each Doeskin coloring, like every McCurrach coloring, was pre-planned for wear with one of the season's prevailing suit and shirt combinations, be it blue, gray, brown or green.

In making fine neckties, we of McCurrach range the world for designs . . . direct the dyeing of raw silks to suit our own color ideas . . . transform these silks into fifteen hundred new patterns each season.

All Doeskin ties are priced at
\$1.50



*At your favorite dealer
Look for the Color Harmony Tie Band
Look for the Necktie Bar display
Ask for the free McCurrach booklet*

AT BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

McCurrach

411 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

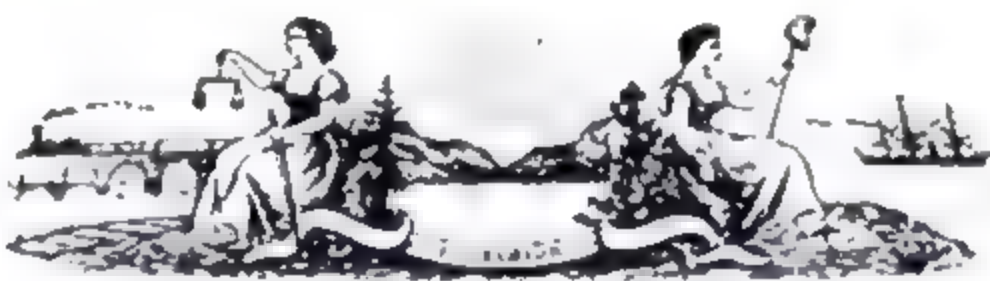
*"Let's get a copy of The Sun's
New York World's Fair Issue
and learn all about it!"*



THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR will be depicted in all its glory in The Sun's big issue of Saturday, April 29. With many special articles and stories and a wealth of photographs The Sun will cover this amazing \$150,000,000 spectacle so thoroughly and interestingly that the issue will be the next best thing to an actual visit to the Fair.

AS A SOUVENIR AND GUIDE The Sun's World's Fair issue will be a handbook to the exhibits and attractions and the best way to see them. It will be suitable for preservation as a permanent record of the greatest Fair in history.

ACT NOW TO GET YOUR COPY of The Sun's World's Fair issue by using the coupon below. Sorry, The Sun cannot arrange for delivery to Mars *but* for 10 cents each copies will be mailed in a special World's Fair wrapper to any address in the United States or Canada.

The  **Sun**
NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK SUN, Dept. W.
280 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

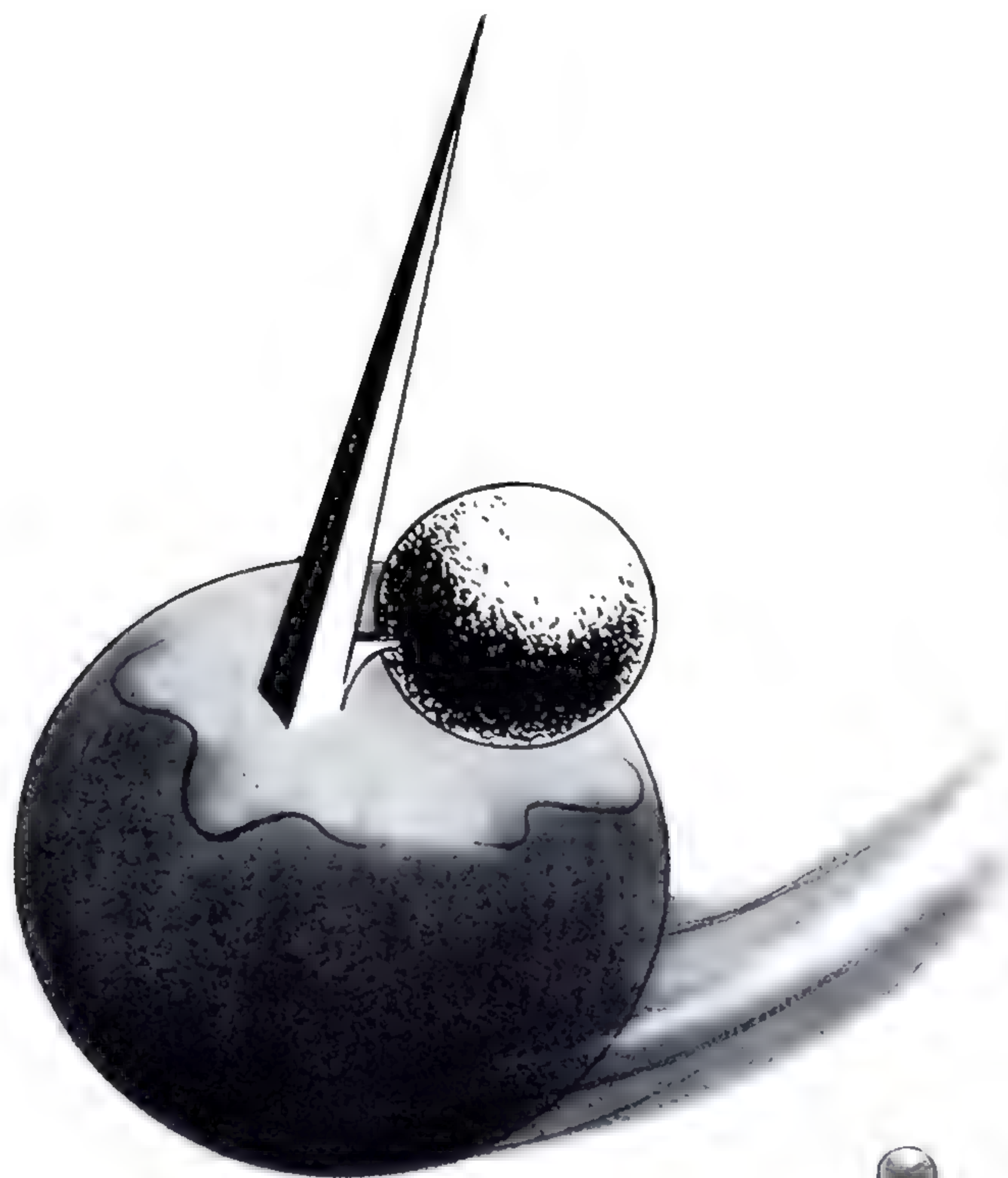
For the 10 cents enclosed, to cover cost of postage, wrapping and handling, please send a copy of The New York Sun of Saturday, April 29, containing "THE 1939 NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR ISSUE" to this address:

NAME.....

STREET & NO.....

CITY.....STATE.....

(This offer not good for addresses in Greater New York City, Jersey City, Hoboken, Bayonne or Newark.)





Features of interest to everyone in the new March CORONET

① ***Ten Careers for Women***

There are at least ten different worthwhile careers a woman with ideas can carve for herself in the many-sided field of fashion. This article will tell you how to prepare for them and the best way to get started.

② ***A Headstart for Your Child***

The finest heritage anyone can give his children is the right training before they start school. In this article a school principal gives five specific steps for converting yourself into your child's best teacher.

③ ***Teach Yourself to Travel***

The truth is that going to Europe is one of travel's biggest bargains. But it seems to have been kept a secret. Fred C. Kelly tells you how to travel at a minimum expenditure—and a maximum of enjoyment.

④ ***Skid-Chains for Your English!***

The business of making the most of these get-together times would go off more pleasurably and profitably if people devoted to their speech habits a tenth of the time they lavish on golf or bridge.

⑤ ***Divorce Tales out of Court***

An "off the record" discussion by a specialist in the parting of marriage ties, who concludes that eighty-five per cent of marriages fail because of physical mismatchment, no matter what other reasons may be given.

⑥ ***How Good Is Your Taste?***

Elegance in breakfast, luncheon and dinner settings is out. Good taste is in. If this sounds like a vague point, don't be discouraged. You'll know more about it after you have taken the Coronet Taste-Test.

Plus the Coronet Gallery of Art and Photographs

GET THE MARCH CORONET AT YOUR NEWSSTAND TODAY



Glimpse of the Inn, Useppa Island, Florida



Gasparilla Inn and Cottages, Boca Grande, leisurely club-resort. Clientele of character. Private facilities for sports.



The beautiful Royal Worth, W. Palm Beach's premiere resort hotel. Select clientele—all pleasures. From \$5 Eur., \$8 Amer.



The Charlotte Harbor, Punta Gorda. On water. Own bathing, golf, tennis—quail and fishing. Select clientele. From \$8 Amer.



The Manatee River, Bradenton, restful, enjoyable, an ideal winter home. ALL Florida offers. From \$7 Amer., \$3.50 Eur.



The Sarasota Terrace, smart center of smart Sarasota. Every facility for comfort and pleasure. From \$7 Amer., \$3.50 Eur.

Now for Florida For Fishing . . . All Sports at their Best!

LATE SEASON RATES NOW IN EFFECT

FLORIDA is perfect in late March and April. Experienced visitors always stay on. Join them for the famous game fishing, wonderful bathing and golf . . . for days and nights of delight at Collier Florida Coast Hotels . . . located in the most desirable fishing and resort centers.

Note this . . . Collier Florida rates, sensibly scaled at all times, are now lower for the late season.

.....

Hotel Manatee River	Bradenton
Hotel Charlotte Harbor	Punta Gorda
Hotel Sarasota Terrace	Sarasota
Hotel Tampa Terrace	Tampa
Hotel Floridan	Tampa
Useppa Inn	Useppa Island
Gasparilla Inn	Boca Grande
Everglades Inn	Everglades
Rod & Gun Club	Everglades
Hotel Royal Worth	W. Palm Beach
Hotel Dixie Court	W. Palm Beach
Hotel Lakeland Terrace	Lakeland



Lined with tarpon scales recording thousands of heroic battles with giant tarpon, the Izaak Walton Room at Useppa Inn, Useppa Island, center of world's most famous tarpon fishing. Open till June.

Write or wire hotel for booklet, rates or further information—or inquire Travel Agents or New York Office—745 Fifth Avenue—Telephone Eldorado 5-6700.

COLLIER FLORIDA COAST HOTELS

Barron Collier, President

George Mason, Vice Pres., Gen. Mgr.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



Horatio Winslow

HORATIO WINSLOW served in the infantry during the World War, and says, "though not of the Lost Generation, I passed the years from 1920 to 1926 abroad, mostly on French territory. In Morocco, after being officially refused permission to do so, I managed to spend several weeks with the Foreign Legion during operations. For a man deservedly known as the world's worst reporter—former city editors please write—I consider this something of an achievement. I am married and the father of two children. We live in Altadena, California, and except when it's too hot or too wet or too blowy or too close to forest fires, this community is unquestionably the garden spot of the universe. My weight hovers around a hundred and ninety; I'm seventy-two inches in length and when it comes to age, I can join Mr. Dooley in admitting that 'I'm old enough to know better.'"

DANIEL FUCHS is twenty-nine years old, has lived most of his life in Brooklyn. He graduated in 1930 from the College of the City of New York where he was an editor of the literary paper and a member of the varsity swimming and water polo teams. Then he taught school in Brooklyn for about seven



Daniel Fuchs

years, during which he wrote three novels: *Summer in Williamsburg*, *Homage to Blenheim* and *Low Company*. Lately he's been writing short stories. He has done some work in Hollywood and spent many valuable months at the Yaddo colony in Saratoga Springs, New York. *The Woman in Buffalo*, page 50, is his story. He'd like his brother, Eli, to have credit for this photograph.

J. L. CAMPBELL (*Deutschland Über Alles*, page 40) was born in Virginia and educated as a civil engineer. Having no talent for this profession, he says, he soon lost whatever jobs he was able to get and decided to migrate to England, where he has lived ever since. His first book, *Face Values*, was widely read in this country and translated into several languages. His second book, *The Miracle of Pielle*, met with even greater success, but the third book, *Success and Plenty*, pleased only a limited public—in fact, he received only two letters from strangers who enjoyed it: one an Irish school master, the other a European ex-monarch.

PERCIVAL WILDE was born in New York City in 1887. He was a precocious school boy and devoted his surplus energy to various misdeeds, so that he was expelled from most of the schools he attended, including the Horace Mann High School. At the end of his Junior year there, he passed his college entrance exams and entered Columbia University. Three years later, at nineteen, he received his B.S. degree. He spent four years in the banking business and then turned his attention to writing. His first short story brought so many requests for dramatic rights that he made it into a one-act play for vaudeville. He then wrote a series of vaudeville plays, most of which he directed. His first published volume caught the attention of the Little Theatre Movement, for which he has written many plays. Wilde served in the Navy during the World War, first as chief machinist's mate, later as ensign, and invented several improvements in the Navy Hydroplane compass. Needing funds at the end of the War, he wrote a series of motion picture scenarios and collaborated on several full-length plays produced on Broadway. In 1920 he married



J. L. Campbell

Nadie Rogers Marcres; they have two sons. For a short period Wilde wrote short stories for magazines and then he returned to dramatic writing. His *Craftsmanship of the One-Act Play* is used as a text in many universities.

For several years BENEDICT THIELEN lived abroad—mostly in the south of France. Now he winters in New York and summers in Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. He built a house there last spring, which was removed a few months later by the hurricane to a new location half a mile away. He says: "My wife and I swam along with it for ten minutes or so. Quite an interesting experience." He has written two novels: *Deep Streets* and *Women in the Sun*, published here by Bobbs Merrill and in England by Methuen. And a collection of his short stories, called *Dinosaur Tracks*, has been published in England by Secker and Warburg. For the past few years he has spent all his time writing stories which have run variously in the *Atlantic*, *Scribners*, *Harper's*, *American Mercury*, *The New Yorker*, *Story*, and *Esquire*. He admits a liking for the candid camera, but his main hobby is marine biology with special emphasis on conchology.

While B. S. ROGERS isn't a musician, he grew up listening to hot music. His best friend is the pianist in a hot outfit playing in one of New York's shabby cafés. And his brother, now a research physicist, worked his way through college playing the saxophone in one of those little dance orchestras that play with feeling, but without press notices. Mr. Rogers has been able to find a few articulate musicians, including a musicologist who majored in Bach. And out of all this listening, he has whipped up a two-parter on Swing, which begins in this issue on page 43.

JESSE STUART says he's more interested in seeing *The Crazy Professor* in print than any other story he's written, because "it's a tribute to a college professor that stuck with me through thick and thin—who let me get him out of bed to show him poems. He helped me and I did my best to help him because he was never free from troubles. At the present I'm teaching Remedial English in Portsmouth High School, Portsmouth,



Benedict Thielen

Ohio. I do not use a single text book in these classes. We use the *Portsmouth Times*, *Esquire*, *Harper's*, *New Republic*, *Time*—any magazines we can get. This is an experiment with students who have made low grades or failed in the regular English classes. You would be surprised at the good written work I get from these students. We have had a good time."

The author of *Strange Fish Stories*, LELAND F. ROBINSON, has devoted his life (more or less) to his subject. He was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, attended Dartmouth, and during vacations from school he went to sea on fishing vessels and small freighters. He worked as quartermaster on a Great Lakes tug and at about every job in the fish business, in Eastern Canada, Western Canada, New London, Connecticut and Old London, England. He commanded a six-month expedition to Greenland, and with twelve steam trawlers caught 1400 tons of halibut, 1300 tons of cod and countless tons of "soldiers" which were tossed overboard or used for bait. He liked Greenland, and says he got much colder during a mid-winter romp over northern Europe studying fishing vessels and the industry. He lives in a fishing town called Boston.



Leland F. Robinson

"Canada's Finest"



General James Wolfe · ONE OF "CANADA'S FINEST"

Mortally wounded on the Plains of Abraham, General Wolfe's last words, when told that the French had been decisively beaten, were: "Now, I can go in peace!" His

famous victory in 1759, won for Great Britain all of French Canada. A military genius, a deep thinker, a great humanitarian, General Wolfe ranks high among "Canada's Finest".

The Most Delicate of all Whiskies

ALONE AMONGST DISTILLERS, the House of Seagram, we believe, has the background of blending experience and the craftsmanship necessary to make a Canadian Whisky as light, as low proof (86.8) and as delicate as Seagram's "V. O."

Taste "V. O." Compare it with any other Canadian Whisky. Only then will you be able

to realize and appreciate its true fineness.

Seagram's "V. O." is the supreme achievement of Seagram's master craftsmen. It is truly a masterpiece of the blenders' art — "Canada's Finest" Canadian Whisky.

Seagram's "V. O." Canadian rare old blended whisky. 6 years old — Distilled, aged and blended under the supervision of the Canadian Government.



A MASTERPIECE OF
THE BLENDERS' ART

6 years old... 86.8 proof

Seagram's **V.O.**
FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857
CANADIAN

*Deliciously Delicate —
Yet Deeply Satisfying*

Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Offices. N. Y.

Change now to THE WORLD OF TOMORROW



Fifty million people? Sixty million? Over 100 million? No matter. Enough millions will visit the New York World's Fair, 1939, to make it history's most profound influence upon the nation's living habits. ★Imagine these millions going back home without taking something of New York along! Imagine the new customs they'll absorb . . . the new language they'll speak . . . the new things they'll buy . . . the new breadth of their vision and understanding! ★New Yorkers, wise in the ways of Gotham, will want to favor their visiting relations and friends; will want them to quickly succumb to the charm of the City. So . . . guess what they'll do first! Obviously, there'll be a World-Telegram in every guest room. For this is the newspaper that mirrors the World of Tomorrow . . . the newspaper attuned to fast-moving, wise-cracking, sharp-seeing, big-hearted New York. If you're that way, too, you needn't have read this. For you know the World-Telegram . . . the Scripps-Howard newspaper in New York!

★

Over a million adults in more than 400,000 of the city's "best families" are regular, every-evening readers of the New York World-Telegram. Here is the important segment shrewd merchandisers covet and cultivate . . . for as World-Telegram readers buy today, so buys the world of tomorrow!

New York World-Telegram
A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER



'PHILADELPHIA GIRL WANTS 'EM HANDSOME !''

THUMBS down on bulging trunks! Away with popeyed headlamps! Here in Philadelphia, we like our motorsvelte and sleek and tapered!

"Like the new Chrysler, to be exact! A big, handsome car that's exciting inside and out! Airflow streamlining as graceful as a swallow! Roomy interior, as gay as a Parisian salon . . . rich with the season's smartest fabrics, with lovely thick-pile carpets and an ivory plastic instrument panel that's a masterpiece!

"Exciting to drive, too, with a get-away like a rocket and power that asks no odds of any hill! Yet, the easiest car to handle . . . finger-touch steering . . . light-action steering wheel gear-shift right under your hand . . . Chrysler's famous hydraulic brakes that require so little effort! You wouldn't believe how easily a woman can park this Chrysler!

"'Handsome is as handsome does' . . . and this Chrysler does everything handsomely. You can drive it all day and be fresh as a daisy, because the seats are like divans and the riding qualities are superb!

"That's why Philadelphia likes Chrysler, the modern beauty! Ahead of the times in style and performance, it's America's most modern motor car!"

* * *

1939 CHRYSLER ROYAL . . . 100 horsepower, 119-inch wheelbase.

1939 CHRYSLER IMPERIAL . . . 135 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase.

Also Chrysler's famous Custom Imperial in five and seven passenger sedans and limousines . . . with Chrysler's amazing new transmission advancement, the Fluid Drive.

TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, COLUMBIA NETWORK, EVERY THURSDAY, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

*The Girl . . . wears a bold
plaid jacket and felt hat from
John Wanamaker, Philadelphia*

*The Car . . . is a Chrysler
Royal Sedan*



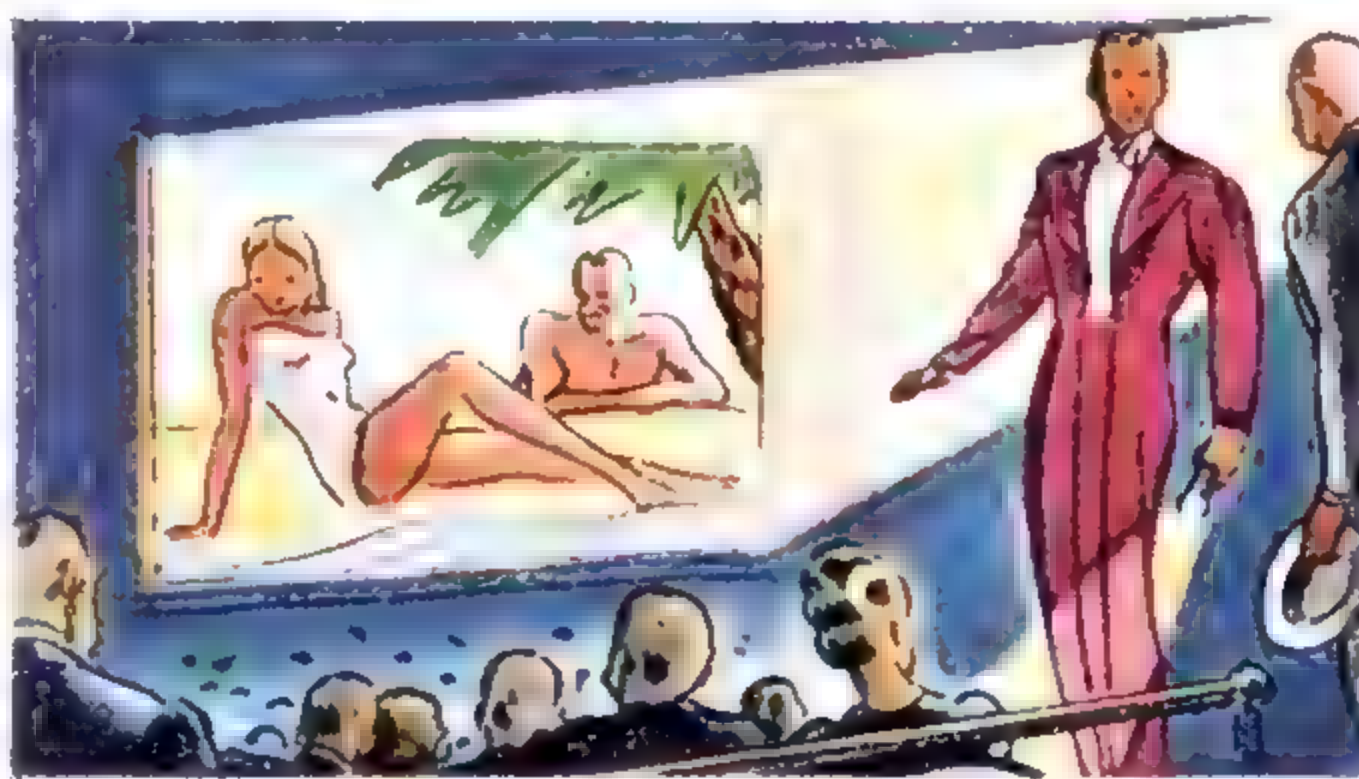
BE MODERN *Buy Chrysler!*

Here's the **LOW DOWN** on what men want to know about a suit before they buy

HUNDREDS of salesmen that sell Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes in stores all over the country were queried as to what specific questions potential buyers asked before they laid their money on the line for a suit.

The answers we received gave us the facts—cold—on thousands of customers. And believe us, the American man is plenty hardboiled when it comes to knowing what he wants in clothing.

Here's what the average suit customer demands in a suit—and the answer to every question is found in Hart Schaffner & Marx famous Triple Test Worsted. See how it fills the bill:



Q. Will it hold its shape and press?

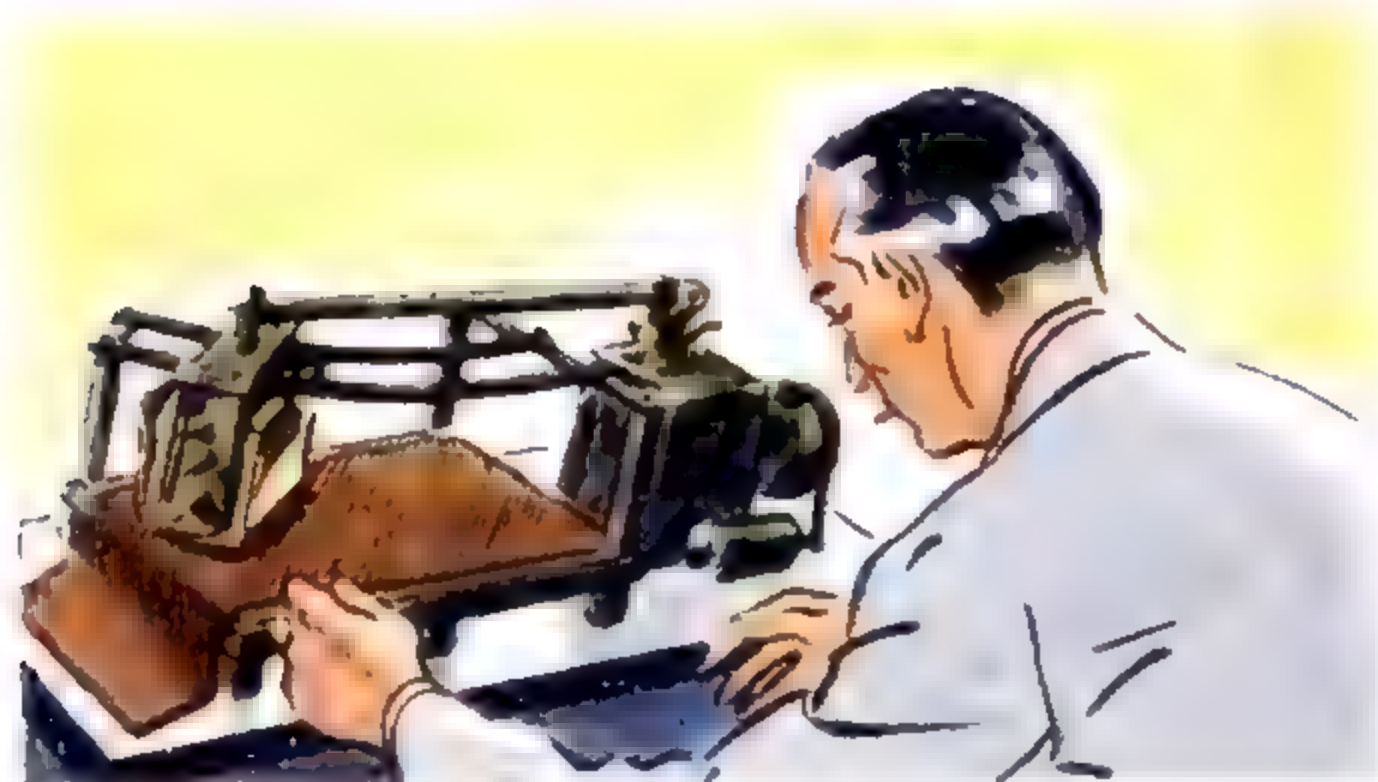
A. Triple Test Worsted holds its shape remarkably well. For fine tailoring, plus sturdy all-wool fabrics, with the right "body" and resiliency, gives you a suit that holds its shape like a movie actress, keeps its press like a head usher's pants.



Q. Is it all wool?

A. Yes, (we feel like a pompous district attorney who has cornered a witness) Hart Schaffner & Marx have built their reputation on all-wool clothes—and Hart Schaffner & Marx was the first clothing maker in the industry to insist on this all-wool policy.

If these are your questions, too, you'll find the answers in this one great suit . . .



Q. How will it wear?

A. Today this is one of the *most important questions* in the minds of most men about a suit of clothes—so we'll let this testing machine answer the question for us in regard to Triple Test. The way it tortures cloth would make a Roman (B.C.) green. It gives the fabric, in a few hours, the same wear you'd give it in many months—and if the material can't take it, it never sees a Triple Test label, so help us.



Q. Does the suit look well on me?

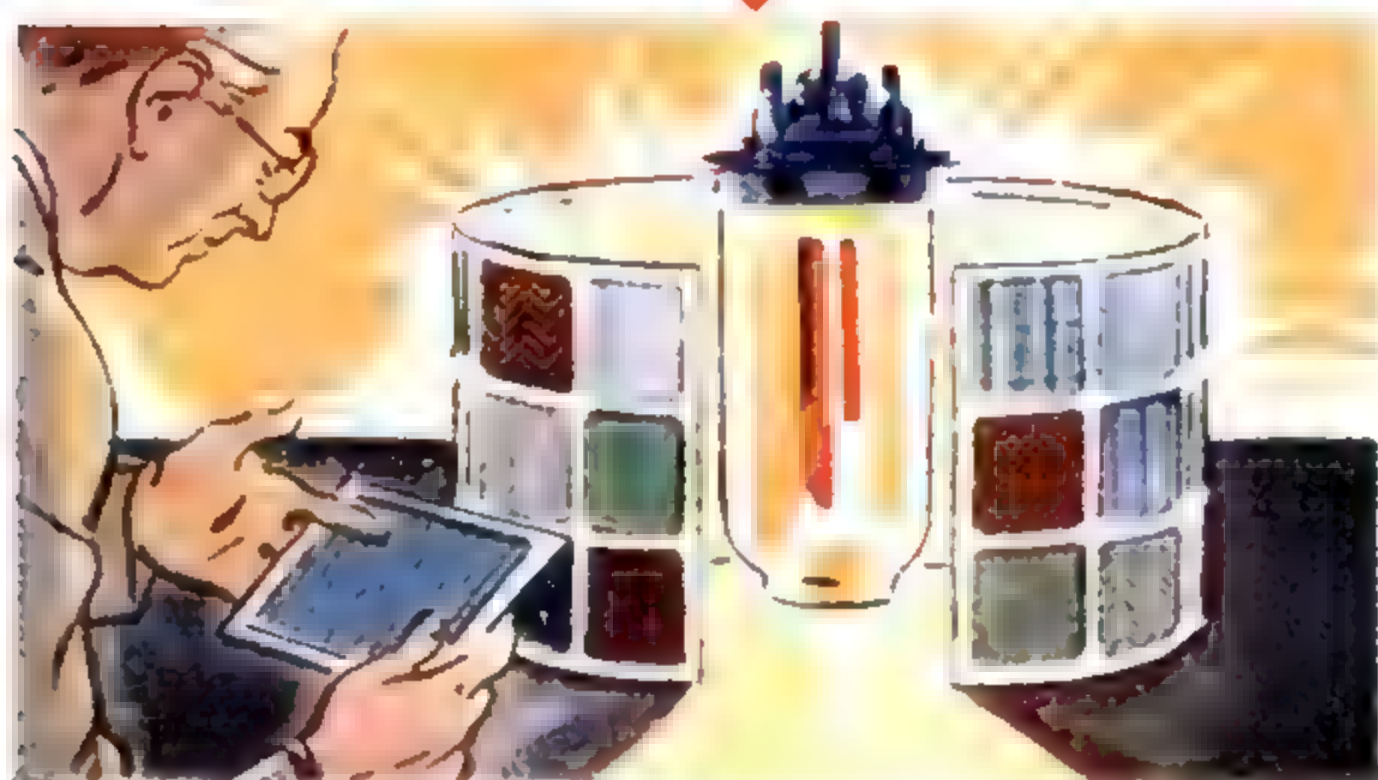
A. This is a natural question—and the retail salesmen in the store in your town featuring Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes can answer this to perfection we're sure. For these experts are keen students of what a man should wear. All we can say is that whether your taste is conservative or leans to the livelier side, you'll find in most Triple Test collections a shade and a pattern that will suit your taste and be becoming to you.



Q. Does it fit?

A. Certainly one of the most important questions any man who is buying a suit should ask. Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes fit because skilled designers, over a period of years, have developed styles that are acknowledged to be some of the best fitting ready-for-service clothes tailored today. Again, however, your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer is tremendously important in effecting the proper solution to this question!

Triple Test Worsted



Q. Will the material fade?

A. Evidently many men have had unfortunate experiences with clothing that has faded. Triple Test won't! But let's turn again to the machine. Here is the Fade-O-Meter which puts the heat (and light) on color-fast fabrics—if they don't stand up, out they go!



Q. Is the style correct?

A. Definitely. For Triple Tests are designed with all types of men in mind and the smart ideas of Robert Surrey, ace style scout, are incorporated in all Triple Test styling. You get authentic fashion, never stodgy, never flashy, in the model you like best.

THIS great suit of Triple Test Worsted definitely answers the questions—and meets the three great tests—most men apply in their own mind to any suit of clothes: *First*—Will it wear? *Second*—How is its style? *Third*—Is it a good value? Triple Test is a 3-star feature for spring—and it's ready for you, *now*, at the store in your town that specializes in Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes. Try Triple Test today—you'll like the suit—and its low price!

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A Small Thing
To Look For



A Big Thing
To Find

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Reported Dead

**How it feels to be entombed in
a snow avalanche for fifty-one
hours, as told to K. A. Taylor**

by FRED EASLEY

• ARTICLE •

I GLANCED up from the newspaper clippings in my hand to the sturdy young man opposite.

"For a ghost," I remarked, "you look pretty substantial."

Fred Easley laughed.

"Those Alaskan Sourdoughs sent out to 'recover the body' thought they were seeing a ghost, all right, the day that story appeared in a Sitka newspaper. Sometimes I wonder myself if I am real. By all the laws of nature my life was over and done for at nine o'clock that Sunday morning in December, two years ago."

Then he told me his story of being buried alive in a snow slide for fifty-one hours. Jules Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* is no more astonishing than Fred Easley's own account of how life goes on—inside an avalanche. Here it is:

We were on our way to the mine. Otto, a miner, J. Clark Sutherland, an engineer, and myself. Blinded by the whirling snow, somehow we got off the trail. It wasn't until the wind suddenly stopped, and the air cleared, that we realized we'd lost our way. Then we saw that instead of being well up the side of the mountain, as we had supposed, we were down in the bottom of the canyon. Realizing the danger of our situation, we about-faced, ready to retreat.

When we stopped I was standing opposite a huge boulder. But I wasn't looking at the rock. My eye was caught by a yellowish spot of snow at my feet, which I recognized as a danger signal. Beneath the crust was an air pocket, and I was thinking, as I turned away, how lucky it was that I had not taken one step more, or I might have been in snow up to my neck.

Then it happened, without any warning at all. There was only a slight ripple of snow around my ankles, and a quiet WHOOSH, as a part of the mountain seemed to let go and engulf me like a thin dime dropped in a sand dune. One minute I was standing there in the sunlight, talking to Otto and Sutherland. The next I was flat on my face in inky blackness, gasping for air. But there wasn't any air. Only cold, hard snow pressing against my eyes, my nose, and my mouth. I tried to yell, and it was like shouting into an eiderdown comforter tied securely over your

head. There was only a smothered gulp as I choked on a handful of snow.

I couldn't breathe and I was filled with panic. As a swimmer I had learned to hold my breath under water for a minute. The minute was almost up now. My last minute on earth. My lungs were bursting and there was a terrific pounding in my ears. It was like drowning, I imagine, drowning in snow.

In desperation I opened my mouth to call again—and sucked in a little air. It must have come from that yellowish spot in the snow. I had fallen, apparently, with my face close to it. Or a little air may have been imprisoned

might kill her. I'd have to get out, somehow.

Then I began to pray. The boys in Sitka will tell you that I'm not much on praying, as a rule, but I did some tall talking to the Lord under all that snow. If faith could really move mountains, I figured there was never a better chance to prove it. I needed one moved off of me—pretty pronto.

Next, I took stock of the situation. It didn't look any too hopeful. It was hard to see how either the Lord or the prophet could help me much. If I expected to get out of that fix alive, it looked as if I'd have to get busy and help myself. The force of the slide had thrown me forward on my face, at about a forty-five degree angle. My right arm was extended straight out in front of me, my hand barely touching the rock. My left was imprisoned at my side, crooked at the elbow. When I tried to move my head it wouldn't budge. It was as if I had been encased in concrete. I had no idea snow could be so hard. The weight of it on my back was intolerable. I began to wonder if my back was broken and I was paralyzed. That was one of my worst moments. When I discovered that I could flex the fingers of my right hand I almost sobbed in relief.

Slowly I managed to free that right hand, and with it I scooped the snow away from around my face. When the slide hit me I vaguely remembered making a grab for my stocking cap as it was knocked from my head. Pawing around, now, I found it, and automatically jammed it on my head, so as not to catch cold!

When I opened my eyes I was surprised at the darkness. I could make out the dark outline of the rock ahead but I couldn't see my hand in front of my face. Snow I had always thought of as being dazzlingly white. Inside an avalanche it's black as a Halloween cat. I could scarcely make out the outline of my body, yet, curiously enough, I was able to distinguish between night and day.

And I wasn't cold. In all the time I was buried I was never cold except for my hands and feet, which finally froze. My igloo fitted me like a glove and there was no wind to chill me. Fortunately, too, I was warmly dressed. If I had dressed for the occasion I couldn't have done better. Over my long woolen underwear I wore a woolen shirt, jeans, and a fisherman's oilskin suit over

Continued in center of page 151



around the great rock. That's the only way I can account for not having been suffocated in those first awful moments.

People ask me what I thought about, in that moment of dying. You'll laugh when I tell you. My first thought was, "Who'll get my stamp collection, now?" My second was even crazier. I remembered a fortuneteller who had said, most emphatically, that I was going to live to be an old man. "So this can't be the end," I told myself, "not at 28!" Face to face with death I thought about stamps and fortunetellers! I guess that's the way the human mind works. Right up against it, it clings to trivial and familiar things, as a child starting out on a strange journey clutches her doll and storybook to her. Like a child, too, I thought of my mother. The shock of this

Deutschland Über Alles

**Frau Schratt knew men's weakness
and Hitler didn't frighten her, but she
wished she could have got Clara away**

by J. L. CAMPBELL

• FICTION •

THE girls all sat in the room downstairs, all except Clara, who roamed about, wringing her hands and praying and mumbling to herself. "Ach, she's nutty, that's what she is, nutty as hell!"

Frau Schratt would have sent her off to a hospital, got rid of her somehow, but she couldn't today. Nobody knew what to do today. Through the closed shutters the voices of the passers-by sounded high and excited. From far off came the sound of cheering, and the roar of the airplanes above the town never ceased.

"Ach, Gott! Ain't the darkness never coming?" Louise twisted her handkerchief. It seemed a year since yesterday and a century since last week when everybody was gay and happy. If only Frau Schratt would let them go out and see the Führer! It was bound to be a wonderful sight, what with all the college students and schoolchildren lining the streets and shouting and saluting like they had been told to do. If only they could get out now then they'd come back full of life and ready to work as usual. There was bound to be a lot doing after dark, troops had been pouring into Vienna all day long. A dull booming made the windows rattle.

"What's that?" Susie grabbed Louise's arm.

"It's only cannon. My God you're ignorant. Don't you know they always fire cannon for heroes?"

"Sure I do, but sometimes they fire 'em when there ain't any heroes, when they're just fighting." Susie hadn't lived through the revolution for nothing. That was a long time ago but she never would forget it. She had spent two days behind an upturned kitchen table at the end of an asphalt passage. She had seen people shot down, lots of them.

One fellow had had his arm blown off but he had held his rifle between his knees and gone on firing just the same.

"What do you think, Greta, do you think things will be better for Austria now that the Germans have come?"

All the girls looked up to Greta. A fellow had once given her an apartment with three rooms and a balcony. She was famous too, her photo had been in the newspapers, advertising a bust developer.

"How should I know? All I know is that

it'll be better for us girls. It's always better where there's soldiers. Why I know a girl who makes heaps of money—piles of it—just following wars about—and she's nothing to look at either." Greta cast an approving glance at her own full figure. The door squeaked. Clara stood there. She didn't come in, she just stood there, pale and gaunt. "I am the resurrection and the light!" Her voice was hollow, only her eyes reflected the madness in her head.

"The hell you are! Get upstairs, you're crazy!"

But Clara did not move.

"He's coming! Christ is coming back to us!"

"Ach, go to bed, go to bed and shut up!"

"Ssh! Ssh! Listen!" Clara's voice was no more than a whisper. She wore only a nightgown, her dark hair fell in lank strands about her face. "They are writing His name in letters of fire across the sky!"

"Listen, Clara!" Greta got up and patted her on the shoulder "Just listen. Those ain't angels writing nobody's name in the sky. They're airplanes, army airplanes, see? And of you don't go upstairs and stay quiet in your room they'll drop a bomb on you, so help you God!"

Clara moved her head slowly back and forth. "Yes, that's right . . . God is my help . . ." The roar of an airplane drowned her voice. Louise and Susie began to whimper.

"Make her go upstairs somebody . . . She's blasphemous and I'm superstitious . . . Christ!"

"Christ!" Clara's eyes blazed again. "He's coming for us girls! Our bridegroom is coming for us now. Put on your raiment for Christ! Get ready for the Lord!"

"Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!" Louise couldn't stand it. That's all, she just couldn't stand it.

"Clara!" Frau Schratt's voice filled the hall. The stairs creaked beneath her tread. "You come here." She wasn't going to stand any nonsense. Clara turned. She was accustomed to obeying Frau Schratt, she did so now. She climbed the stairs clinging to the rail. Her breath coming through her teeth made a whistling sound.

"Jesus is coming for us, Madam, He is coming for us all. Maybe He'll come in a chariot of fire, and maybe He'll come like a beggar asking for help, but He's coming."



"Ach, yes, sure, sure . . . Now you lie down and take a rest first . . . I'll tell you when He gets here." Frau Schratt made Clara lie down on the sofa in her own room. It was a big room with a stained pink carpet and faded brocade curtains. Over the bed hung a carved cupid, a bow of ruby ribbon tied around its neck. No amount of fresh air could ever rid Frau Schratt's room of the combined smell of stale tobacco, powder, perfume and humanity. As soon as Clara was quiet, Frau Schratt poured herself out a drink of Schliebervitz from a tiny pressed glass carafe that stood on her dressing table. The hot liquid burned her throat. She did not drink as a rule but today was different, she had to be ready for anything. Would the Nazis close her house? Would her taxes go up? Thank God none of her girls had Jewish blood. Not that she was frightened. Emergencies meant nothing to her, her life had been made up of emergencies. She knew how weak men can be, so Hitler couldn't frighten her. She wasn't afraid of Hell, only she wished she had got Clara away. The girl was as mad as a tick. There was no telling what she might do or say and there was no use asking for trouble. She glanced over at the sofa. Clara lay quite still, her eyes closed. Well, she'd get her out of the house in the morning rain or shine, war or peace.

At last the cheering seemed to have ceased, only now and then one heard a distant shout. Two sparrows fluttered and chirped on the window ledge as though nothing were happening in Vienna at all. The clock on the high porcelain stove struck five o'clock. At the same moment an old man, in his shirt sleeves, appeared at the window across the street and began practicing on a cornet. He had practiced there every evening for ten years and, as a rule, his appearance was a signal for Frau Schratt to draw her curtains. But this evening she did not draw them. She had never spoken to him in her life but, somehow, his familiar appearance gave her confidence. The sun sank lower and lower. It cast long rays lighting up the spots upon the carpet. Every one of those spots had a history. That one near the dressing table had been made by a Hungarian officer. Frau Schratt could see him now, standing up there, half-naked and pouring Tokay over the floor, wonderful Tokay too, a hundred years old! He had said he was making his spot of home in a foreign land. A big, fat manufacturer from Linz had made that spot near the door. He'd had a drop too much and cut his head. My God he'd bled like a pig! Then there were those boys from America! What fun they'd had that night! One of them played an accordion and all of them sang. That was just after the War. They had made friends with



LITHOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SHARP

some Austrian soldiers and they had all had drinks together and put their arms around each other and spilled beer and called each other "comrade" and swore they never would fight again so help them God!

All the spots, all the spots, each with its story of the past!

The sun had set, the room was almost in darkness when Frau Schratt got up to draw the curtains. She paused for a moment and gazed into the street. Already the lights were lighted. A group of men was standing at the upper corner. She could not hear their voices but something about their backs was ominous. They were all of them young. One of them seemed to have cut his face, he kept dabbing it with a handkerchief but his companions paid no attention to him. The old musician had stopped playing. He was leaning out of the window and watching them too, half furtively. Suddenly the men began hurrying down the street, not running, but faster than walking. When they passed the house Frau Schratt noticed that several of them carried sticks, rather heavy, short sticks. One of them bent down and picked up a stone from the gutter. It didn't take them a minute to pass. They turned into Mariahilfer Strasse. There was a moment's silence. Frau Schratt peered after them, her left hand, covered with flashy rings, gripped the heavy brocade curtain. A moment later there was a crash of glass, screams and cries, "Jude! Jude!" She saw people running across the end of the street. A woman fell. Her hair was streaming down her back. She held up her

arm to protect her face. An old man stumbled into view. He wore a big round fur hat. One of the young men knocked off his hat and kicked him. The old man fell against the wall. He had two long greasy curls—one on each side of his face. Why it was old Goldfarb! Frau Schratt knew him well. He owned the dress shop at the corner. Many a time he'd threatened to have her house closed. He didn't like his son Emanuel coming there each Friday. Everything that he could do to annoy her he had done and she had always hated him. But she did not hate him now. Oh, God, what were they doing to him! They were around him like angry hornets. The old musician across the street looked over and said "Nazi!"

She nodded her head. It was the first time they had ever spoken. Then she drew her curtains and hurried downstairs. She could hear the girls talking.

"Shut that front door and come inside!"

The girls scrambled into the narrow hall. They were pale and frightened.

"None of you girls have got anything to bother about. Keep quiet and stay inside." She hustled them into the big room. There was a green carpet on the floor and the walls were lined with mirrors. They could hear more shouting and glass smashing. The roar of the airplanes began again.

"It's the Jews they're after." Louise's voice was thin, the rouge on her cheeks looked almost black against her pale face.

"Sure it is."

"Did you hear his head crack? I could hear

it plain as anything, it sounded like a pistol shot." Greta put her hand on her heart. Her kimono had slipped from off one shoulder. "People oughtn't to treat people that way!"

"Hold your tongue!" Frau Schratt glared. "And let me tell you that from now on the first one of you that begins talking and blabbing about things you don't understand will get out of my house so quick she won't know what's hit her. Remember that! I mean it!" She paused. "I got enough to worry me without you pullets borrowing trouble."

The girls listened to her stump upstairs. No one spoke for a moment. In the long mirrors the huddled group was reflected over and over as though they were dotted across all Austria.

"Jesus!" Greta was the first to speak. "I need a drink!" She called down to the basement. An old woman in a blue apron and cracked shoes brought up beer for them all. That looked natural anyway. Frothy and yellow and natural.

"Say, that was old Goldfarb. Do you think they killed him?" Louise whispered. She didn't want Frau Schratt to hear. "What do you suppose has happened to Emanuel?" None of them had seen him. Maybe he'd got away, left the country. All night long Jews had been in flight.

"They say there's six hundred of 'em on that old iron barge down in the Danube. You know, the one down there where we went to swim last July. They say they wanted to get across to Czechoslovakia, but the Czechs wasn't having any, they wouldn't let 'em

Continued in center of page 181

Three Poems

by M. WALTHALL JACKSON

LITHOGRAPHS BY ERIC LUNDGREN



FULL MOON

This moon mused over Babylon and Crete.
Cruel Herod watched it, and the Pharaohs,
And maybe Moses prayed when thus it rose,
And Helen sighed, the violet-eyed and sweet.
It shone so over Athens, saw Rome meet
Her doom, glimpsed Isolde in her castle close;
And now it gilds lone pyramids, and glows
To make a mystery of this common street.
That's what the big moon says to you, white man?
It makes the tom-toms in my blood go, "Boom!
Thud! Boom!" And I can hear the fierce wild chant
Of voo-doo priests who shake a golden fan,
And prophesy the black man's shameful doom.
Where you see Moses pray, I see a "ha'nt."

OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI

The old clock rustily roars out the noon
From courthouse tower in center of the town.
The nags hitched to fence posts drop ears down
And shift onto the other foot. The tune
Awakes the drowsing dogs on guard, but soon
They slip back into slumber, while the brown
Flies drone and light, then rise and seek to drown
A sprawling Negro's snoring with their croon.
Will none, then, listen to the old town clock?
He strikes the requiem and funeral dirge
Of a long, lovely past that lies here dead.
"O, nags! Your sires and dams knew carriage block!
Wake, curs, of blood once royal!"—Rusty urge.
The black man slaps at flies, and shakes his head.



SWING JOINT

You sing above an old guitar, black man.
You moan a minor blues, *She Done Me Wrong*.
But it is earth-sorrow you sing, and long
Ago you moaned it to a jungle clan.
Your feet are slapping, heel and sole.—Say, can
You hear again the drum, your old war-gong,
And smell the scent of human blood, so strong
From bubbling kettles when the red flames ran?
The throb of savage drums beats in your blood,
And savage hate, and lust, and fear are there.
Veneer of speech and clothes you fling aside
When once you catch the far, faint booming thud.
Oh, then you stalk your prey and cleave the air
With yells of anguished rage and ancient pride!

Swing Is From the Heart

**If you don't respond to the color
and rhythm of swing music, you're
too refined to live in this world**

by B. S. ROGERS

• ARTICLE •

You have heard a lot about swing during the past few years. You have also read a lot about it. You have learned who the great performers of yesterday and today are. Names like Bix Beiderbecke, Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, Frankie Trumbauer, Duke Ellington, and Chick Webb—not to speak of Benny Goodman—now come easily to your lips. Perhaps you even know about King Oliver and Clarence Williams, Jelly-Roll Morton and Bessie Smith, Mezz Mezzrow and "Choo" Berry and Joe Venuti and Fats Waller. You have even learned something about the history of swing—how it started in New Orleans and went up the Mississippi, via the river boats, and finally landed in Chicago, where the greatest group of swing musicians the world has ever seen or heard arose in the late 1920's. You have learned about the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, and the Memphis Five, and maybe about the old Fletcher Henderson bands. And finally you have learned a few weird and picturesque words—jam session, jive, jitterbug, alligator, corny, etc.

But do you know what swing actually is? I should say that not many of you do, judging from the remarks I've heard people make at dances or in cafés where fine swing bands were performing. And yet its principles can be put into such simple words that anyone should be able to grasp it.

Before you undertake to do so, however, you may have to disabuse yourself of certain common misconceptions. First of all, there is a notion abroad that "jazz has given way to swing." That is like saying that people have stopped eating doughnuts because they now prefer sinkers. Jazz and swing are synonymous. All swing is jazz, all jazz that is not swing is bad jazz or no jazz at all. Commercial dance music—for example, the work of such men as Vincent Lopez, Guy Lombardo, and Eddy Duchin—is based on jazz devices and uses jazz techniques, but it isn't jazz in the pure and original sense of the word. That is true also of "symphonic jazz"—Paul Whiteman's invention.

Another mistake is to suppose that swing (or jazz) is a way of writing music. You may have heard, for instance, that Irving Berlin

and George Gershwin are jazz composers. The fact is that Gershwin's and Berlin's compositions are simply tunes or melodies written in fox-trot time. It happens that you can swing (or jazz) some of their melodies, but you can't do it, or can only do it poorly, to others of them. In other words, jazz is a way of *playing* music, not composing it. A good jazz composer (Gershwin a great deal of the time, Duke Ellington all of the time) is one who writes pieces that lend themselves to good jazz performance.

Last is the widespread complaint that there is no beauty of tone in swing performance—that the tones which swing musicians get out of their instruments are consistently unpleasant. The cause of this mistake is the failure of many well-disposed listeners to realize that swing—which was once known as hot music—tries to express a feeling and create a kind of excitement which have nothing whatever to do with the feelings and excitements aroused by the music usually called

"classical." Quite logically, therefore, the jazz musician tries to develop tones that are completely different from those heard in classical performance. Such conductors as André Kostelanetz and Guy Lombardo try, on the other hand, to make their tones as symphonic or as lyrical as possible. Hence if you were to say that they achieve beautiful tones, you would merely be saying that they reproduce tones that you are used to and which you have always considered beautiful. If you find the tones achieved in swing music hard or shrill, it is because you are not used to them. They *are* unlike all traditional tones. But surely they may have a beauty of their own? Jazz musicians can, in fact, achieve tonal beauties, and the best of them do so, but the listener must do two things in order to learn to appreciate them: he must give up the idea that only the traditional, classical tones can be beautiful; and he must be willing to yield to the rather primitive moods and emotions of genuine swing. In short, you have to be a little "unrefined."

* * *

Words can't make you feel swing—but can words make you feel what is contained in any kind of music? If you have gone to a concert to hear one of

Beethoven's last quartets and have responded to it, the next morning you can probably recapture your experience by reading Olin Downes's or Lawrence Gilman's review. Moreover, you can learn how Beethoven used the technical material of music to arouse that response in you. That is all. No amount of eloquence on the part of the eminent reviewers can make you respond if you didn't do so the night before—and certainly their words will be just words (very fancy ones, to be sure) if you didn't hear the quartet in the first place. The latter is an important point because many people say they can't understand swing when the truth is that they have never heard it. They have heard commercial dance bands, they may even have heard celebrated swing bands playing commercial music, but they haven't heard a hot outfit playing hot music.

For it is my conviction that anyone who isn't tone-deaf (a physical disability) or ultra-refined (a psychological disability) can learn

Continued on page 115



AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN



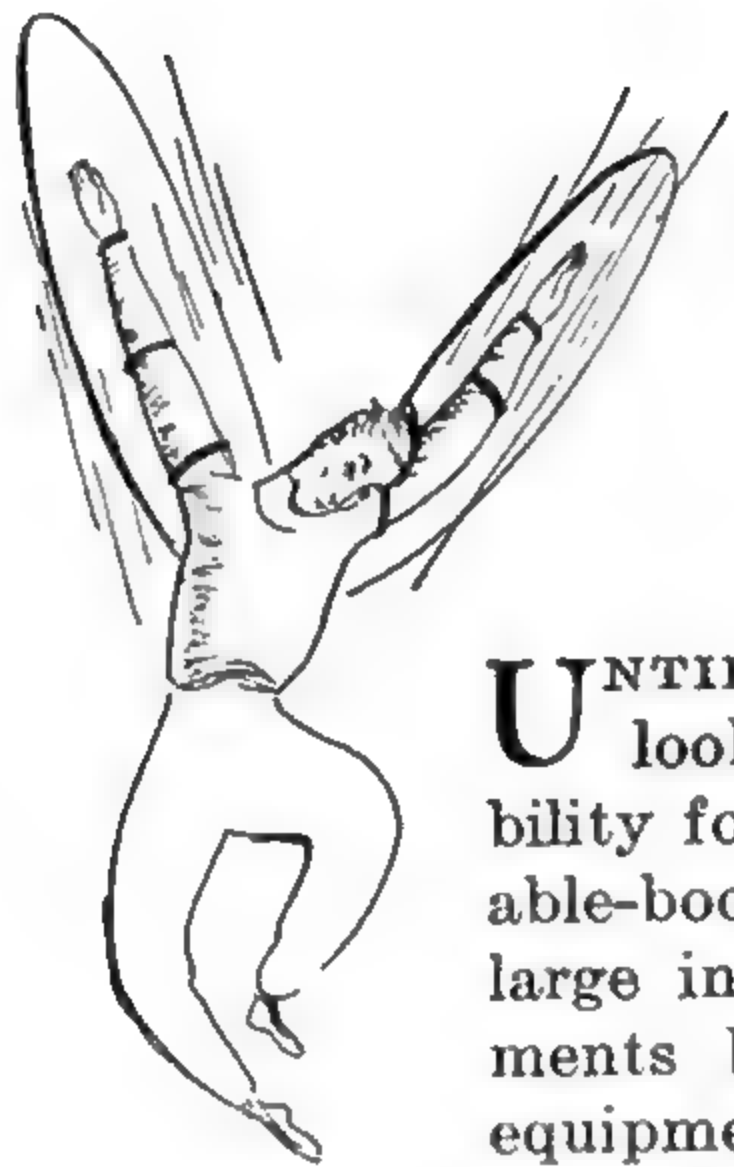
“Gawdamighty! Willy musta been lookin’ at them corset pages in the mail order catalog ag’in”

Flying As a Hobby

Make sure your wings fit, dress warmly for high altitudes, keep relaxed and don't annoy the birds

by **PARKE CUMMINGS**

• SATIRE •



UNTIL recently flying was looked on as an impossibility for all but the extremely able-bodied and for those with large incomes, but new refinements both in technique and equipment promise to make the sport available to all normal healthy people of average strength and average means.

For a long time the status of flying resembled that of swimming in olden times. Relatively few people succeeded in mastering the art of self-propulsion through the water because they failed to go at it in the right way. Aimless flailing of the arms and feet usually resulted only in exhaustion and, in extreme cases, drowning, but the introduction of stroke refinements, notably the crawl, brought swimming to the point where the average person of either sex and of nearly every age could derive both enjoyment and physical benefit from its practice.

By the same token, lack of intelligent appreciation of the principles of applied power caused the average would-be flyer to flounder around helplessly once he got wings on his arms and attempted to get off the ground. In fact only the strongest of men were able to do so at all, and, when they did so, it was usually only a matter of seconds before they flopped back to earth, frequently with unfortunate results. What the crawl is to swimming so, as we shall see, is the Dolson or forward-thrust stroke to individual flying.

Faulty equipment, as we have stated, was also a deterrent to successful flying in its earlier stages of development. Formerly, wings were entirely too large to allow for successful manipulation, even by athletes with exceptional arm strength. Moreover, the cost (seldom less than \$1000 for a good set) put flying beyond the purse of the average man and woman. Today, in contrast, a perfectly serviceable set of wings (often with a spare) can be bought for as low as \$20, and an outlay of \$50 will purchase a set to satisfy the most fastidious. In the near future an important wing-manufacturing firm plans to merchandise wings at an even lower price, calculated primarily for the feminine trade. These will be of light weight, and will be offered in a large range of colors so that the average woman will be enabled to own several pairs to match her varying costumes. The heavier masculine wings, however, will, for the present at least, be manufactured

only in the conventional black and white.

Dolson, who perfected the flying-stroke named after him, was also the formulator of Dolson's Rule of Six which enables all flyers to figure out their correct wing size by the use of simple arithmetic. It was he who came to the conclusion that the old wings were far too large for the average person's physical strength. At first this theory met with skepticism, but a number of successful flights by Dolson and some of his pupils—several of them fragile girls in their teens—demonstrated that in the small wing lay the solution to successful propulsion. After considerable study and experiment, Dolson was able to formulate his rule which is that the total surface area of each wing should be one-sixth of the flyer's weight. Thus, as an example, a one hundred and fifty-pound man should fly with wings that have an area of twenty-five square feet. Contrast this with the old days where the surface was nearer one hundred and twenty-five than twenty-five!

The first step in flying, then, is to get wings to suit the flyer's physical qualifications. Make sure that the arm-straps are of good quality leather and that they are securely fastened to the wings. Wings should be strapped tightly and snugly to the arms, but not so tightly, of course, that they impede the circulation. Bearing in mind that the lighter the weight, the better (especially as regards footwear) almost any ordinary costume is suitable for flying except that it is not considered good form for ladies to wear ordinary dresses. Knickerbockers, shorts or bloomers are all suitable for feminine service. For ladies bound for formal functions in evening dress there are now available several varieties of light slip-on trunks or leggings which can be doffed upon arrival at the destination. One of the most popular of these is known as Flybies, while other serviceable brands include Glidopanties, Aviettes, and Bunnyfliers, the last a fur-lined garment for winter use.

In general it is only necessary to follow common sense in the matter of dress, warmer garments for winter, lighter ones for summer, the winter garments of as light weight as comfort permits. Those who intend to fly at high altitudes will naturally find it wiser to dress more warmly. Heavy boots or shoes are undesirable, foot-heaviness being one of the prime causes of accidents and fatigue.

A few years ago when flying first became

practicable for the masses, the average person did not have the requisite arm strength, and found it necessary to go through a long preparatory period of gymnastic conditioning exercises. These exercises—details of which will be sent on request—are still recommended for those of exceptionally weak physique, but modern science has done away with the need for this tedious drudgery with most would-be flyers. This invaluable aid comes in the form of chemical preparations of great muscle-building value which are taken internally after meals, and it is safe to say these rank with Dolson's discoveries in technique and wing requirements towards making flying an everyday occurrence.

The best of these, notably a preparation known as Ambi-Dextrose D 52, not only build up muscular strength but have the added advantage of building it up evenly, which is another way of saying that they are corrective. Most human beings have more strength in one arm than the other—usually the right one, of course—and this fact militates against even flying and tends to make the flyer go too much

in one direction. Formerly this deficiency was remedied by corrective exercises, but preparations such as Ambi-Dextrose D 52 act as automatic counterbalances, and so distribute themselves through the system that the weaker arm is supplied more nourishment. No miracles, of course, must be expected from strength-builders of this type, but in most cases, if taken regularly, they will accomplish their objective in two or three weeks. This is just another instance of how modern science and discovery have improved the lot of the average man by enabling him to do the unusual with very little effort on his part.

Let us assume then, that you are in possession of proper wings, are correctly garbed, and have gained the required muscular strength either by exercises or diet. (Automatic gauges to determine this can be bought at any drug store for a nominal cost.) The next step, obviously, is to plunge into this business of flying. Pick a comfortable day for your first attempt, one not too windy, and select a level piece of terrain. You are not going to jump off a rooftop or a ladder as earlier experimenters did! No, you will take off right from the ground.

Stand on the ground with the knees bent, the legs parallel, the feet about six inches apart. The knee-bend should not be exaggerated. Keep RELAXED and not tense. Emulate good athletes and dancers in this respect. Do not point the knees either in or out, as

Continued in center of page 130



The Tutor's Trousers

The tutor was slightly built, and found his master's cast-off pants were fifteen centimeters too long

by **SÁNDOR HUNYADY**
• FICTION •

BALÁZS engaged a student for the summer vacation to give instruction in Latin and mathematics to his son, who was a lazy brat and a bad student. His villa was beautiful and old. It was in a village. The rooms were spacious and cool, and the shutters on the windows were always closed because of the flies. Deep summer boredom dwelt in the house. The most exciting pastime consisted in wondering about the new tutor whom the master had engaged from the city. Anyway, it was quite important with what kind of person one had to share his roof from June to September.

Finally the tutor arrived. They sent the yellow carriage to the station for him. He was a very young man, still proud of the fact that he shaved. And he must have been terribly poor. When he got out of the train and the groom asked for his luggage, all he could present was a cardboard box tied up with cord. The poor boy was covered with shame at being such a beggar. But that was no serious trouble; youth is a great thing: any kind of habit will fit it. The small cardboard box was becoming to the student. The household immediately took pity on him, or rather took a liking to him because he had so few belongings. Every evening they would wash and iron his things so that next morning he could put on a clean shirt. With the utmost artistic care, as old paintings are restored in museums, the chambermaid darned his socks.

The tutor gave his first Latin lesson to his pupil early next morning. The lesson took place in the wild-grape arbor, which was the coolest spot in the garden. For this reason it was the constant headquarters of the Misses Erzsébet and Karola. They were the pupil's two sisters. Erzsébet was seventeen; Karola eighteen. Both were strictly reared, provincial belles. Even in the greatest heat they wore long stockings and long-sleeved blouses. They usually blushed when anyone spoke to them. The tutor once called Karola's attention to a ladybug crawling on her neck. This sounded so sensual to both of the girls that not only Karola and Erzsébet turned red, but even the tutor considered it polite to blush. They looked at one another in embarrassment, with the lush red waves of youth on their faces. The girls behaved very quietly



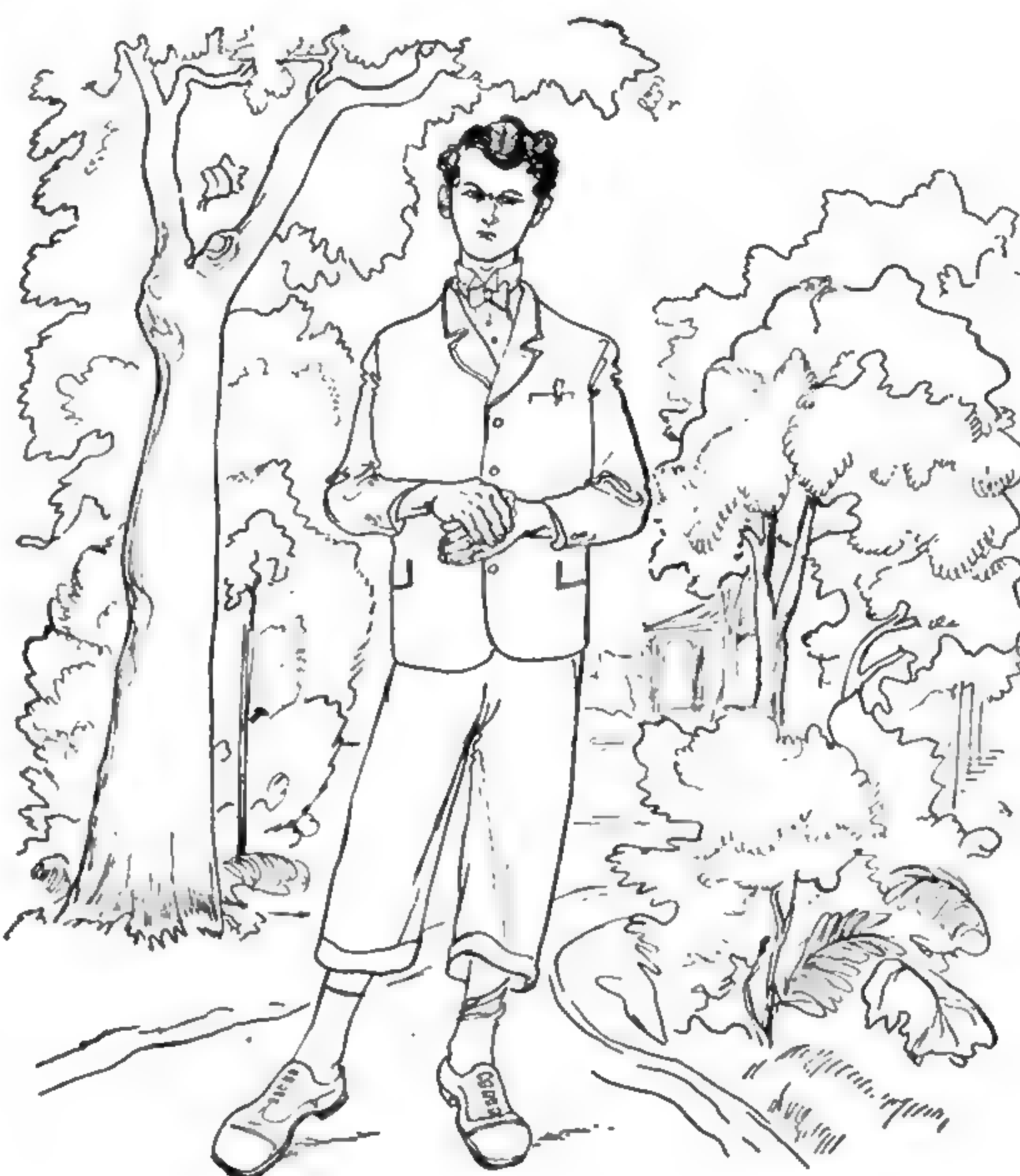
during the lesson. Bending above their work baskets they worked silently. Erzsébet was crocheting a lace doily. Karola was embroidering a luncheon cloth. And at the bottom of their hearts both fell deeper and deeper in love with the tutor. What else could be expected of two girls reared with cloistral rigidity when the summer is hot and full of the scent of flowers if there appears a handsome, poor boy who is so clever that he gives Latin lessons to their little brother?

It was only natural that while all this was going on, the tutor himself fell in love. But not separately with Erzsébet or Karola. He succumbed to both of them at once. He couldn't separate them. Erzsébet had a gorgeous face, black-lashed eyes, and a red mouth. Karola's figure was so splendidly slender that one could have tied her in a knot. The tutor's fancy blended these two ladies together and created one paragon, and he set this combined idol on the altar of his young soul.

Two weeks had passed in this way when Balázs said to the tutor after dinner:

"It's terribly hot. Aren't you boiling in your black suit, Mr. Dombay? Come up to my room and I'll give you a pair of light pants."

And just as he had said, he gave to the boy



an ancient pair of white flannels, which the tutor accepted with humble thanks. Only the gift had a little flaw. Balázs was two meters tall; so tall that he wore his head tipped to one side. The tutor, on the other hand, was slightly built, and when he tried on the pants in vain did he pull them up all the way to his armpits. The trousers were too long by about fifteen centimeters.

In such a clownish habit one couldn't appear before the ladies, especially when one was in love with the ladies. Whereupon the tutor took the pants down to the kitchen and stood in front of the cook:

"Dear, good Aunt Zsuzsa, please do me a great favor. Please cut off a few centimeters from these trousers. The master just gave them to me, but they are too long. I can't wear them like this."

The cook, who was as fat as a sack of flour, stroked the tutor with a loving glance:

"All right, I'll fix them for you."

After measuring the trousers to the boy's height she put her spectacles on her nose, threaded a needle and set to work. Nicely she shortened the pants and hemmed them. She pressed them and straightway hung them out to air in the garden on a line stretched between a pear tree and an apple tree.

Night came, with its wonderful stars. Crickets chirped in the grass, frogs croaked in the ditches. Deep slumber sat on the whole house when a flickering little light appeared in the garden. Erzsébet stole across the lawn with light steps. In her hand she held a candle and a sewing basket. With her loving heart she had already figured out that her father's trousers would be too long for the boy, and like a good fairy, she wanted to perform in the night the service which she would have been ashamed to do openly for a strange young man.

She took the pants off the line. She cut off a piece, hemmed them, kissed them, and tenderly returned them to the line. Then she blew out the candle and like an angel, with the waxy smell of the candle in her nose she stealthily returned to the silent house.

An hour passed. The flowers had already sighed their matutinal breath

Continued at top of page 151





"Oh, you would, would you?"



“Diamond wrist watches . . . engagement rings . . .”

Nomads of the Hardwood Floor

Nothing surprises a touring basketball team—neither howling mobs, changed rules, six shooters, nor red-hot stoves

by **LEO FISCHER**
• SPORTS •

HAVE you ever played basketball in a drained swimming pool, with an uphill climb every time action moved towards the "shallow" end?

Have you ever tried to score goals while dodging a red-hot stove placed out on the floor to keep the customers warm?

Have you ever kept one eye on the scoreboard as you dribbled and passed, wondering whether that tough gambler meant what he said about popping you off if the game didn't come out his way?

You haven't?

Then, my friend, you've never toured with a basketball team.

Traveling cage aggregations are almost as old as the sport itself, but never, so far as we know, has any historian ever recorded the trials and tribulations of a wandering basketballer, although the game has been written and rewritten an indefinite number of times. Even troupers playing one-night stands on the kerosene circuit have never experienced the bizarre and unusual happenings which befall the traveling cager, for the artists of the netted hoop rush in where even actors fear to tread.

When Dr. Walter Meanwell was coach at the University of Wisconsin, a bitter feud existed between him and Ward Lambert of Purdue—a feeling which became even more pronounced when they signed up with rival sporting goods manufacturers and endorsed competing makes of basketballs. The home coach in the Big Ten Conference has the privilege of selecting the equipment, and as the date of Wisconsin's game at Purdue drew closer and closer, Meanwell became increasingly upset when no word came as to what brand of ball was to be used. Finally he could restrain himself no longer. He wired Lambert: "What kind of a ball are we going to play with Saturday night?" Lambert replied, collect, "A nice, big round one!"

And there you have about all that any traveling team expects to find when it invades strange territory. Yes, and the more disillusioned wanderers wouldn't even be too much surprised if a ball with corners on it were tossed out to them at some crossroads spot which is a trifle behind on the rules.



Thanks to radio broadcasts, magazine articles and newspaper experts, there are few sections of the country which don't know by now that the idea of basketball is to throw the ball through a hoop. The rub comes, however, in the various methods pursued.

Each community seems to have its own ideas—and a basketball team whose livelihood and expenses depend on the guarantee it receives (after the game) has to take what it finds and make the best of it.

There was the time, for instance, a few years ago when the Harlem Globe Trotters—one of the most traveled of present-day aggregations—stopped off for a game at Des-plaines, Ill. It takes a lot to surprise these veteran campaigners, but even they halted in amazement when they saw that the floor on which they were to play was a converted ballroom, with six pillars arranged at regular intervals. Nothing daunted, however, they changed their style to fit conditions. They caromed balls off the posts, threw curves around them and finally disconcerted the home team completely by hiding the guards behind pillars nearest the basket and popping out as the forwards came confidently past.

The Harlem outfit is one of the many teams which annually tour the United States from coast to coast with side trips to Canada and Mexico. Some of them pose as amateurs—to the horror of the A.A.U.—and play college teams as well as others. Most of them, however, are out-and-out professionals, willing to shoot for an honest dollar any place that it may be found. There are also a few feminine aggregations who go on the road for trips of varying length—likewise divided among the amateurs who play only for expenses and the professionals who aren't above accepting pay for making baskets.

This business of showing the rest of the country how basketball should be played started almost the next week after old Doc Naismith hung up that historic peach basket at the Springfield, Massachusetts Y.M.C.A. in 1891. The exact interval has not been preserved for posterity, but it's a cinch that with the customary proclivity of

Y.M.C.A. men for traveling, there wasn't much time wasted before Naismith's idea had been carried from coast to coast.

Originally there were nine players on a side—Naismith having invented the sport to keep a class of eighteen boys occupied. In 1892, the teams were given the option of performing with seven or nine, and a few years later another alternative was introduced which cut the number to five, if both agreed. Finally the figure was definitely placed at five. At one time, also, the game consisted of three twenty-minute periods. Goals counted three points, then two. There wasn't any rules committee, and changes made in those pioneer days permeated into the backwoods districts by such devious means as carrier-pigeon, pack horse and word of mouth. Sports editors (the few there were in that era) weren't wasting space about an upstart amusement in which boys ran around in knee pants and tried to throw an overgrown soccer ball into a peach basket.

Such was the status of the game when the original group of basketball excursionists set out to see the world. So far as can be ascertained, the credit for being the No. 1 traveling team belongs to the Buffalo Germans—still one of the best-known names in the sport after nearly half a century. Like most of the other outfits of that day, it originated in 1895 in a Y.M.C.A., and adopted the name be-

cause its players were all of Teutonic descent, Heerdt, Schell, Faust, Manweiler, Rhode and Miller were the names, and the records they left behind them stand to this day.

The team remained in existence for thirty-two years, with four men of the original lineup still active when it disbanded in 1926. On five different occasions the team went through an entire season without losing a game. During the years of 1908-10, the Germans won 111 straight. In 1903, they rang up the all-time high score of the sport, a 134 to 0 victory over Hobart College. They won the

Pan-American championship (first important title meet in the United States) at the Buffalo Exposition in 1901, and traveled to the Olympic Games at St. Louis in 1904 to garner that crown, too. (This Olympic basketball title meet, incidentally, was overlooked in 1936 when it was announced that



Continued in center of page 141

The Woman in Buffalo

**He was terribly angry with his wife
for being so wrapt before the stupid
performance of the lovelorn composer**

by DANIEL FUCHS

• FICTION •

THE guest, a Buffalo composer named Jon Verlucian, sat very straight and stiff in his chair as if to show Dr. and Mrs. Hayman by this posture how conscientiously he was trying to hold himself in control. But his heavy-lidded eyes kept closing and opening behind his spectacles; his jaws chewed nervously on the empty cigarette holder he held between his teeth; and when he talked his voice was soft and murmuring with quiet tragedy. He talked, Dr. Hayman thought unsympathetically, with the restrained but yet vibrant emotion of young poets as they recite from their own works.

"I realize," the composer said, "I speak a little too much, at the dinner table and now here. But, you see, I cannot really help myself." He raised his head and looked frankly, without shame, into Mrs. Hayman's eyes. "I am trying to recover from what is, after all, the most serious crisis of my life. It is really a very desperate struggle. I don't know whether you can possibly understand how much this love affair has meant to me. That is why I am here, you see. That is why I have run away so from Buffalo. The scene—every association—was more than I could bear. I suppose it sounds a little ridiculous to you."

It genuinely distressed Dr. Hayman to see how thoughtfully now his wife pressed her cigarette into the ash tray. But he still said nothing. He had talked very little all evening, unwilling to do Verlucian the honor of taking him seriously.

"No, no, it doesn't sound ridiculous," his wife assured Verlucian. "Some people do feel more intensely than others—."

"It was such a beautiful relationship," the composer wailed gently, breaking in. He closed his eyes with suffering. "It was so fine, so wonderful. It was the most beautiful thing that has ever happened to me, I am sure. I tell you, you cannot imagine how I feel about all this now. Frankly, it is a question whether I shall ever be able to survive it."

"Oh, you will, Jon. You will," Mrs. Hayman said, seriously concerned. "Don't you be a silly boy."

"Yes, I will," the composer said with sudden determination. He opened his eyes and sniffled to compel himself to be calm again. "I will survive this. I must. My music demands it of me. Elsa, I am so very grateful to you for letting me stay here. If I had remained in Buffalo, I cannot say what might have taken place. You see, it was such an impossible situation. A man is human, you know. Beyond a certain point, he cannot go on, he breaks." He stared solemnly at Mrs. Hayman to make sure she understood.

"Jon!" she whispered, shocked and reproachful.

"Don't worry, dear child," Verlucian said

sadly. "Suicide is not for me. How could a person do away with himself when there exists in the world the music of Beethoven and Wagner?" He stood up and paced the living room floor. "No," he maintained, "I will survive this too. Worse misfortunes have happened to me—I could tell you many stories, yes, you would not believe them—but I have always survived." He faced the window and looked out into the winter night as he went on. "I am too strong to think of death. I am strong as an ox. I work eighteen hours a day, standing up on my feet. In Capri once I composed music four days without interruption." He turned to Mrs. Hayman. "However, I am going blind," he admitted calmly. "In the mornings I have to wash my eyes with adrenalin in order to open them." Apparently he remembered that Dr. Hayman was still in the room with them. "It is a mixture with adrenalin in it," he added, mumbling. Then he sat down on the chair that was placed so close to Mrs. Hayman.

On the couch Dr. Hayman was crossing his legs and uncrossing them, unable to stay still. He found he was really hating the composer when he should have been feeling sorry for him or else laughing at him. Worse, Dr. Hayman realized how angry he had grown with his wife because she was so wrapt before the stupid performance Verlucian was obviously putting on for her benefit. Dr. Hayman had resolved to keep his mouth shut. It was shameful to let Verlucian make him feel uncomfortable, but he could no longer remain silent.

He coughed. He had to cough to get their guest's attention since the composer addressed himself exclusively to Mrs. Hayman. For a man involved in a hopeless love affair, Dr. Hayman thought, Elsa's friend from Buffalo seemed surprisingly interested in her. It was even a little suspicious.

"Who was the woman?" he asked. His tone was professionally crisp.

Verlucian looked at him with a look of pained wonder.

"What does it matter who it was?" he whimpered.

"George, really," Mrs. Hayman said to her husband.

"Well, Elsa, I ask because it might be somebody you know in Buffalo. It might be some friend of your sister there."

"Suppose it is, what connection would there—"

Verlucian brushed aside her protests on his behalf. "It wasn't anyone Elsa knows," he declared tearfully. "Isn't it enough to say she was a married woman? Isn't it enough to say it was hopeless and utterly impossible from the beginning?" He paused. "Yes, it was a beautiful dream which just could not be."

"Well, what I don't understand," Dr. Hayman said stubbornly, "is why she won't leave her husband. You say she loves you madly too."

"Oh, I see," Verlucian complained, closing and opening his eyes. "You don't believe me. You don't think she exists. You think this is all something I have made up out of my head. I only wish you were right! With all my heart I wish it!"

Dr. Hayman could feel his wife's eyes on him but he would not stop. "If she really loves you, as you say," he began, but this time Verlucian caught him up at once, bristling.

"Perhaps, then, you think I am incapable of inspiring a serious love in a woman?" he demanded. "I realize I do not have the conventional appearance of a great lover, but when I am disposed so, I can have a wonderful way of taking to a woman. I can sweep her off her feet, really. Sometimes it requires nothing more than the way I hold her hand, you see. Many women have told me my music, when I play for them, is captivating. They cannot resist its beauty, you understand. I can have a compelling charm. That is, when I am disposed so."

It was like a challenge or a threat, Dr. Hayman thought uneasily.

"All I'm asking," he said, "is why doesn't this woman from Buffalo leave her husband?"

"My dear young man," Verlucian said, trying hard to be patient. "Her husband is devoted to her. She is his entire life. If she left him, would it be fair?"

"The fairest thing she could possibly do to her husband," Dr. Hayman said gravely.

"Oh, what husband?" Verlucian cried. "Why do you speak of her husband? Who cares about him? Would it be fair to *me*? How do you think *I* would feel if she left him for me? If I knew she had ruined his life for me? It would be a terrible burden, don't you see? I should never be able to find happiness with her."

"I don't know," Dr. Hayman said. "A loves B. B doesn't love A at all but C. Then B and C should get together. That's all there is to it."

"Oh, listen, listen," Verlucian wailed to the walls. "A, B, C, D, E, F, G . . ."

Elsa finally broke her icy silence. "Things are not so simple as you sometimes think," she said severely to her husband.

"You see, we are unfortunately not algebraic terms," Verlucian explained, returning to Dr. Hayman. "As a man of science, you overlook the human values. People *feel*. They know pain and joy, misery and ecstasies. Permit me to say it, my dear young man, but you will never understand the profound depths of the emotional crisis which I am

now undergoing. You yourself are too happily married. Your wife," he turned to her now as he spoke in his throbbing voice, "is a sweet young creature who fills every room she enters with her fragrance. She brings you innumerable happinesses. I wonder whether you appreciate, really, how wonderfully rare and beautiful a wife like yours is. I envy you, Dr. Hayman," he said, his eyes still on Elsa, "I heartbreakingly envy you your possession. It is something I miss so terribly, so terribly..." He was actually weeping.

"Gee whiz," Dr. Hayman said, troubled and wondering. "What do you want from me? I think I appreciate my wife sufficiently, but if that's the way you feel, I can't understand why you won't let this woman in Buffalo leave her husband for you."

"She can't leave him!" Elsa snapped. "My goodness, George, he just got through telling you why it was impossible. Isn't it clear?"

"Normal people don't act like that," Dr. Hayman insisted.

"I am not a normal person," the composer wailed with melancholy pride. "Please. If I had the sensitivity of the man in the street, do you think I would be here now?"

"It isn't reasonable, the whole thing," Dr. Hayman went on, at a complete loss. "The husband himself should be the first to want her to leave him."

"Would he? Are you sure?" Elsa asked. "You can say it, but if it happened to you, would you want your wife to leave you?"

Dr. Hayman was so startled that he couldn't answer for a while. He saw the blush deepen on his wife's face as she realized the meaning of what she had said. Dr. Hayman looked at Verlucian and then back at his wife, wondering what was going on. For a moment he began to have the strange feeling that the composer's lady didn't live in Buffalo at all. He began to think that perhaps the woman was really his own wife and that these two now were playing some sort of game with him. He scratched his head. "That," he said very slowly, "is what I would certainly call a peculiar question."

"What's so peculiar about it?" Elsa asked. "It's just a question."

Verlucian had stopped weeping to watch them. He seemed to be enjoying this quarrel over him. He wasn't even eager to interrupt and keep on talking about himself. Dr. Hayman noticed this and then immediately grew infuriated. Verlucian was smirking.

"It's still a pretty dumb question," Dr. Hayman said angrily to his wife. He was almost trembling. "But for your information, let me say I would never—under any circumstances—want my wife to stay with me if she had the slightest interest elsewhere."

"My goodness," Elsa said. "Aren't you getting a little excited over nothing at all?"

"Excited? I don't think so. It's just that your friend's story is so... queer that it annoys me. I don't know why exactly myself."

Elsa became frozen and wouldn't speak. Dr. Hayman didn't give a damn.

"I am very sorry," Verlucian spoke up, turning shy and contrite. He took out a handful of silver from his pocket and now began fiddling awkwardly with the coins. "Perhaps I should have said nothing. I should not have talked."

"People shouldn't allow themselves to kid around with themselves," Dr. Hayman pointed out, speaking directly to the composer. "These grand emotions, you know, they really don't amount to much. According to insurance



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

statistics, for example, few people kill themselves over love affairs."

"Yes, it is possible. You are right, no doubt," Verlucian said humbly. He walked despondently to the window and opened it. The cold air rushed in but he didn't flinch, as if he was glad to punish himself. "I am a fool," he murmured. "I am disgusting. I know it."

"Now, I had a patient once," Dr. Hayman said, cooling off now. "This one left his wife and followed a woman all the way to Dallas, Texas."

"Please!" Verlucian called in anguish from the window. "Whatever you say, do me the goodness of not comparing me with your patient. Our circumstances could not possibly be similar, I assure you."

"As it developed," Dr. Hayman continued

mercilessly, "the reason my patient followed her was that he had given her some valuable securities and this was the only way he could get them back from her."

There was a pause.

"Oh, how can you make fun of me?" Verlucian wept softly. "Why does it give you satisfaction to do this to me?"

And then, in a burst of misery, he began to fling the silver in his hand out of the window onto the snow-covered lawn. The room grew cold in silence as he tossed the coins away. Dr. Hayman suddenly had nothing more to say. He felt foolish and didn't dare look at his wife.

"Jon," Elsa said to the composer, "you'll catch cold."

He didn't answer.

"Jon, close the window and stop throwing your money away. After all, it is money."

"Oh, what does it matter?" he wailed, without turning to look at her. "What does it matter?" He was brokenhearted.

Later, in their bedroom together, Dr. Hayman unhappily watched his wife move about as she picked up her bathrobe, pajamas and slippers.

"Where are you going?" he asked her uncertainly. "You've got to sleep here. He's using the other room."

"I'll sleep on the cot in the office downstairs."

"It's not made up for sleeping. It's not comfortable."

"Don't worry."

"Listen, please don't get noble and tight-lipped with me. We shouldn't let ourselves fight over a prize jackass like him. Listen, put down those things and go to sleep here."

She had everything she wanted but she didn't leave.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, George," she said bitterly. "How do you think I felt?"

"All right. I suppose I shouldn't have taken the trouble. Only I didn't like the way you listened to every word he said. I couldn't stand seeing you taken in by such a prize jackass."

"I know he's a prize jackass," she said sharply. "You've said so once already."

"Listen, I don't understand at all why it's necessary for you to defend him all the time. It puzzles me."

"I'm not defending him."

"Well, you are. I suppose it makes a hit with you because he tells you you're such a sweet creature. With a fragrance. Now, don't boil. Don't be noble and keep it in. Say it."

She didn't say it. Instead, she went to the door and put her hand on the knob.

"All right, all right, I'll believe him," Dr. Hayman cried hopelessly. "Sure, he has a way of talking to a woman. He has a Continental touch. The poor boob is suffering on pins and needles and the whole terrible tragedy is true. I'll believe it. Now you can sleep here."

"I believe him, George," she stated

Continued on page 155

Gossip from the Desert

No one could understand Michael's warning; that a black-faced guest would try to murder her son, Fuaz

by **CARL R. RASWAN**

• ARTICLE •

EVERY free-born Bedouin's ambition is to own slaves who will make life easier for his family and himself. When I was adopted into the Sha'lan family of the Ruala tribe I was provided with a tent of black goat hair, two slaves, some milk camels, a race camel and war mare, besides two falcons and greyhounds. I had my own little bachelor household like many others of the Ruala. In later years other Bedouin tribes (I migrated with nineteen of them) also bestowed upon me these conveniences, that I might live as an honored neighbor of their chiefs.

The slaves are of African descent, though no more slave trading is actually going on among the migrating Arabs now. For this reason I was especially surprised to find one day in my tent a white slave who had just been added to my household. In fact, I thought a white woman was seated there. I had heard of an Italian countess who had been traveling in Syria, and on entering my tent I thought the stranger was this woman in Arab disguise. The fine, sensitive features were distinctly feminine. The slender white hands seemed to betray a woman under the coarse shepherd's coat.

I turned to an Arab behind me and asked the identity of the lady.

My companion smiled and said, "No, this is Daham, a eunuch."

"A eunuch?"

"Yes, his father castrated him as a child so that there might be no further issue of slaves in his family. Their ancestors came to us during the time of Saladin (Crusaders' time), and we never allowed them to mix with our own people. But they took wives from other white slaves who were living with the Shammar tribe since the medieval age."

Daham proved to be a very loyal attendant in my service. In spite of the fact that he was so feminine, he showed more courage than many other men I have known. More than anything else, however, I enjoyed his gifts of artistry which were revealed to me unexpectedly one evening in my tent.

He was kneading a piece of wax with deft fingers, cleverly shaping various forms of animals—antelope, camels, ostriches and even horses. But every time he had finished the perfect little object, he squeezed it between his fingers, thus destroying that image and

starting all over again to shape a new one. He made one horse so faultlessly beautiful that I could not help admiring it with an overwhelming desire to hold it in my hand.

Daham only smiled at me when I eagerly reached for it, and with a twist of his fingers he again reduced it to a shapeless mass.

"Please make me another horse, Daham," I begged of him most imploringly.

"What type?" he asked. A secretive smile touched his face.

There are three types of Arabian horses: of strength, of beauty and of speed. So I told him, "Make me the kind you just destroyed—the masculine type, the one of strength."

He dissented. "Let me reproduce the most graceful one, the feminine type, of beauty."

I nodded, and in a few minutes he held between his fingers the exquisite form of the most typical Arabian

horse I had ever seen. Impulsively I reached out for this minute masterpiece, expecting Daham to hand it to me without my further request. But he had already destroyed it and only the mysterious smile was left on his sensitive face.

"But, Daham, why did you destroy this fine object? I wanted it."

"I shall make you another one."

Again my eager eyes watched him create a new equine figure as skillfully as before. But I said to him, half hypnotized, half angry, "Do not fool me this time. I really want to keep this little horse as a souvenir of your talent."

But Daham had flattened it between his hands and called out to me, "I cannot let it go from my hands. God might demand of me on the Day of Judgment that I put life into these creatures if I should ever have let them escape from my fingers. For our pleasure God will allow them to be created, but He will not let them pass on or be preserved as images in which He alone can quicken life."

His mental attitude was true Bedouin, although Daham himself was not, and he stood out as the only man on the desert in whom I had ever discovered such a talent. If he had been afforded an opportunity to develop his skill under a

master sculptor in the western world, who knows to what heights he might have risen?

The settled Arabs excel in architecture, calligraphy and literature—also in the invention of geometrical designs of exquisite beauty and intricacy. But the Bedouins are most of all masters of their language, poets and orators.

The actual processes of reading and writing are considered among these aristocrats of the desert as manual labor and therefore to be despised. They send one or two of their favorite and most intelligent slaves to the city where they are trained in the difficult art of reading and writing Arabic. On their return they become the scribes of their masters and keep records of pedigrees and historical events and carry on correspondence between the tribal personalities. Such slaves also become the real confidantes of their lords and may wield a definite influence in tribal politics.

Many of the slaves, however, have never been to the city. One day I took a slave named Fulan to Damascus in my automobile and provided him with a room next to my own in the Victoria Hotel. It was a revelation to me to see the innocent child of the desert face the problems of civilized life which we take for granted. The way he went upstairs, hopping from step to step on both feet like some clumsy, over-lanky ostrich, was a side-splitting business to watch. He held his long, flowing robes in his hand like a court lady of Queen Victoria's time, exposing his legs with much less modesty than such a lady might have done.

When I offered him a chair in my room, he turned it over in various ways to see where he would find the best opportunity of resting upon it without being too far removed from the floor. So he sat on the back of the chair and leaned against the seat on the floor. He

Continued on page 156





“There I go—forgetting to take off my watch again!”

The Extreme Airiness of Duton Lang

It was humiliating for a professor of chemistry to become so light a gust of wind might blow him away

by PERCIVAL WILDE

• FICTION •

IF I WAS you, sir," said the bartender, "I wouldn't set at that there table in the corner."

"Why not, Charley?"

"It'll cost you money." I mentioned that my sales resistance was excellent, but he shook his head. "You'll get your ears crippled. He can start talking on one drink, and he can keep it up."

"What does he talk about?"

"About an hour or two, sir."

"If I don't like it, I can move away."

"Ah, but you can't, sir! I've heard others that thought they could."

I was incredulous. "Do you mean to say that once I sit down at that table, I won't be able to leave it?"

He nodded emphatically.

That intrigued me, and I glanced about the interior of the little café. The man at the corner table seemed harmless enough: an elderly gentleman, none too well dressed, contemplating an empty glass.

He faced the only vacant chair that remained.

The bartender turned to wait on another customer.

I sauntered to the table and slid into the chair with a word of apology. "If you don't mind . . ."

"On the contrary; on the contrary."

After that I naturally asked him if he wouldn't have one with me, and he agreed without being urged.

The waiter brought Martinis, and he raised his glass in thoughtful reflection.

"With your permission, sir, a toast: to the memory of Duton Lang."

"I never heard of him, but I'll drink it."

He touched his lips to the rim of the glass with a gesture that was almost religious. "You never heard of Duton Lang?"

"Never."

"A great chemist."

"That may be."

"Who became, at the age of sixty, the world's greatest athlete." His reply was punctuated by sips. "He may yet be alive. Duton was very resourceful. Who knows but what he has discovered some way of extracting nourishment from the air?"

"The air?"

He waved his hand. "The atmosphere, mostly nitrogen, but containing other gases, some of which may have food value."

"Then he isn't dead?"

"Who knows? He was last seen alive at six-thirty yesterday evening."

"Then what makes you think—"

"My dear sir, I greatly doubt if any other man, since the beginning of time, has found himself in a position so excessively harrowing.

I am not a scientific man myself, but if you should ask me to guess, I should say Duton exploded before midnight."

"Exploded, did you say?"

He nodded. "Due to lowered barometric pressure—unless he was frozen solid first. Of course the precipitation of dew might have changed his negative to positive gravity; or, as Duton pointed out himself, the curve might become hyperbolic after having passed



through the base line. In either event we should hear from him presently." He drained his glass, and I noted for the first time that his cuffs were frayed. "The university would be glad to get him back. So would the reporters. So would I." He set down the glass carefully. "Talking makes me thirsty."

"How about another?"

He nodded again. "I drink Martinis because they were Duton's favorite beverage. Every time I drink one, it is an act of respect to his memory."

"But if you saw him alive yesterday—"

"There is no reason why I should not respect him as soon—and as frequently—as possible."

And this was his story.

Duton Lang (he began) was my dearest friend. We were classmates in high school. We were classmates in college. I went to work when we graduated, but he stayed and took an M.A. and a Ph. D. He became an instructor in the chemistry department. A brilliant man, in no time at all he was an assistant professor.

His book, *The Chemistry of the Benzene*

Derivatives, made him famous overnight. He gave me an autographed copy. I treasure it. Some day I shall try to read it. I had never heard of the benzene derivatives, but they led to a most flattering offer from Yale. Then he wrote *On Some Organic Syntheses*. That took him to Princeton at a boost in salary. His lectures were popular. His personality was engaging. He wrote more books. He became head of his department. And then, because every man has his hobby, he became interested in cooking.

You raise your eyebrows? Well, why shouldn't a chemist like to cook? In every home the kitchen is a kind of primitive chemical laboratory. Think what could be done in it if a trained scientist replaced an ignorant servant girl! Duton applied to cooking the brilliant technique he had been thirty years in perfecting. He had spent his sabbatical years in France. He had collected recipes. He improved on them.

You have never tasted his *consommé printanière*. Only a soup, but it was unbelievable. And his eggs Metternich. And his *homard à la manière de Duton Lang*. When he wasn't working in his laboratory, he was experimenting in the model kitchen he had installed in his apartment. He used to work in the costume of a chef, "toc" and all. It helped to put him in the proper mood. Have I mentioned that he was a moody man?

I understand that his researches occasionally overlapped. They say that one day, when he was demonstrating before a class in organic chemistry, he emerged from a welter of test tubes, flasks, and what not, to remark with a pleasant smile, "Gentlemen, usually the result of this preparation is nitrodiazobenzene nitrate; but something has gone wrong, for what we have here is clearly—ahem!—crêpe Suzette."

What presence of mind! Another man might have been confused—but not Duton. He could always do justice to an occasion. A well-rounded man, interested both in the more serious and in the lighter phases of life, he reached the age of sixty full of honors, and with his digestion unimpaired. His weight was two hundred and fifty-six. His waistline was forty-eight. His disposition was genial. I was proud to call him my friend.

He had been athletic as a young man. He had been a remarkable amateur acrobat. I used to tell him that if he hadn't become famous as a chemist, he would have become equally famous for his triple somersault.

You smile. No, a man who weighs two hundred and fifty-six doesn't think of triple somersaults—or if he does, keeps himself in condition and he never tips the scales so might-

ily. They seem to be irreconcilables, don't they? But listen!

Duton's weight bothered him like the devil. He tried to diet any number of times, but he couldn't resist the new dishes he invented almost overnight. He wanted to reduce. To give up his regular meals was out of the question. He made up his mind he would synthesize a new chemical which would let him eat as heartily as he pleased, but which would lessen his weight.

Yes, I know other men have tried it. But they didn't have Duton's encyclopedic knowledge. A professor of chemistry and a great cook rolled into one: where could you match that combination? Why, the problem was almost solved before he began. Did he succeed, you ask? That is his tragedy: he succeeded too well.

After eight months of experimentation he had a crystalline powder which he tried on guinea pigs; then on rabbits. Their weights dropped and they remained healthy. He tried it on cats and dogs. The results were the same. Then he tried it on himself.

He ate a hearty meal, seasoned it with a pinch of the chemical he had synthesized, and was greatly pleased, the next morning, to find that he weighed two hundred and fifty-four. Have I mentioned that his usual weight was two hundred and fifty-six? He ate another hearty meal, added a few grains of "dutonite"—by that time we had given it a name—and dropped to two hundred and fifty flat.

He was radiant. What's that? There's a fortune in it? I knew it, and so did Duton. But he wasn't interested in that angle at all. He wanted it for his own private use. Money meant nothing to him.

He increased the dosage. It stimulated his appetite, he said. At the end of the first week he had lost nine pounds and had never felt better in his life.

He began to lose weight more rapidly. In two weeks he was down to two hundred and thirty-five; and it was then that he made a most astounding discovery.

You agree, perhaps, that it is time to pause and perform an act of respect to his memory?

A Martini, yes. It was Duton's favorite drink, though he never ate the olive.

Duton's discovery was breath-taking. He had lost twenty-one pounds, but his clothes fitted as well as ever. They didn't require alterations of any kind. His waistline was still forty-eight. The legs of his trousers hadn't become too long. It didn't sound reasonable.

He made up his mind the scales were wrong, and he tried others. They agreed. At the end of three weeks he weighed two hundred and twenty-six; at the end of the month, two hundred and seventeen. At the end of two months he was down to a mere one hundred and eighty-one—and his waistline had not shrunk an inch!

I suggested he should stop dosing himself. He did, but kept on losing weight. It was evident that his system had absorbed so much of the drug that its effects would continue. In December he tipped the scales at less than one hundred and sixty—I don't recall the exact figure. By the first of the year he had dropped to one hundred and thirty.

He stripped in my presence, but behind a sheet, at the end of January, and I balanced the scales at ninety-nine. Before February was over he weighed less than seventy pounds, and he was beginning to be worried about himself. He was more than six feet tall; his waistline was still forty-eight; his clothes fitted perfectly; yet he was so light that he could have sat on a child's lap without hurting it. His muscles were firm; his health was better than in years; and I could take hold of him by the elbows and lift him without half trying!

In the middle of March, when he weighed under fifty pounds, I took him to an indoor athletic meet. I thought it would divert him. We watched Pembroke, of Yale, make a new world's record for the high jump. He cleared the bar, if you remember, at six feet, eight and one-half inches.

There was great enthusiasm.

After the meet was over, we joined the crowd which milled about the arena. The bar had been left as it was. Duton gauged its



height critically. "Henry," he said to me, "I believe I could jump over that."

Remember, he had been an athlete in his youth.

"Duton," I answered, "why not try it?"

He looked up at the standard, with its handkerchief fluttering a foot over my head. "I think I shall try it."

Some of the undergraduates had overheard us. They controlled their laughter long enough to form a circle and hold back the crowd. Duton had always been one of the most dignified members of the faculty. He was so greatly respected that even when he crouched—so much as a man of his bulk could crouch—twenty feet from the standard, and rubbed his hands, nobody dared snicker.

He had not removed his overcoat or his hat. He still carried his cane. He began to run, with strange, springy steps which carried him high from the ground. He leaped. He rose. He cleared the bar so easily that it was almost ridiculous—and mind you, Pembroke had just broken the world's record.

I'm not going to attempt to describe the scene which followed. The crowd had been ready to laugh. First it gasped; then it went

mad. Men screamed. Women fainted. Professor Hargis, of the Latin department, who was standing next to me, remarked, "*Ideo credendum quod incredibile*, but I'm going to have my eyes examined tomorrow."

Duton only said, "I believe I could do it as a standing jump."

They didn't have to make so much room for him this time. He settled his hat firmly on his head. He buttoned his overcoat tightly. He took a firm grip on his cane. He jumped.

Pembroke, who had rushed out half-dressed, was the first to shake his hand. "Professor," he said, "I know I ought to be jealous, but I congratulate you. Nobody can be jealous of the world's greatest athlete."

Duton Lang merely said "Humph," which was ungracious, and said to me "Let's be going," which we did, though it wasn't easy for a man of his enormous bulk to wedge his way out through the cheering crowd and the photographers who took flashlight pictures of him every few feet. On the way he stepped on a lady's toe and apologized profusely, but she looked at him in astonishment and said, "It's strange, but it didn't hurt at all."

Well, we debated the case over our Martinis, sitting in these chairs ten minutes later.

I said, "Duton, your name will be in all the papers tomorrow."

He only frowned and answered, "Henry, do you realize that if this continues, I shall weigh nothing in less than sixty days? I have plotted the curve of my weight. I have applied mathematics to it to predict its future. It answers an equation."

"In the meantime, you are champion of the world at both running and standing high jump."

He shrugged his shoulders and said, "Why not? My muscles are as good as ever." He calculated on a bit of paper, and I remember his precise writing:

$$H = H_0 \frac{256}{X}$$

"If H_0 is the height I could jump originally, and while I never tried, it could hardly have been less than eighteen inches, then that, multiplied by the ratio between my original weight and my present weight gives the height I can jump now. Eight feet should be easy."

His telephone rang almost continuously the next day. His students cheered him when he appeared before them to lecture. The reporters wanted to write him up—naturally. A circus offered him more a month than his professorship paid him a year. The president of a Midwestern university called on the long-distance telephone to inquire if he was actually a member of a faculty, because if not, he would like to offer him a scholarship—and a berth on the track team. He allowed himself, as a concession, to be photographed for *Life*, "chinning" himself with his little finger. Have I mentioned that he could chin himself an incredible number of times?

He weighed less than twenty pounds in April, and he agreed to appear at a monster benefit, the proceeds to go to underprivileged children. At my suggestion he did a standing high jump against the best of the university pole vaulters. He cleared only thirteen feet at his first attempt, and while the crowd thought that was wonderful, he confided to me that he had been afraid to let himself go

Continued in center of page 186

First World War Peace Offer

Three years before the World War ended, the Imperial German Chancellor sent the British Foreign Minister a peace offer

by **RAYMOND GRAM SWING**

• ARTICLE •

TELL Sir Edward Grey that Germany will annex no Belgian territory and will guarantee Belgium's complete independence. But you must also tell him that in the peace Germany will want an indemnity for having been forced into the war."

My enthusiasm which had lighted up at the first sentence was blown up like a candle by the word "indemnity."

The Imperial German Chancellor must have noticed my disappointment, for he peered at me quite intently.

"Can I trust you?" he asked. "Not a word of this must be published in the newspapers. You understand that?"

"Of course," I answered.

"And you are sure you can deliver this message to Sir Edward Grey himself? For it must go to no one else in London."

I said I was sure. I knew the London office of my newspaper could arrange it.

"Then come back and tell me what he says."

Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg rose from behind his desk, a tall massive man of impressive courtliness, and I stood too.

"I must caution you again," he said, "not a word of this in the newspapers. If it is published I shall have to deny that I ever said it."

I repeated that I understood. He held out his hand gravely. But before going I looked about, thinking that here, in the office of the Imperial Chancellor of Germany, had sat the great Bismarck, and later von Bulow. Here had been shaped the policies that had formed and strengthened the German Empire. And today, in this dignified, somber office, were weighed the problems of a European war, and of the peace to come.

The rug was thick under my shoes; I moved noiselessly as I walked to the door. Being an American newspaper man I was incapable of making the stiff bow to which a German chancellor was accustomed and must have departed with a jarring informality. But I was overpowered all the same. The Great War; the Imperial German Chancellor; a message about peace to Sir Edward Grey! I felt a sense of wonder that such a responsibility had been entrusted to me. So far as I know, this was the war's first informal peace mission.

The month was December, 1914. The Germans had battered their way through Belgium, Paris had been endangered and saved. The war had reached its first breathing spell. The German Chancellor was thinking of peace.

He was ready to pledge a peace without annexation in the West!

An elderly servant in the antechamber helped me into my coat and showed me out of the Palace. Through a window I had a glimpse of the Chancellor's private garden, a handsome, imprisoned seclusion in the heart of Berlin. It looked bleak and uninviting in the December light.



Sir Edward Grey

I walked to the Tiergartenstrasse, for I had to report at once to Baroness Schroeder. It was she who had arranged the interview and had vouched for me to the Chancellor. In fact, the idea of this mission to Sir Edward Grey had been hatched in her salon. She had kept saying to me that Germany had not wanted the war, that she knew Bethmann would be glad of a peace without annexations. Most certainly Germany would restore and respect Belgium's independence. For she knew Bethmann's mind in these matters. And I had said that if this were true, it was incredibly important, and Sir Edward Grey ought to be told. Why didn't Bethmann say it to me, and let me repeat it to Sir Edward? And now he had done so. Only he had also said that fatal word "indemnity." I was disturbed and puzzled.

Baroness Schroeder was known in political Berlin as the "American Baroness." Her husband was a member of the Schroeder banking family and an officer in the German army.

They had one of the finest houses in Berlin's most aristocratic street, the Tiergartenstrasse, fronting on the park which lies beyond Unter den Linden and the festive Brandenburger Gate. The Baroness was a native Canadian, but had spent her girlhood in America. She was a tall woman with sloping shoulders, a provokingly up-turned nose, wide-apart bright blue eyes, a small, retreating chin and a flair for politics.

She gave dinners to which the Chancellor and his friends were pleased to come. She was a Bethmannite, which meant that she supported the "enlightened" as against the "hard-boiled" wing of German policy. The army and the Junkers were pushing the Kaiser into the wretched direction of military conquest and a pan-Germanic peace; Bethmann was for understanding, compromise, conciliation.

"I am very troubled," I began precipitately, once I was seated upon a slim-limbed French chair, opposite the baroness. She asked me why. I explained about the word "indemnity."

"Tell me the whole conversation" she commanded. When I had repeated it, she laughed gaily.

"Don't be so stupid. The Chancellor was simply protecting himself. He has to do that. If the army hears he has been talking peace with Sir Edward he always can point to the demand for an indemnity which would quiet criticism. After all, he has to take precautions. This is a terribly risky step for him. He confides in you, commits his political life to your hands. Sir Edward only needs to say that of course an indemnity is impossible, but that he is interested in the proposal about Belgium. He will be smart enough to see why the indemnity had to be mentioned. He knows Germany well enough for that."

This reassured me. That night I was on the train for Holland and a day later walked into the London office of my newspaper, the *Chicago Daily News*. Edward Price Bell, who was in charge, was astonished, but when he heard why I had come he made expeditious use of his telephone. Sir Edward Grey would receive me at the Foreign Office late that afternoon. It was faster work than would have been possible in pompous Berlin.

I was not prepared for the real Sir Edward

Continued on page 185



von Bethmann-Hollweg



Simon
Campbell

“What do you charge to install an electric cigarette lighter?”



"Just because you've got a contract must I use the whole family? Who do you think you are—Roosevelt?"

The Kid Don't Get It

The brat figures if people spent their money, instead of horsing around with banks, there wouldn't be any rainy days

by R. B. JOHNS
• SATIRE •

FOR a squirt whose acquaintance with money has been carefully delayed, my son and heir has developed an interest in the subject all out of proportion with the amount of association experienced to date.

I suppose I'm to blame for sending Esquire that piece, *The Kid Wants To Know*, wherein answers were invited. The kid only wanted to find out what made the profit system tick and now he's messed up worse than ever. We got plenty of right answers but no one answer read like any of the others. Everybody seemed to be in agreement up to the point where a man makes a profit through his efforts and puts it away in the bank but from there on it's anybody's ball. The things they claim you can do with money to keep the system moving is an education. I was impressed to beat hell but the kid yawned right in my face.

"Why," he asks, "don't the system keep clicking along like they have it doped out to do?"

I used to think different but I'm afraid the boy will never get to be president. He don't have that broad point of view. About banking for instance. He thought a bank was just a nice safe place to keep your money instead of leaving it scattered loose around the house like it is at our place. So I had to explain.

"A bank," I says, "performs a very necessary and idealistic function within the economic structure."

You would be surprised at the kind of language I can use after reading some of those letters we got.

"Continue," says the boy.

"A bank," I go on, "takes the money that has been deposited by one group of citizens and in turn loans it to other groups of citizens for a rather slight consideration."

"Does the bank turn the consideration over to the citizens who deposited the money?"

"No," I says, "the way they handle that part of it is for the bank to keep the consideration as payment for all their trouble."

The boy dwelt on that for quite a spell so I sneaked a quick look at one of the letters and run in some more on him. "In that way," I explain, "the bank keeps the saved-up money in circulation and at the same time, provides a necessary source of credit for business to operate with."

"Doesn't a citizen have to pay back the money he borrows from a bank?"

"Sure he has to pay it back. The money belongs to the first group of citizens who deposited it and the bank has to be paid back promptly so the money will be safe."

"Then it doesn't stay in circulation at all if they pay it back."

"Yes, it does," I insist, patiently, "when one citizen pays back what he borrowed, the bank loans the money out again to another citizen so it goes into circulation every time the bank loans it out."

"And every time it comes back, a citizen has to kick in with a little consideration?"

"Certainly," I says, "you can't borrow money without you pay the freight."

"Why do citizens borrow money from the bank?"

"There is a certain group of citizens who don't have enough money of their own to operate on so they have to borrow in order to do business."

"Well," says the kid, "if that group of citizens don't have enough money before they borrow and they keep paying out consideration when they pay back what they borrow, don't they have less money after they pay back than they had before they borrowed?"

"Yeah," I say, kind of slow.

"I guess they do."

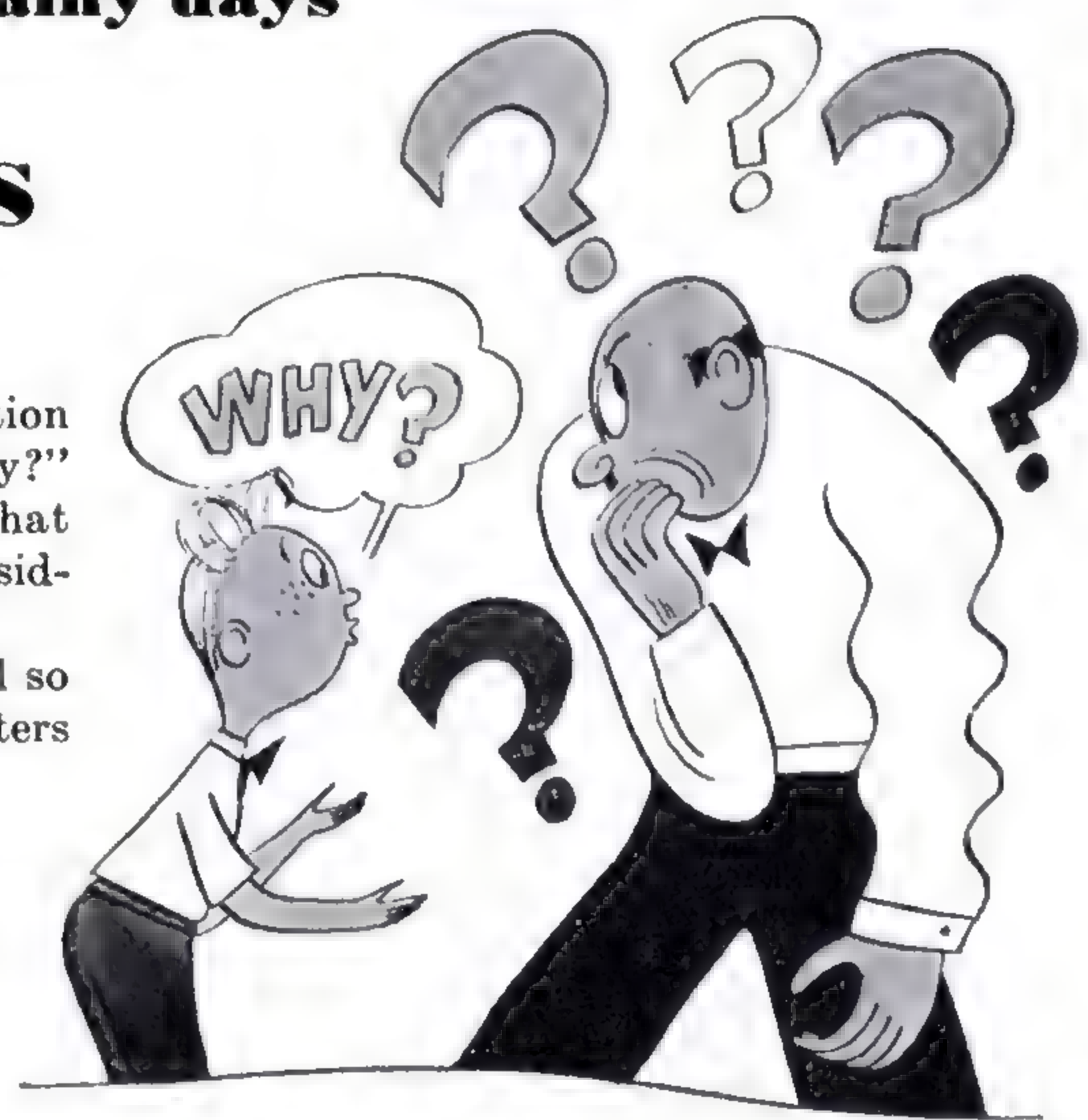
"And if they keep borrowing and paying out consideration long enough won't they run clear out of money?"

"Maybe they will," I say. "Maybe they will."

"What happens then," the kid asks. "Does the bank loan the money anyway?"

"No," I answer. "When a time like that happens along, it's a depression so the bank just calls it a day and coasts along till business gets better."

The kid is a hog for punishment. "How does business get better when the first group of citizens has all its money in



the bank and the second group doesn't have any and the bank won't loan them any?"

Me, I'm getting quicker on the come-back all the time. "Why, that's easy," I say. "When the first group takes some of its money out of the bank and spends it with the second group, business begins to pick up. As soon as business picks up and the second group gets a little money on hand, the bank starts in again performing its necessary and idealistic function within the economic structure."

"What if the first group waits a year or two years or maybe five years before they decide to remove some of their dough from the bank and spend it with the second group?"

I run through the letters real quick but can't find anything to fit in so I just act like I don't hear that one.

"It sounds kind of screwy to me," the kid remarks. "Why don't the first group spend their dough in the first place and cut out all the horseplay?"

I'll check it to you. If you can see any presidential timber in a kid like that, I'm a Sioux. I figure a mild lecture should be injected at this point.

"Son," I start out, "you have entirely the wrong idea about money. People are not supposed to spend every cent they get their hands on. Something should be saved up for a rainy day. Suppose you were earning your own living and business got bad and you lost your job. It would be pretty nice to have some money in the bank, wouldn't it?"

The kid mulled over it. "Why does business get bad?" he inquires.

"Business gets bad," I point out, "when people stop buying things. When people stop buying, the factories stop manufacturing, the railroads stop hauling, the stores stop selling and everybody has to lay off their help. That's how you could lose your job if you had one."

"Does that mean that if people didn't stop buying things, business wouldn't get bad and we wouldn't have any rainy days?"

"That's right."

"Then what is the idea of saving your

Continued on page 183



RODNEY deSARRO

In the Year of Our Lord

Three average men, German, English
and French, agree on the beauty of
the Alps and the ugliness of killing

by **BENEDICT THIELEN**

• FICTION •

EVEN here in the mountains these early summer days were hot, and although it was not a hard climb they were glad when it was time for them to rest and eat their lunch.

They stopped in the pine woods by a clear fast-flowing stream. Jean sat down and took off his shoes and socks. He let his feet hang in the cold mountain water, then lay back on the moss and began to eat a sandwich.

"M-m-m, *c'est épatant*," he said.

"I thought you weren't going to say a word in French," Anton said to him in German. "If you really want to learn a language you have to think in it."

"That's right, Tony. I forgot. 'I have a sandwich. The sandwich is good. My uncle's sandwich is in the garden of my aunt. What is in the sandwich?'"

"*Blutwurst*."

"Blood sausage! Now that's a pretty name . . . typically German, too. Can you imagine a Frenchman inventing a disgusting name like that?"

"It tastes good though, doesn't it? That's the trouble with all you Frenchmen: you're too delicate." He looked at him and shook his head. "Very decadent . . ."

Jean lay back, letting his feet drift with the running stream, his eyes half closed.

"Not decadent. Civilized . . . aesthetic . . . We wouldn't invent a name like *Blutwurst*. We don't like blood. We . . ."

"Who does? Like blood, I mean."

Anton sat down next to him and hung his feet in the water.

"Nobody," Jean said. "Well, anyway, that's all over. In the future things will be settled by arbitration."

"That's right," Anton said, nodding. "People are getting a little more sense nowadays. My God, wouldn't it be nice if we were out somewhere trying to kill each other? Wouldn't that be fine?"

Jean laughed and said, "You'd make good *Blutwurst*, Tony." He gave him a poke in the stomach with his elbow. "You're getting fat."

"Well, I'd rather be *Blutwurst* than bone-meal fertilizer. That's all you're good for."

"Well, that's something."

They both yawned and then for a time said nothing more, lying back on the soft moss, feeling the water clamp their ankles with a cold band.

All around them was the cool-warm air of the mountain summer: cool where the shade of the tall pine trees fell on them and spotted with warmth where the sunlight came through in irregular wavering patches. There was a smell of warm pine needles and the damp slightly musty smell of moss and the pungent smell of pine sap. Far above their heads—although they themselves could not feel it,

down here—the moving boughs gave the sense of a breeze.

After a time Anton sat up, blinking his eyes in a streak of sunlight that came through the branches onto his face.

"We'd better get along." He looked at his watch. "We want to get up to the hut before sundown."

Jean opened one eye and groaned.

"The sunset will be beautiful," Anton said. "Or maybe you're too civilized to care for such things?"

"*Die Natur!* The German fetish . . . I'm a Frenchman and anything wilder than the grottoes at Versailles makes me nervous."

He sat up and slowly drew his feet out of the stream. They were red and puckered from the cold water. He yawned and began to dry them.

"That's it though," he said, "isn't it? I mean all Frenchmen are supposed to care only for formal gardens, all Germans are brutal and smoke long china pipes, all Englishmen have protruding teeth, all Swiss do practically nothing but yodel . . . It's absurd how little people know about each other."

"Yes, but it's getting better," Anton said, tightening the drawstring of his knapsack. "People travel more now and when you travel you see how much alike everybody really is and you realize how foolish all this narrow patriotic business is."

Jean stood up and stamped on the ground to straighten the wrinkles in his heavy woolen socks.

"That's right, Tony." He looked around him and up at the trees. "Do we really have to go? I hate to leave here, it's so peaceful. Listen, you can just hear the breeze up there."

They stood there then, hearing the breeze moving the treetops, thinly above the sound of running water, high above them. There were no other sounds.

"I don't know." Jean shook his head. "You hate to leave something as fine as this. How do you know if you'll ever be in a place again that's as good as this? How do you even know if you'll be alive a year from now?"

Anton laughed and said, "Is that what's called *Gallie gaiety*?"

"I might fall off the mountain . . ."

"We should have brought the ropes and picks then," Anton said. "Shall we go back and get them?"

"Or if I don't fall off the mountain, why there may be a little bug somewhere inside of me, building its nest and getting ready to raise a family, and then . . ."

"My God, you're morbid today." Anton slipped one strap of the knapsack over his shoulder. "Here, help me with this."

Jean helped him pull on the other strap of the knapsack, then reached down and lifted up his own.

"No, I'm not morbid," he said. "Just a realist."

"That's another thing all Frenchmen are supposed to be."

"Yes, we face the facts."

"You not only face them, you pick them up out of the air. Bugs . . ."

"Well, you can laugh, Tony, but how do we know what's being prepared for us, somewhere, by some sinister powers? Eh? 'There are more things on heaven and earth, Horatio . . . We don't know everything.'"

"You're not a realist," Anton said. "You're a mystic."

They started walking along the path. Jean turned partly around and declaimed, "Adieu, fair sylvan spot, when shall I see you once again?"

"On the way down," Anton said.

They walked along now without talking. The path mounted steadily and the early afternoon heat was filling the shadowed places in the woods. As they climbed higher the knapsacks grew heavy and they became conscious of the thinning air, feeling it in the faster beating of their hearts and the quickness of their breathing.

They stopped to rest after half an hour's climbing. They took off their knapsacks and lay down again on the ground, looking up at the pine boughs sharply outlined against patches of sky. Birds, invisible in the high branches, were singing, and once as they lay there they were startled by a fox that ran across the path. They both sat up quickly and tried to see where it had gone. It had already disappeared but they could still see the quick flash of its brush before their eyes and the sharp musky-sweet smell of it hung in a thin streak across the air.

"That's one thing I don't like about the English," Jean said. "Fox hunting. They're always talking about sport but that . . ."

"No," Anton said. "What chance has the fox got? Anyway, I don't like hunting, shooting animals like that. Or birds, either."

Jean nodded his head.

"People think you're sentimental if you say that, but that's not it. It's just not pretty. You see some fine perfect mechanism like that and then it gets hit by a bullet and it just goes all to pieces. It's spoiling something perfect and making it ugly."

"Yes. The crazy sort of way a bird suddenly falls when it's hit . . ."

"I suppose people like shooting because it makes them feel strong and powerful. Like God . . . I wouldn't want to feel like God, though. He's got too much to answer for."

Anton laughed and said, "All those bugs



AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

that are building nests inside of you, eh, Jean? All those falls off the mountainside that are being planned for you."

"That's right," Jean said.

They rested there for a time longer, then they put on their knapsacks and went on. Presently the woods grew thinner and from a distance there came the soft clanking notes of cowbells, scattered and unrhythmic like the sound of a buoy at sea. They came upon open almost level fields lying bright in the sun. The warm air smelt dry and sweet from the grass and from the flowers that grew there, gentians, and poppies and cornflowers. Beyond a rise in the meadow against the open sky a man was swinging an axe and between each axe-stroke there was the sharp short sound of the cleft wood. Near him a woman with a white kerchief over her head was bending over, planting or gathering something in a garden patch. The sun was incandescent in the thin blue air.

As they walked across the field toward the house on the other side Anton said, "We can get something to drink there. Some fresh milk, or some beer."

"Which are you going to have?" Jean stooped down and picked a flower. "I've never seen so many flowers before in my life."

"Yes. Why, the milk is very fine and fresh..."

"So you'll have beer."

They both laughed.

"What kind of a flower is this?" Jean asked.

"I don't know."

They looked at the flower for a few seconds,

then Jean said, "The unknown flower... That sounds good, doesn't it? You could make a poem about that, 'Oh, unknown flower, in this your last and loveliest hour...'" He dropped the flower. "And so on..."

"Very good," Anton said. "Very poetic. Go on."

"That's the trouble with a lot of poetry. It's so easy to write things that sound well, but what do they mean? Nothing."

"Well, they don't have to mean anything. That's why they're poetic. As long as it sounds well it doesn't matter much whether it means anything or not."

"Still, it doesn't seem right to fool people that way—having them look for a meaning where there isn't any."

"People like to be fooled," Anton said.

They came to the house and took off their knapsacks. Jean sat down at the table that stood outside the door and Anton called to the man on the hill. The man put down his axe and came down to them, walking with the long unhurried stride of the mountaineer. He was wearing short leather pants and a green jacket with silver buttons. He had a brown beard and his face looked sunburned and healthy.

They ordered beer and some bread and butter. After he had brought it out to them he leaned back against the wall of the house for a while and watched them as they ate, then went up again to go on with his work.

"Do you like this?" Anton asked, holding up for our close inspection a slice of the damp slightly sour-tasting black bread.

"Very good. I never had any like this before."

"It's like the bread we used to get in the army."

"Ah, those happy days!" Jean said. "God, what awful food! And the *pinard*, the red wine! It's a wonder there's any enamel left on my teeth after that."

"It was a bore," Anton said. "Thank God it's all over."

"Yes. All that endless marching and drilling... I used to get so bored I would have given anything for something to happen—even for a war to come along."

"I suppose that's the way they feel in the army all the time," Anton said.

"And everywhere else, for that matter. I think most people are really pretty bored with life. I'm sure I'm going to be. Tours isn't a very exciting place to spend the rest of your life in."

"It's a beautiful place, though."

"But nothing ever happens there."

"Well, you never can tell," Anton said. "As you said yourself: you never know what's being prepared for you."

"No," Jean shook his head. "I'll just live and die a little provincial bourgeois."

They lighted cigarettes and sat there till they had finished them, then got up and went on.

The woods seemed dark now, after the bright sunlight of the fields. The sun came more slantingly through the trees. Gradually the trees themselves became smaller, thinning out until finally they ended at the timber

Continued in center of page 104

Death of an Outcast

As he lay dying he told Mozie, the house painter, that there was a new life, a great life, a life eternal

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

OUTSIDE the Paradise Hotel hangs a sign which reads: "15 and 25 cents a night." In this East-Side lodging, one flight up through a gas-lit hall varnished tobacco-juice brown, in this way-station for wrecked souls, this mere corridor between our mortal world and the land where sorrow and money are unknown, here last night an outcast died.

This morning the front room is filled with flowers. On the counter are two pails with roses and oddly enough there is a large floral horseshoe with a broad red ribbon on which, in gold paper letters is the word "success."

The flowers came promptly. They were brought in by Mozie, the house painter, within half an hour after the death of the outcast. He found the pails, filled them with water, arranged the flowers and then he went to his cot and got out a suitcase from underneath and threw in his things. Before he departed he went over to the corner of the dormitory and spoke to the outcast whose eyes were now closed.

"I am leaving now and I won't stay to see them take you away. But I got you some flowers. I could not see you go without flowers. The world is the same for everybody and everybody has flowers when he dies and we have a contract between us and so God will forgive me if I went out and got you the flowers. Good-bye old pal. The boys are going to get hold of Chink Collins to come here and say a speech. But I can't stay because when the time comes to go man must obey."

The contract made between Mozie and the dying man was made only a few minutes before the outcast breathed his last. It was made across the iron bed in a corner of the fifty-bed dormitory. The words were declaimed solemnly and aloud. The voice of the dying man was deep, clear and filled the whole room. Most of the lodgers were sitting on their beds and they were witnesses to this oral agreement. Those who were not sitting on their beds were weary and asleep.

Earlier in the evening a collection was taken to get a dollar together and have the

doctor come over. This was about seven o'clock. Mozie contributed a dime and this little coin pried the opening between him and the outcast, which later resulted in the contract.

They gave the doctor his dollar when he came into the room, even before he examined the patient. He took only a few minutes to pronounce the one word: "pneumonia."

"There is no good getting him medicine," he added. "Better call an ambulance and take him to the hospital."

He shut his bag and departed briskly. The men standing about accepted the verdict in silence.

About a half-hour later two well-fed jolly young internes entered. They wore smart blue caps and had warm blue overcoats over their fresh white uniforms. They looked about the dim room and remarked something about Paradise. They carried that smug air and sarcastic bitterness of the newly graduated medical student.

The one who did the superficial examining without even unbuttoning the outcast's shirt remarked to the other: "Bum heart. Bum lungs. Bum . . ." He glanced up and down along the brown army blanket, head to foot: "Bum all over."

At this joke the other doctor smiled but the outcast opened his eyes and in a clear deep voice, as though he were reciting a line in a drama, he said: "It is man's privilege to pass through the gate without humiliation."

"Yes sir, yes sir," said the doctor without the slightest embarrassment. "Anything you say is O. K. with us. Just be quiet and take it easy old boy and everything will come out all right."

Then turning to his companion he whispered:

"The filthy bum wants to high-hat us. I'll be damned if I'll take the stinking louse."

He then drew out a vial of white pills and poured some into a screw of paper. "Give him one of these every two hours." He held out the paper to anyone at all who would take it.

"You are supposed to take him to the hospital," said Mozie.

The interne smiled broadly as he quietly closed his medicine bag.

"We are the accident division and are not allowed to bring in pneumonia cases. Besides he should not be moved in his condition. We are not allowed to carry dead ones in the ambulance."

It was then that Mozie cried out that cry of the homeless, the call of the defeated, the fling of words against society: "You are scum all of you!"

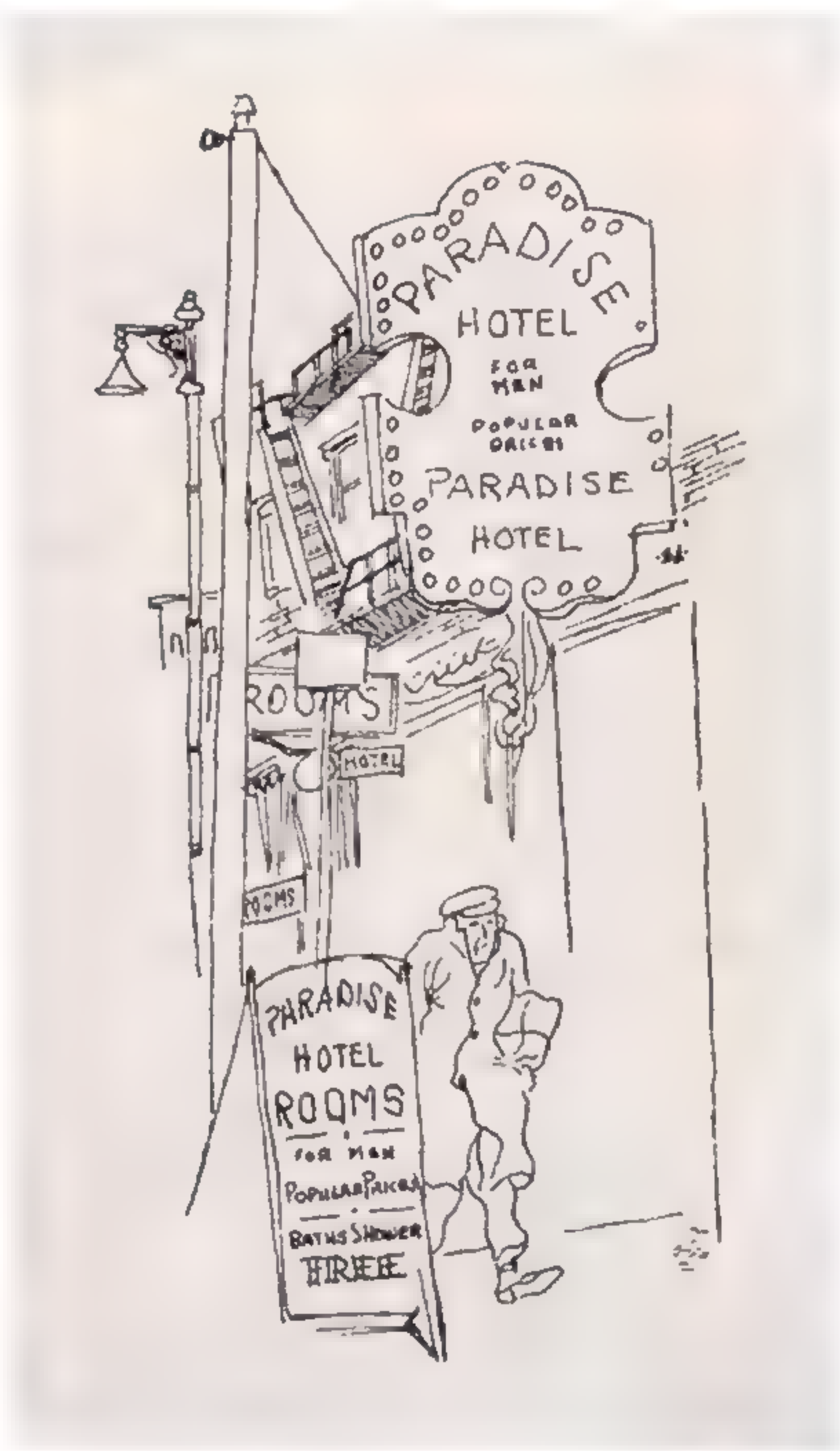
The doctors departed quite hurriedly. And through all this there were some lodgers of the Paradise Hotel—15 and 25 cents a night—who slept soundly. And they even did not awake during the contract which was made later with the dying man.

The outcast had been in the Paradise Hotel only two weeks. During the first week he spoke to nobody and during the second week nobody spoke to him. A big fuss had been made about a corduroy vest lost by an ex-service man called Holley and the finger of suspicion was pointed at the outcast.

"What would I want with a vest?" he protested. "I have two vests . . . So you think I would take a fellow's vest? Do I look that kind? Every man is innocent until proven guilty. But if you think I have his vest you may search me. Here! Come here closer." He reached under his iron cot and drew out his suitcase. The contents he dumped on his bed. "Here!" he repeated. "This is everything, everything! Man wants peace and when he is innocent he fears nothing. Is this his vest?" he held up a dirty brown waistcoat that was in the pile of things on the bed. "No, it is not. And the one I wear, is that his vest? No, it is not. And because of innocence does man deserve mistrust! We who are outcasts from society should live as brothers and not allow that serpent of suspicion to crawl into our lives."

On the bed among his things were a number of old photographs of well-known actors of a generation or more past. Some of these were autographed. But when the outcast, protesting his innocence, noticed that the men about were trying to glance at the pictures he quickly gathered them up and stuffed everything back into his suitcase and closed down the lid.

That is how it happened about a week ago. He opened up his suitcase but not his life. A few things were evident. He had been an actor. He had a name. He was well regarded by his fellow actors for they signed photographs that they gave him. He had stamped the boards before great audiences and his resounding voice was still with him. He could tell much, but misfortune and age made him solitary. The missing corduroy vest brought words to his mouth. He spoke to cry out his innocence and then was silent. But in spite of his protest and display the men felt that



the outcast was guilty. Yet they could pin nothing on him. All this happened a week before Mozie, the house painter, called the smug internes "seum."

As soon as these laundered hospital dandies left, a silence fell upon the place. Someone got a glass of water and they gave the old man one of the pills. And as they were standing about, the old man said softly: "Life is a stream. It begins small and then it has a great rush and then it slows down when it sees the great ocean." He paused and tapped his finger on the blanket. "There is a salty air that fills man's last breath. The world of humiliation and slander I leave for those who . . ." Then he declaimed a line from *Romeo and Juliet*. "How oft when men are at the point of death have they been merry!"

He smiled and with his faculties complete and everything under control he raised his head proudly on the pillow. He was superior to all about him. He was bone, muscle and breath an actor.

The words "humiliation and slander" cut deep. The men were sorry but did not know how to say they were sorry.

Finally after a brief silence one of them came to the side of the bed and took hold of the outcast's hand and spoke bluntly: "I believed what they told me and now I know it could not be true. Everyone said it and so I thought you took the vest but I judged you wrong. Before you go I want to shake your hand."

Holley, the ex-service man, came up next and said: "Me too. It's some other guy took it, not you." He pressed his hand. "I know this for a fact."

And Mozie, who called the internes "seum," said: "When we get the skunk who swiped the vest we will slam him one for you too."

Others also, in the presence of death, came forward to press the feverish hand of the outcast. A vest—such a little thing; and death—such a big thing. What have the cloth trifles of life to do with that proud dark order of eternity?

Mozie asked: "Is there something we can do?"

"No," replied the outcast.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

"And the salt of the sea . . . Do you smell it?"

"Yes. And I want to be merry."

"Can you see that ocean?"

"Soon. Soon."

"Is it big?"

"Yes."

"Big waves or little?"

"Both. Big ones are far apart and little ones between."

"I knew it was like that. I dreamed it," said Mozie.



"It is like that."
"And when you sail out, then all is nothing. It is nothing, nothing."
The dying man shook his head slowly. "No."
"Then what is it?"
"It is the new life, the great life, the life eternal."

"And will you speak and everything?"

"Yes. Speak I will and my voice . . ."

"Listen. We are nobody, we are nothing."

We believe in nobody and we believe in nothing. The world can do without us and we can do without the world, but only one thing would make a difference, a great difference . . . We would like to know. And after you are on the ocean far out and away—after, then with your voice or anyhow, perhaps you will send us a message, a little message, anything, just so that we know it is a place—any place. Just so we know."

"I will," he replied simply.

"And we will stand here and be ready to hear from you."

"Yes."

"And you will not forget us."

You promise?"

"Yes. I promise."

"And on my part—it is a contract—on my part I will do something in return. I will be good—so help me, so help me God."

He clasped the two feverish hands of the dying man. "We live for nothing," said Mozie with tears in his eyes. "We die for nothing. And afterward we believe there is nothing; just plain nothing. And that is why it does not matter. But if we could only know that there was something, then, then it would be different, oh so different! And now you will promise to let us know."

"I will. I promise."

"And we will wait for the word."

And you will not pass us by."

"No, not the homeless, not you."

"Make a vow."

"A broken word is a broken hope. I make a vow and I swear by all hearts that are homeless and lonely, I swear by mankind and all the wanderers and those blindly seeking kindness and warmth. I swear by man's necessities, by everything that is holy, that I will keep my word. I will keep it . . . I will keep it . . . I swear. Salt is the air of sleep . . . I swear."

With these words the outcast breathed his last.

"It's a solemn contract," said Mozie before he went out to get the flowers. And later he packed his suitcase and departed saying good-bye to no one but the outcast.

Even before the flowers arrived they had sent over to get the Irishman Chink Collins who lived close by in Chinatown. It was he who presided over funerals and took care of intimate neighborhood affairs. He adjusted difficulties and arbitrated disputes. The jade

and gold ring that he wore was a present from two Chinese merchants.

As they mounted the stairs, Meyer the lodging-house keeper, turned the lights up a bit and ushered them into the dormitory. He also went about the beds to awake some of those who were sleeping and had been asleep all night long.

"Get up," he said. "The old man kicked the bucket and Chink has come over to make a speech."

Chink lost no time but flung at once into his oration.

"We do not know this man who we now surrender to the grave. But he is like one of us. He walked with us, he talked with us, he ate with us and he breathed the same air that we now breathe. But now he no longer walks, nor can he reply, and as for food—hunger has been cheated—and his breath is stopped. This my friends is what we call death. That is how it is when we go. But they tell me that our friend was an actor from old Broadway. He once knew the great ones and he once played with stars. But today he played his last show without footlights and this humble floor was his stage. And now he has taken his last bow and that deep red velvet curtain has come down for the last time. Was life a drama or a comedy? It makes little

difference. The end is the end. And our friend now smiles from his peace and rest for he has gone across to join the great ones who are there to welcome him with open arms. And they will be learning their parts again and once more they will stamp the boards. And trumpets will blow before the great curtain in the sky rises. Gentlemen, we are assembled here to bid a friend good-bye and . . ."

"The police!" whispered the lodging-house keeper hoarsely. "They have arrived."

The two officers in the presence of death were unable at once to discharge their duty. They entered the room, removed their hats and waited for the Irishman to finish his oration. And then when the oration was done they put on their hats and asked for Mozie.

"He's gone," said Meyer the proprietor of Hotel Paradise.

"Well, we are looking for him. I suppose those are the flowers."

"Yes, he brought them just a few minutes ago."

"Sure we know. He stole them from the Greek. And that big horseshoe is supposed to be delivered to the delicatessen store opening at eight o'clock in the morning."

"Well, if you want to take the flowers away from a dead man go and take them," said Meyer.

"Leave it to Collins," said one of the officers.

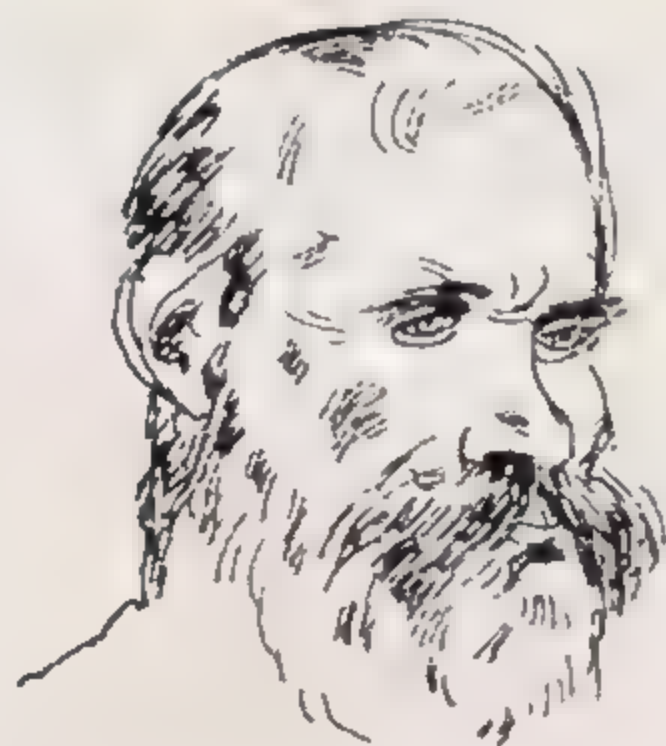
"Is the Greek sore?" Collins inquired.

"Sure he is sore."

"Well then say we just borrowed them and we will deliver the horseshoe ourselves in the morning. As for the roses—well, if he wants them back . . . Hell, tell him they are all faded."

The officers of the law were satisfied with

Continued at top of page 189





"You're fired! Both of you!"

We've Been Betrayed

Three-cornered diapers were good enough for our children till the Labor Department came messing in

by DOUG WELCH

• SATIRE •

COMING as I do from a long and distinguished line of deep-resenters—my grandfather, old Preston Carstairs, once resented President Cleveland to a depth of ninety-eight feet from a standing start—I suppose I am altogether too bitter about what the stylists are doing in the matter of infant underwear.

Specifically I refer to what the stylists have done to the old-fashioned three-cornered breech cloth or “diaper” (to coin a word), which was good enough for our fathers, good enough for us, and even good enough for our children until a year or two ago when, it seems, the experts began messing into the subject.

I am sure a great many American fathers will be shocked to learn that the three-cornered diaper, the sum of the squares of two sides of which was equal to the square of the hypotenuse, has given way utterly to a new-fangled square diaper, the sums of the squares of which are equal to nothing much whatever, and which, in addition, are the very devil to pin. Nor is that the worst of it. Right at this very moment there is an insidious movement afoot, a restless stirring among the experts, to substitute for the square diaper a fancy cornucopiate variety, which is neither fish nor fowl, and which I frankly doubt will do the work.

The mothers of this and succeeding generations are going to find an increasing reluctance among fathers to have any traffic with diapers, and they will have no one to blame but themselves. For, while it is possible for the man of average intelligence to learn to master



the old triangular wrap in a month or two, I know by actual test that it simply does not lie within the male creature to fathom the intricacies of the square and cornucopiate types in less than a year. The fathers are going to say the hell with it, and deservedly, too. I am sorry to have to say this, but it is the truth.

A lot of people, of course, will say that I'm writing all of this right out of my head, and that I probably don't know a diaper from a pillow slip—me, who in 1932 cut up twenty yards of daisy cloth for two dozen diapers, and didn't forget to allow something for the hems! The truth of the matter is that I have but recently become a father for the second time (someday I'm going to have to find out what *causes* this), and I have been utterly appalled by the changes that have taken place in almost every phase of infant care in the last six years.

As one who had been in the shadow of the delivery-room door before, I cut a rather dashing figure among the first-time fathers on our maternity floor, and I think they respected me and looked up to me as an unimpeachable authority on all matters of confinement, delivery, formulae, breast-feeding and what a terrible change the average family bathroom undergoes the minute baby arrives home.

“Ask Welch, he will know,” the first-time fathers were all saying, and what's more, I

did know. But I had no sooner got my second child (a boy this time, I don't know how I did it) safely ensconced in the old manor house than I discovered I was as green as the rankest neophyte. Six years before I had developed a high degree of proficiency with the old-style triangular wrap. I was a twenty-nine-second man, and inordinately proud of it. Dozens of women relatives and neighbors, in fact, grimly and grudgingly admitted that I had the neatest upper fold this side of the Mississippi River. Within a week or two, I am confident, I would have recovered most of my old form. But was I permitted to? No. The authorities—the people who write books about infant care, and presumably have no infants of their own—were sounding the praises of the square wrap and deriding the old triangular wrap almost to the point of calling it subversive and unAmerican.

At the risk of appearing conceited I want to say that I have mastered the square diaper, but only at the cost of a great deal of time and study and patient experimentation. I can put on one of the new square diapers, yes. But I'm not a twenty-nine-second man, and the job I do is scarcely better than passable. The difficulty lies not so much in craftsmanship as in the fundamental weaknesses of the square wrap. The trouble is that if you fold wide enough to permit a little overlapping at the top where you must do your pinning, your diaper won't bulk enough below. On the other hand, if you allow for the needed bulk below, you simply cannot bring the

Continued on page 134



The Eternal Hotfoot

A practical joke can't be fair to both parties but it should be funny, and it can be if the victim has asked for it

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

I HAVE a quarter-page comic drawing; it is signed Poir (maybe there's more of the name, but the page got cut at that point); I think it comes from an old issue of *Judge*; and I also think it is very funny. A thug is sitting in the witness' chair, his mouthpiece is arguing with the judge; and with a look of fiendish triumph, the criminal is giving the judge the hotfoot.

To the best of my recollection I have never received the hotfoot; as far as I know I have never, in any sober moment, wanted to give the hotfoot to anyone, and in drunken moments, I have other and better things to do. At least they seem better at the time. So I speak without prejudice. And I say that taken in itself, the pure essential uncircumstanced hotfoot is far from funny. I have watched it in operation; I have made a study of the giver and the victim. And all I can see in it is the triumph of a rather low form of animal cunning—the same quality which a Boston Adams found in successful business men. It is not easy to insert the match at the exact point where it will stick between the upper and the sole, without being caught. The hot-footer, therefore, has proved a delicacy of hand. What else?

Well, he has given or caused pain. That's something in a world—or at least in a country which forbids you to beat people up in concentration camps. Perhaps the hotfoot is our substitute for sadism by government decree. It must be something like that, because it has existed a long time.

It seems to flourish miraculously in California. I have the story from a man who says he was there when a hotfoot on an almost cosmic scale was performed, and it wasn't in the movie colony. A woman of considerable wealth (let's say about fifty million in her own name) gave a beach party and presented to each of her guests a new bathing suit. So all the guests put them on and all went into the water at the same time, and in about three minutes they felt something happening—the costumes were made of a new material which dissolved in water and they came shrieking up the beach mother-naked. The element of pain-giving is only moderate. It's the intent and the scale that make the episode good.

A few months ago Alva Johnston wrote an account of Hollywood's pranks for the *Saturday Evening Post*, and skillfully divided them into classes: practical jokers for fun, for a



purpose, for self-defense, and for the deflation of pomposity. Now the last goes back to the hotfoot for the judge; and the hotfoot for the judge goes forward to a decent human basis for the practical joke: that the joker must stand to lose, the joker must be able to take it as well as the victim. The thug in the chair was taking a chance, and was willing to take it in order to have his fun. Most of the hot-footers are not.

Classic on both seacoasts is the insolent waiter, who seems to have been invented, or exploited, by the Barnetts, father and son. The idea is that *you* have to be able to take it. The waiter spills soup over your new gown or down your shirt bosom and then calls you names (that's the base of the comedy, the details are marvelously inventive) and you mustn't get sore. But apart from the faint chance of physical violence, what does the waiter or your host who hired the waiter—what do they stand to lose? Nothing whatever. Before the cigar explodes in *your* face, the man who gave it to you has removed himself to a safe distance.

Now it's out of the question to say that the practical joke ought to be fair to both parties; but it isn't silly to say that it ought to be funny. And it can be funny if the victim is asking for it. Does a man proclaim loud and long that no woman can resist him, you have the basis of a practical joke in which the resistance of an entire harem, in a public place, is the theme. Does a man assert his command of ten foreign tongues, you are justified in a masquerade during which a skillful fellow

refuses to understand him when he says "Bonjour." If one says he is immune to moderate shocks of electricity, wire his toilet seat, if that's your idea of fun. But if he hasn't boasted, what's the point.

A friend of mine was working in Hollywood when color was just coming to the films. He isn't a peculiarly grim person, but he is interested in his work and he thought that his employers, who were about to invest a couple of million dollars, one way and another, in a thing which might fail or, by succeeding, might cause them infinite headaches—he assumed that they, too, were interested. And half of the time he was called to see the heads of the company, they were sitting down on electric seats or planning an elaborate and pointless deception on a friend. And he thought, maybe these people are so worried about the money they have to spend, that they have to play

jokes to take their minds off it. And he also thought, maybe they don't give a damn about the banker's money, since they are pretty sure of getting their own—and play practical jokes because that's their only idea of fun.

But will you note that the hotfoot doesn't get into the pictures themselves. Brutality, yes. The big cop pushing in the face of the innocent little man runs back to Chaplin's first days; the violence of Harold Lloyd as he dashes about his appointed business, mowing down all and sundry, is right enough—because Lloyd suffers and agonizes, too. Donald Duck is the man for your money if you want to see uncalled-for rage; but Donald Duck asks for it and takes it. He attacks his equals or his superiors. He attacks those who can destroy him. That isn't the hotfoot.

In the English theatres the gallery-gods have their own method of criticism. They begin a rhythmic clapping of hands when a play begins to displease them; they drown out an actor; they break up a show. Their verdict is said to be more important than that of the critics. You do not expect them to discriminate between a bad bit of dialogue and a bad piece of acting; the actor may suffer unjustly, when the critical hotfoot should go to the author or director. But at least the motive is there, a justifiable one. They have paid for goods which aren't up to standard.

You can see the motive in the work of clowns. If you look hard enough you can see the hotfoot in Aristophanes and in the Pan-

Continued on page 144



"Haven't I any choice in the matter?"



These are the good companions. Joe convinced Mac that his week's wages could be tripled in one afternoon. Joe told him his systems always worked . . . on paper, and in a philanthropic moment, he agreed to help him. Poor Mac's ignorance lies in his bliss. Joe is so full of dope, he should be investigated by the Narcotic Squad.

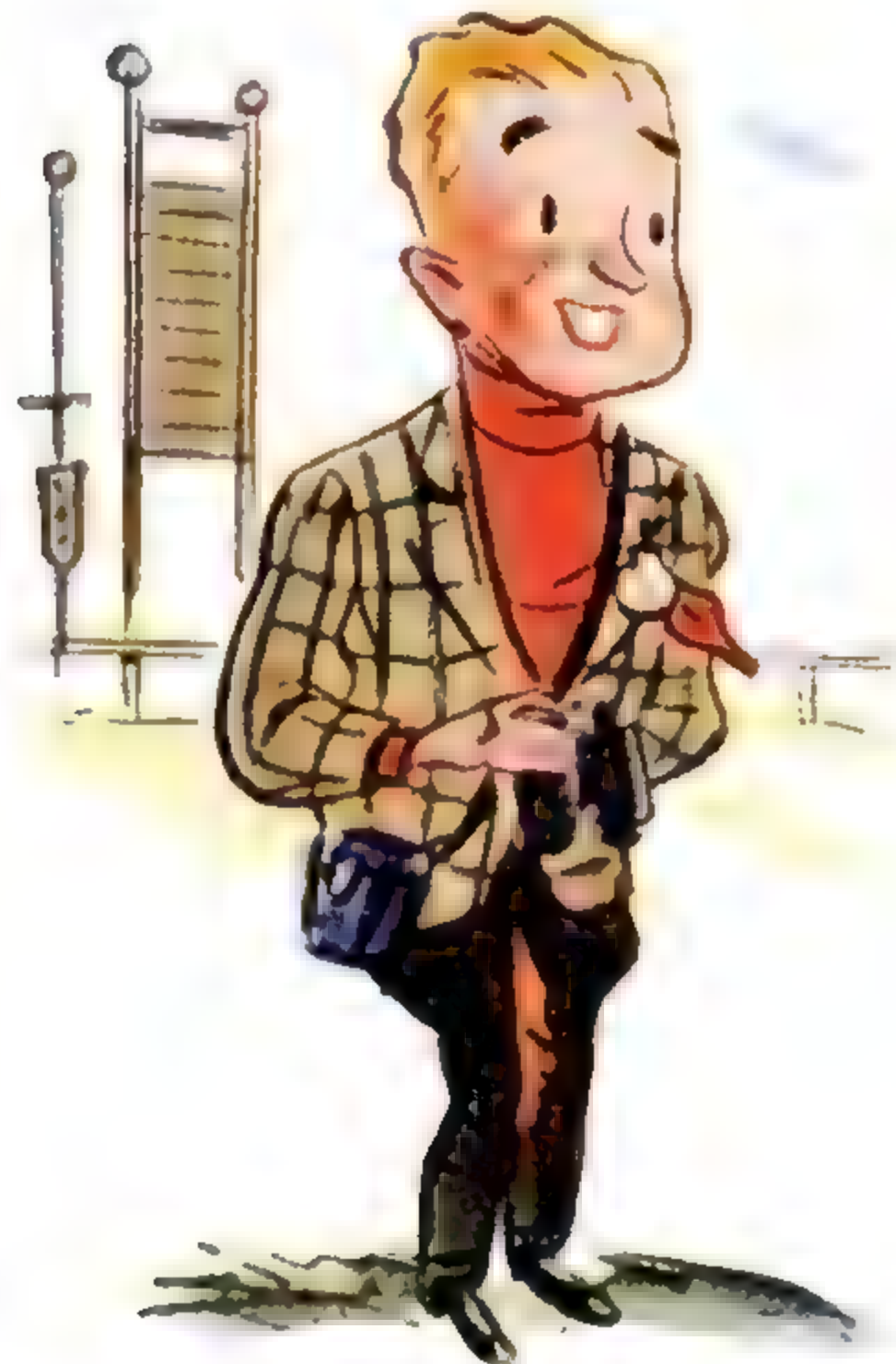
They're Off!

Season in, season out, you'll find them at Aqueduct, Belmont, Hialeah, Santa Anita, Churchill Downs, crazy over horses, horses, horses, or just crazy, these ardent followers of the sport of kings. Touts and sportsmen, gamblers and housewives, these scholars of the scratch sheet treasure their systems, ignoring the experience that they can't place their bets and have them, too. Weather clear, track fast. The bugle blows. Entrants are at the starting line. A snort of challenge. The barrier is up! A cloud of brown dust, and shrilly, across the open field reverberates the cry, "They're off!"

by MURRAY & HENRY BOLTINOFF



According to Hollywood tradition each stable employs at least one colored boy. For pictorial purposes, we've chosen Smokey. He's wet nurse to the steeds. He brushes them, feeds them, and when they run, he's worth his weight in rabbits' feet and horseshoes. If anyone knows a horse, it's Smokey. But who wants to know a horse?



It was no surprise to the world, thanks to an energetic press agent, that Barry Adams of Magnetic Pictures had purchased a stable at Santa Anita. Anything for the fans. But Barry hasn't been to the stables since the day of the purchase when he posed for photographers. He's hated horses ever since a mare misplaced a hoof, mistaking the seat of his trousers for the turf.



Military titles are distributed without the slightest qualms of conscience at the tracks. Owners are usually referred to as Captains or Colonels, but Col. Pinkpebble is a former captain of the button industry. He made his fortune in buttons and invested it in a string of horses, just in time, too, because the zipper replaced the button.



Offhand we can't say if there's such a thing as justifiable homicide, but if Harry commits mayhem on the person of Dizzy Liz, we're certain he'd get away with it if he based his plea on self-defense. For the past hour, she's been attacking his sanity with her cenny-meeny-mo choices on the racing card. Heavens above! One of her choices just came in! There'll be no holding her down now, or Harry, for that matter.



You should cut a wide path around guys like little Louie. He sells tips on Horses. If you're not in need of tips, he'll sell you anything from a tie clasp to a vacuum cleaner. You'd be safer if you took one of those instead if his snubbing of War Admiral's chances is any indication of his ability. He says he's in the know, but it'd be more truthful to spell it n-o.



Papa trudged off to the office, the children shuffled off to school, and Mamma scurried off to the races. The old sewing circle and bridge club have been replaced by the Parlor Parlay, a weekly meeting of all horse-women in the neighborhood. Mamma doesn't read magazines anymore. She's subscribed to the scratch sheet.

The System Again

After your horse has qualified for consistency, make sure he's a bet from every other handicapping angle

by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

• SPORTS •



IN THE issues of Esquire for March and October, 1937, I printed articles on a simple system of play on ultra-consistent horses which I claimed and which in fact had shown astonishingly good results in terms of profits at all major tracks when wagered and checked on over a period of months. I now have a background of betting experience with the method extending from May 4, 1936, to August 29, 1938, with certain intermissions in the autumns and early winters. Inasmuch as I have received a considerable correspondence inquiring about further results of betting the system, through Esquire, two or three other magazines and the publisher of two books outlining and detailing the rules and the results of play, it seems probable that there is enough reader interest in the matter to call for a final article briefly restating the rules, outlining the money results of play for 1936, 1937 and 1938, and making pertinent comments.

The rules for getting plays are simple enough and may be stated quite briefly.

That horse is a bet which is the only one in his race to have won this year (if he has started ten times or more) or this year and last taken together (if he has started less than ten times this year) at least one-third of his starts while running in the money (first, second or third; wins to be counted again) at least one-half the time. Thus, to qualify, a horse which has started twelve times this year, or twice this year and ten times last year, must have won at least four of his tries and have run second twice or third twice or second once and third once. If one or more other horses in the race also qualify under this rule there is no selection and no bet.

Also any horse qualifying for consistency under the primary rule of selection just stated cannot be selected and accepted as a play if he is: (1) unsound; (2) aged, over six years old; (3) a two-year-old; (4) a chronic quitter; (5) a sprinter in a route-race; (6) a router in a sprint-race; (7) a plater entered in a claiming-race at a valuation less than \$1500. Also (8) a qualifying filly or mare cannot be taken against even non-qualifying males from April 1 to September 1 of each year; (9) no bets are to be made on off tracks, slow, heavy or muddy; (10) no horse can be accepted as a play if he appears to be overweighted; (11) no horse can be accepted if he is meeting today a field of better class than those he made his record against; and (12) no conforming system-horse is to be played when there is another animal in the field which previously has beaten him within the showing of the past-performance lines in a standard racing

sheet unless there has been a considerable weight-shift in favor of the system-horse in comparison with the other.

No attempt has been made here to state these rules in the order of their relative importance. All of the numbered rules of exclusion of plays stated above should be followed religiously.

After one has gained some familiarity with the rules and their application it is only a twenty- or twenty-five minute task to select a day's plays from among the entrants at five or six major tracks as set up in the past-performance records of a racing sheet.

As I have presented the method in the past it calls for three types of play on each day's horses in the amounts indicated or in proportion thereto, all bets being made to win only. These three methods follow:

First, a \$2 win bet on each selection;

Second, progressive betting to win, after a loss or losses, in the ratio 2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10, further progression to be stopped and the bet held at \$10 (or other proportionate amount) when the bet gets so high, and to return to the original \$2 (or other proportionate amount) following a win;

Third, parlay betting to win, \$2 (or other proportionate amount) to be wagered to win on the first horse, stake and winnings to be bet on the second horse in the event of success and profits from the two retained if the second also wins.

In operating at several tracks it is necessary to make progressive bets on the basis whether a day has shown a loss or a profit rather than whether a single race has done so. Thus, if today's two or three or four horses, bet \$2 each on the progression operation after a winning day yesterday, show a net loss, then all of the qualifying horses that turn up tomorrow must be bet \$3 to win under the progression. If tomorrow also shows a loss, all of next day's progressive plays will be in the amount of \$4 to win, and so on up to bets of \$10. Any winning day takes the progression back to the original \$2 on all horses qualifying the next day. No "due columns," so called, are carried in an effort to force a winning of so much a day or a race.

That's the method. Now let's look at the record, as Al Smith used to say.

In the year 1936, from May 4 to November 3, 192 win plays were selected and made. Of these, 85 won, for a winning percentage of 44, which is very high. On the basis of \$2

play the following results were experienced:

Flat-play profit, \$163.45 on \$384 bet, or 42%

Progression-profit, \$270.25 on \$596 bet, or 45%

Parlay-profit, \$444.40 on \$384 bet, or 115%

Longest streak consecutive losers.....7

In the year 1937, from January 20 to October 13, 315 win plays were selected and made. Of these, 108 won, for the fair winning percentage of 34.2. On the basis of \$2 play the following results were experienced:

Flat-play profit, \$190.20 on \$630 bet, or 30%

Progression-profit, \$251.50 on \$1141 bet, or 22% Progression-profit.

Parlay-profit, \$764.00 on \$630 bet, or 121%

Longest streak consecutive losers.....13

In the year 1938, from January 22 to August 29, 155 win plays were selected and made. Of these only 42 won, for the inferior winning percentage of 27. On the basis of \$2 flat play, the following results were experienced:

Flat-play loss, \$91.00 on \$310 bet, or 29%

Progression-loss, \$187.70 on \$627 bet, or 29%

Parlay-loss, \$176.50 on \$310 bet, or 57%

Longest streak consecutive losers.....17

In the first year of play, 1936, the highest percentage of winners was experienced, 44, in conjunction with an average price on winners somewhat in excess of 2 to 1, which two factors yielded the splendid results shown. In 1937 the percentage of winners, 34, was materially inferior, but the average price on winners was better, in fact nearly 3 to 1, so that satisfactory results still were shown. But in 1938 the percentage of winners sagged to the low point of 27 while the average price on winners dropped to below 2 to 1, with the result that material loss was incurred.

I have gone over the figures with a fine-toothed comb repeatedly, not only the summaries shown here but also my detailed notes of daily play, embracing comments on the individual horses involved, my own opinion of their chances in the light of a straight handicapping analysis apart from the system, the opinions of public selectors, etc. And for the life of me I am unable to explain how and why a method of selection that stood up so stubbornly for the years 1936 and 1937 should have gone all to pieces in 1938.

In 1938 too many of the horses have gone as short-priced favorites to admit of any



Continued in center of page 120



Fun Before Breakfast

**A stirring one-act drama to be
recited while preparing to man
the oars of your rowing machine**

by HORATIO WINSLOW

• SATIRE •

IT MUST be almost time for the breakfast bell. A minute ago Florence barged in without knocking; snatched the morning paper out of my hand, ground my cigarette under heel; and, with a certain lack of self-control, remarked, "According to your own doctor's report, Ronnie, you now weigh two hundred and nine on the hoof."

"Yes, Florence."

"You told me three months ago that you couldn't exercise it off, because you had no rowing machine."

"Yes, Florence."

"Do you recognize that contraption on the floor? I mean the one you're sitting in: you know—sliding seat, handles, iron braces for your feet?"

"Yes, Florence," I said with simple dignity, "I am seated in the rowing machine you gave me three months ago."

"It's plated with chromium, Ronnie, and streamlined. It has a clock, a tension dial and three other gadgets."

"Every morning, Florence, I am more and more grateful to you."

"And every morning I exhaust myself getting you out of bed and into your trunks and shoes, and what do I find? There you sit in that rowing machine, smoking a cigarette and reading the morning paper. Ronnie, tell me frankly: how long do you row each morning?"

"Florence," I said, for lying is repugnant to me, "I haven't started yet."

"Then for three months you've come down here every morning to sit in the rowing machine and read the paper and poison yourself with cigarettes? Have you no intention of exercising?"

"Yes, Florence," I said quietly. "But I don't believe in rushing things. Well begun is half done. I am going at this scientifically. I am not merely smoking and reading a paper; I am distracting my attention while my Unconscious solves one of the preliminary problems of rational exercise."

The slamming of the door which punctuated this explanation was quite unnecessary; but when a man marries he'd better be prepared to suffer in silence. If, for three months, I have been working on a method to make exercise interesting, I should say that instead of harsh words I deserve gratitude and what

not. But I don't complain and, if I've done my duty, that's enough for me.

And I have done my duty. Thanks to hard work I've practically completed *The Poughkeepsie Mystery*, Unit One of the new system. It's a drama written especially for a rowing machine. There are three characters, but you play them all yourself and, if you don't happen to remember the lines, you can ad lib as much as you please.

The action is entirely confined to the shell of the Varsity Eight during the big race, beginning just as the boat nears the end of the third mile. The characters are:

Jack, Stroke of the Varsity Eight,

Harry, Coxswain of the Varsity Eight,

The Masked Stranger.

"How are we doing, Harry?"

"We're beating them all, Jack."

"Can you tell me where Pittsburgh is, Harry?"

"Pittsburgh is taking our wash, Jack."

"A wash is what Pittsburgh needs, Harry. Where is the Navy?"

"Trying to build up a football team."

"Is something the matter with Yale?"

"Plenty."

"Can you see Harvard?"

"I've never been able to see Harvard."

"How about the University of Wisconsin?"

"They've given it back to the Indians."

Just a bit of opening repartee to put you in good humor before you settle down to work. And now the drama begins.

"Harry, just then, when I looked over my shoulder, I saw a masked girl fall into the river. It looks like she's drowning."

"Let her drown, Jack; we must win this race no matter what the cost to our moral sentiments."

"No, Harry, no; I cannot let an innocent girl drown."

"Listen, Jack, if she's so innocent as all that, why is she wearing a mask?"

"That is no question to ask, Harry, when a life is at stake. Catch hold of my oar, little girl, and climb in. Are you comfortable?"

"Don't be a fool, Jack; throw her out."

"How can you be so heartless, Harry?"

"Don't you realize, Jack, we're in a race?"

And that this rescue has delayed us until we're trailing everybody but Lawrence College."

"As a human being, Harry, I have obligations to humanity, cost what it may to my personal fortunes."

"All right, Jack. But when masked girls begin getting into shells then it's time for individualists like me to get out. Goodby, Jack; I'm swimming ashore."

"Little girl, will you kindly move back into the coxswain's seat, take one of those cords in each hand and steer us to victory?"

"Of course I will, Jack. Stroke! Stroke!"

"Where is Alfred College, little girl?"

"There is no such college, Jack. It's impossible."

"That shows you don't read the football schedules."

"I'll take your word for it, Jack. Ten big ones now to beat Cornell!"

Here the excitement really begins. She keeps

calling for "ten more big ones" to beat Washington or California or Illinois Wesleyan or any other institution of learning on your list. This continues until you're ready to stop for the morning.

"Jack! Jack! We're winning! We've won! Hear the cannon!"

"Yes, little girl, thanks to your inspiring aid, we've won. And now will you favor me by taking off your mask and letting me know who you are?"

"I will indeed take off my mask, Jack; because I am none other than—"

And right there, I'll admit frankly, I've been blocked. Who is this girl and why is she wearing a mask? I've spent three months trying to figure that out and I'm no farther along than I was the first morning. Of course there are possibilities, but somehow they don't click. The best idea I've got so far is to have the stranger pull off a blond wig with the mask and say in a hoarse, manly voice, "Hello, fellows, fooled you that time. I'm Frank Merriwell of Yale and I did this because it was my only way of foiling Harry, who had sold the race to the University of Texas."

And is this solution logical? Does it stand up? Would Frank Merriwell ever do such a thing?

Well, the long struggle would be a heart-break to anyone of lesser will power; but I say to myself, "We will stick it out on this line if it takes all summer." And all fall, too. And all winter. That is, with refreshments

Continued at top of page 181



The Crazy Professor

**Damned if the Carver College Campus
didn't bloom in song, like England
did in the reign of Queen Elizabeth**

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •

SHAN POWDERJAY walks over the crushed-limestone path at Carver College. Little grey soup-bean clouds of limestone dust swirl from the toes of his black brogan shoes. He will be in College as soon as he registers. He walks past the big pine-flank Gymnasium with millions of dark pine knotholes in the planks. The smelly pine resin oozes out in big gobby-twists around the knotholes. It is amber-colored in the bright light of the September sun.

He walks upon the green-grassy slope of the mountainside and falls in behind a long line of Mountain boys and girls waiting to register. They talk and laugh and punch each other in the ribs as the line moves slowly on into the library. The dead leaves slowly drift from the locust trees beside the library to the green-carpeted earth. As the students move inside the library, students come out holding little written cards in their hands. They laugh and talk and run over the green grassy slope down to the limestone road.

One student comes out and says: "John, Carver's got one of the funniest looking English teachers in there I ever saw in my life. I thought he was a one-horse farmer. Great big man, brown as a leaf, with close-cut hair that stands up on his head like hog bristles. He's got eyes like a possum's eyes that shine in the dark. Big bull-neck that he can't get a shirt to button around. Has to leave the collar open. I took a chance, signed up for his course."

"You don't say Steave," says John, the tall bean-pole boy with the red hair and guinea-egg freckled face. John laughs and spreads his biscuit thick lips apart like window curtains and exposes two rows of dark broken teeth. Students look at each other and grin.

Shan wants to see this teacher. He wants to study English. He wants to learn to write. The girl in front of Shan says: "That's the way with Carver College. Gets dumb chicks of English teachers. Had one last year. That's why I'm taking the course over. Glad old Perry got fired. Won't get the chance to flunk me again. Look at the new teacher won't you!"

Shan sees the new teacher. He is a big robust man behind a desk. He is filling out cards rapidly. As his hand moves his ears move and his whole face moves. It comes right at you. Shan thinks: "I like his looks. He does look like a farmer. His face is solid as a brown sun-heated cornfield rock. His hair is pasture briar scythed stubbles. His lips are well-curved and willingly smile."

The big man speaks to Shan. He says: "Your name please?"

"My name is Shan Powderjay."

"Do you like English?"

"I like English. I try to write myself."

"That's fine," says the big professor with life bursting from his brown face and small blue pools of shining eyes. "I try to write too. I'm going to organize a creative writing class and I might want you in it. I'll take your name down."

Shan sees his name go down with a list of Carver College student names. There was Seaton Applegate's name down. He was the big boy with the red-apple cheeks, the rag-weed black curly hair and the peg-leg pants held up by a broad snake-skin belt.

It is Monday morning. The English class starts. Professor Sholl says: "My methods of teaching may not be highly approved by many of you. I'm not going to fail any of you. The first three months we're going to do compositions twice a week. One day each week we'll have the best compositions read in class. One day each week we'll sweat over the textbook and laugh. Your composition grades will largely depend on the number of words you write for the first quarter. Write anything you please. Do it the best you can. Laugh or cry when you write. Don't work under a strain. I'll give you a suggested reading list imposed on me by the institution. You don't have to follow it. Read what you please. Just so you read. List the books you have read and your own original comment on each. No forms for these comments. Make your own forms. Go to it!"

"Damn me," says Fatty Thomas, "I thought the man was crazy. Now I know it. Hell, I can't write a letter home let alone a theme, story, poem. What the hell!"

"Get your old love letters from Jessie and hand 'em in to him," says John Hitchcock. John bends over and laughs.

"Just what I'll do," says Fats, "by-gad I'll turn the joke on him. He said write anything so it was words. Love letters are words."

"Students of my English class," says Larry Sholl, "I got some excellent letters from a student in my class. I got a group of five letters. They have been an inspiration to me while writing stories of my own and working on my Cotton novel. I'm not young anymore as this boy. He gives me the love-slant of a College Freshman. They are letters, written without restraint when the student didn't realize he was writing. That's the way good stories, good poems, essays and novels are often brought into the world. I'm going to give this student an A. He's a great lover on paper—and a great inspiration to me."

The students look at each other. They smile and many of them wink. Professor Sholl wipes the sweat from his thick brown brow and pulls off his coat and hangs it on the back of his chair. He says: "Some of you farm boys write articles on how to make tobacco beds, keep land from washing, trim fruit

trees. Write up the things about you—the things you know."

Jim Smedley says: "I thought this class would be a joke. But it's damn nigh working me to death. Never thought I'd like to write but I do when I can write as I please. First time in my life I've been able to write without somebody standing over me with a club."

"I'll tell you," says Seaton Applegate, "people need to live better in this world."

"Don't tell me about it," says Larry Sholl, "write it down on paper and I'll give you a list of magazines where you can send it. Tell it to the world. If you tell it well enough people will read what you have to say."

Joe Tremper brings his article to the class: "How To Prepare Tobacco Seed-Beds." He reads it. "That my boy," says Larry Sholl, "is good writing. I could go upon the hill now and prepare a tobacco seed-bed. You should sell that, Joe. Send it to *The Farmer's Magazine*."

Seaton Applegate reads his: "Last Mile." Seaton starts to wave his hands to us students and preach.

"Not that," says Mr. Sholl, "write it down. Write more and more. You've not done enough. Send your 'Last Mile' to *The Holy Observer*."

The students like the English class. They have no fear of the big rugged man with the bullet-shaped head like a pear turned upside-down and glued securely onto a crib-door-wide pair of shoulders. Ron East says: "People with money hoarded in flour-barrels and stocking-legs. People with plenty and yet people in Poor Valley on sufferance without clothes to their backs and bread in their cupboards."

"Don't tell me Ron," says Professor Sholl, "write it up. Put down on paper what you saw so the other man can see it. When you put it down so other men can see it, if you get it where they can, you'll see a clean-up in Poor Valley. The pen, Ron, so I've read, is mightier than the sword."

Big Ron East swaggers out of the room. He turns at the door and says: "Professor Sholl, you're nothing but a Capitalist."

"Write that up too," says Professor Sholl, "show the people how I'm a Capitalist. I am a Capitalist but with just a damn little bit of capital."

The class adjourns. The students stop under the brown-leaf autumn trees and argue about authors, books and writing, as the dead leaves hasten to the ground. More students stop and talk to Professor Larry Sholl each day.

"My old man" says Fleet Rose, "sent me up here to take pre-med and not to be a short-story writer. Damned if this place ain't going to bloom in song one of these days like

England did in Queen Elizabeth's reign. I'm letting my science go to hell and writing short stories.

Shan Powderjay wants to talk more to Larry Sholl but he hates to take all his time. He stands at the classroom door and watches this man swing his body at an easy gait under the big oak and locust trees, to his little cabin at the upper edge of the Campus. He walks with his arms as much as his legs. His eyes are always glued to the ground as if he has to keep his eyes on the little path to follow it under the trees.

Jim Smedley says: "Boys, I guess you heard about Joe Tremper selling his article, *How to Prepare a Tobacco Seed-Bed*. Got two bucks for it from *The Farmer's Progress*. I room with Joe. You ought to see all the letters Joe's got from the farmers asking him more about this new way of preparing the bed that Joe suggested. If he'd answer all the letters he's got he wouldn't have any of the two bucks left. Would take it all for postage. Joe's going to keep the two bucks and not answer the letters. He's writing another article. 'That's nothing,' says Fean Burchett, 'that little article Floss Newberry wrote about cooking poke-berry greens in the spring and how good they were mixed with a little mouse's ear greens—Floss sold it for one dollar to the *Farm Woman*. She's got over three hundred letters. If she'd answer them she'd flunk every course she's taking at Carver College. Bess Tompkins sold her article *How To Keep The Yards Clean* to the *Circle Magazine* for three dollars. She's not got any letters yet but she will from a lot of old hens who hate to scratch in their yards any more than they have to.'

Shan Powderjay hears Professor Larry Sholl wants a boy to cut weeds in his yard and wash his Dodge touring car every Saturday morning. He walks up the path to Larry Sholl's cabin. He says: "Mr. Sholl I want the job of cutting the grass from your yard and washing your car."

Professor Sholl types on. He does not speak until he has finished a page. Then he says: "Shan you can have the job. My wife, Murtie, will tell you what to do." He goes back to typing. Shan walks into the front room of the cabin. He says: "Mrs. Sholl, I'm Shan Powderjay, I'm one of Professor Sholl's students. I've got the job cutting the grass and washing the Dodge every Saturday morning."

"I've heard Larry speak of you," says Mrs. Sholl. "I know you already. Larry says you write good poetry."

"He never told me that," says Shan, "he always says for me to keep on writing."

"He likes your work," says Mrs. Sholl. She is a small woman, with brown wavy hair sky-blue eyes and a soft Louisiana voice. She wears a loose dress and apron. She is going to have a baby.

"Larry's working on his Cotton novel. He's rewriting it the third time. He works between classes on it. He works at night on it. He works on Saturdays and Sundays. I call him for his food sometimes and he just sits and stares at me."

Shan takes a scythe and cuts the grass in Professor Sholl's yard. He whack-whacks the grass and dreams of the day when he can write a short story and a novel. He takes the hose and attaches it to a spicket. He washes the Dodge. He takes a coarse rag and shines the doors, hood and bumpers. He takes a softer rag and polishes the windshield. "If he can write stories and a novel," thinks Shan, "I can cut his grass, shine the car. I can help



PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Mrs. Sholl too until she's able to get a hired girl."

One Saturday morning Shan shines the car. Professor Sholl gets in it. He says: "Shan Powderjay, I'm going today to Nashville, Tennessee and finish paying the Teacher's College for my education. I've had to write pot-boilers to pay this debt. I have to teach school. There'll be another child in my family soon."

He steps on the starter. The blue dirty smoke clouds from the exhaust pipe. The dead leaves blow from beneath the car. He drives away.

Shan says: "Mrs. Sholl, I'm going to take coal tar and climb upon the roof and fix it today. Professor Sholl's got the worst house on this campus. How could a College stick a man in a hole like this?" Shan starts up a

ladder with a bucket of coal tar and a brush he gets from the College Workshop.

"It's the best house, Shan," says Mrs. Sholl, "that we've ever lived in. Larry says so. We're proud of it. Larry is proud of his job here. It's the first time he ever taught in a College. He never started to school until he was twenty-nine. He always says: I had less schooling than Abraham Lincoln before I entered College. It's the truth too. Larry never went to school but three months before he entered College. He learned to read books in a telegraph office. He was hired out by his mother in the cotton fields when he was a child. Was hired out as butcher's delivery boy. He ran away from home. He bought a camera and started taking pictures of the lumber-jacks in the piney woods of Mississippi, Georgia and Alabama. I met him on the road taking pictures in Alabama. I married him six weeks afterwards. My people disowned me for marrying a roving photographer. I was teaching school at forty dollars a month. He borrowed books, studied, passed a teacher's examination and we both taught school five months a year. Both salaries came to four hundred dollars. Then Larry went to College after we failed to get our salaries for teaching."

Shan climbs up the ladder. He danks big brushes of thick coal tar on the broken roof. He smears it down. Then he climbs down the ladder. He walks in the house and says: "Anything more I can help you to do, Mrs. Sholl? How about taking your rugs out and beating the dust out of them? They are pretty heavy for a woman to handle."

Shan takes the rugs out and spreads them on the stubbles of new-cut grass. He beats them with a club. The students pass. They smile at Shan Powderjay doing housework. Tom Winters comes by. He says: "Howdy, Miss Powderjay." "Go straight to hell," says Shan. "I'd like to beat hell out'n you anyway. You laugh at Larry Sholl as a Carver College English teacher. He's the smartest man at this College." Tom smiles and walks

down the limestone road. He does not have to work. He writes checks on his father's bank account.

Shan sees Professor Larry Sholl's little boys play on the path that leads over to Acklen Hall. It is the path where Professor Sholl walks with his head downward to and from his classes. He hears the students call Leonard, Big-Short Story. They call Larry Jr., Little Short-Story. The boys are husky boys for four and six years old. They fight each other with sticks and cry. Then they laugh and play.

The autumn days pass swiftly. The leaves fall from the trees. The snow falls on the Cumberland Mountains. The huge backbones of mountains look like white scaly monsters with black patches here and there on their sides. The leafless campus trees are

Continued on page 179

The Cult of the Woodchuck

The chuck hunter's pleasure is in direct proportion to the degree of elegance he can apply to his sport

by JOHN FYLER

• SPORTS •

THE woodchuck is no great shakes as a game animal. Fat and sluggish, given to long naps in the sun, he can be approached within shotgun range by a careful stalker. If he sees you he may drop in his hole at once, which is good sense on his part, or, just as likely, he may lose his wits and sit up in that funny, quizzical crouch of his and examine you carefully. If he finds your presence obnoxious, he'll announce his conclusion by whistling like a blast from a peanut roaster before he tumbles into his den. His meat is decidedly displeasing to the palates of most Caucasians (it has even been suggested as a test for miscegenation), and the honor of having February 2 named for him is offset by the fact that he's a cousin of the aardvark. He's just a groundhog.

Yet there is no game animal in America, certainly no other varmint, which has received as much expert attention from hunters. He is the favorite quarry of the most advanced and scientific riflemen in the country, men who would not sully their weapons on such coarse game as deer or elk. To their sport they have brought a refinement of technique and equipment far beyond the reach of the casual hunter. Like the chess expert who weaves an elaborate mating net around his victim when he could, with a few blunderbuss moves, paralyze him completely, the chuck hunter's pleasure is directly proportional to the degree of elegance he can apply to his sport. The close, easy shot he passes up; the medium shot is taken with indifference, if at all; but let a chuck show himself at a range where he looks no larger than a mouse—then your chuck hunter really gets interested!

My preceptor in the art and science of chuck hunting was old John Garringer, a post-graduate hunter who had bagged every known species of game in North America from javelina to Kodiak bear. Until I visited old John at his country place in the Virginia hills, I had always regarded myself as a fair journeyman hunter and rifle shot. Several desirable trophies decorated the walls of my den, and I had done some target shooting, good enough to win a few medals in small-time competition. At least I combined, more, perhaps, than the average hunter, a mildly technical interest in firearms for their own sake, and a genuine fondness for the outdoors. But John completely unpegged my self-esteem as a follower of Nimrod, and in

the doing of it, introduced me to a form of sport which offers unlimited opportunities for pleasure afield. He did it with a display of consummate marksmanship, a rifle more deadly and precise than any I had ever seen, and a woodchuck.

One day in August, as a politely interested guest, I accompanied John on one of his late afternoon hunts. It was an agreeable day to be afield. The air was soft with just a suggestion of haze in the low places. Through the long valley to which he led me ran a dry creek bed, and on either side lay broad meadows tilting gradually up to gently-pitched hills scarred by outcroppings of limestone. What vegetation there was stood motionless save when rustled by foraging insects, and their hum was the only sound as I followed John along the creek bed. A middling sort of place for an entomologist, I thought, but

a hell of a poor place to bring a rifle. Of course I didn't know much then.

We left the creek bed at one of its small branches and followed it until we were out of the valley and well up on the side of the hill to the west. There we settled ourselves under a low cedar tree and began to hunt. That is to say, John uncased his binoculars and swept the meadow below us in long, carefully-spaced arcs, pausing now and then to assure me that there were no chucks in sight. To me it was a dull and uninspiring sort of hunting—I liked a little more action in mine. I had picked and chewed most of the grass within reach before I gave in to the spell of the place. The profile of the hill behind us was projected on the floor of the valley, and I silently watched the slowly-marching line advance across the meadow toward the opposite hillside. It was satisfactory enough, just sitting there, whether John located a chuck or not.

But wait—John's restless binoculars became fixed on some spot directly across from us. For fully a minute he stared intently, his whole body rigid. He motioned me to keep quiet. Finally, satisfied with what he saw, he

lowered his glasses and picked up his rifle. Working his arm through the sling strap, he lay flat on his stomach. Surely the fellow can't be preparing to shoot, I thought. It was all of three hundred yards across the meadow to the hillside, and I could see nothing to shoot at. But that was what he had in mind. He pressed his cheek firmly against the stock and squirmed around until his position suited him. I saw his left eye squint shut as he applied the other to the telescopic sight. There was a dull click as he released the safety of his rifle, and then he fired. I flinched at the crash of the report and saw the grass wave in front of the muzzle.

After the shot John continued to squint through his sight, and then slowly unwound himself and sat up. He nodded to me and said that I could go over now and get the chuck, warning me to be sure to count the number of steps. I started out, counting as I went, and before I reached the chuck I'd passed three hundred. There lay the chuck where he had perched momentarily before dropping in his den. Shocked into insensibility a split second before the report of the rifle could have reached him, he had received the kind of death which should be the envy of every man.

And that's how I decided to look into this chuck hunting business. With John's help I made rapid progress at first but long ago realized that I'd never attain his virtuosity. Neither can I hope to play the *Minute Waltz* in thirds, but that doesn't keep me from chording around on the piano to my satisfaction. But don't go into chuck hunting lightly. To play the game as it should be played, you'll have to master the most exacting and delicate of all sporting tools—the high velocity small-bore rifle. You can knock down a deer, by fair means or foul, and have every right to consider yourself a deer hunter. Chuck hunting is

not like that. The quarry itself has no intrinsic value as either trophy or meat. *The shot's the thing!*

Drop your hat in the road and pace off three hundred long steps in a straight line. Then look back and if you can see it, you'll get an idea of what you'll be expected to hit to qualify as a graduate chuck hunter. If you have a friend who is a deer hunter, here's a little trick which he'll fall for. (Incidentally,

Continued on page 127





“—Now then, Miss Chapman, do you see the advantages of having the shift lever out of the way in our new models?”



"That will be \$5.00 for the wedding and \$50.00 for carrying a shotgun without a license!"

Aviation As a Business

English planes are club cars, German, like bombers, while the obliging French are perfectly willing to fly your dog

by **JOHN R. TUNIS**

• ARTICLE •



CROYDON AIRPORT, London. Ten o'clock on a Sunday morning in midsummer. Round the big central hall, as cosy and cheerful as the interior of Grant's Tomb, are the booths and offices of the different European air services. Deutsche Luft-hansa. Sabena, the Belgium line. Air France. K. L. M., the Dutch company. Swissair. The pilots are coming into each office to report for their flights, and in a few minutes they'll take over those planes waiting outside, and speed away for Paris and Prague, for Berlin and Brussels and every capital on the continent. Like the nations they represent and the planes they fly, these men are a contrast.

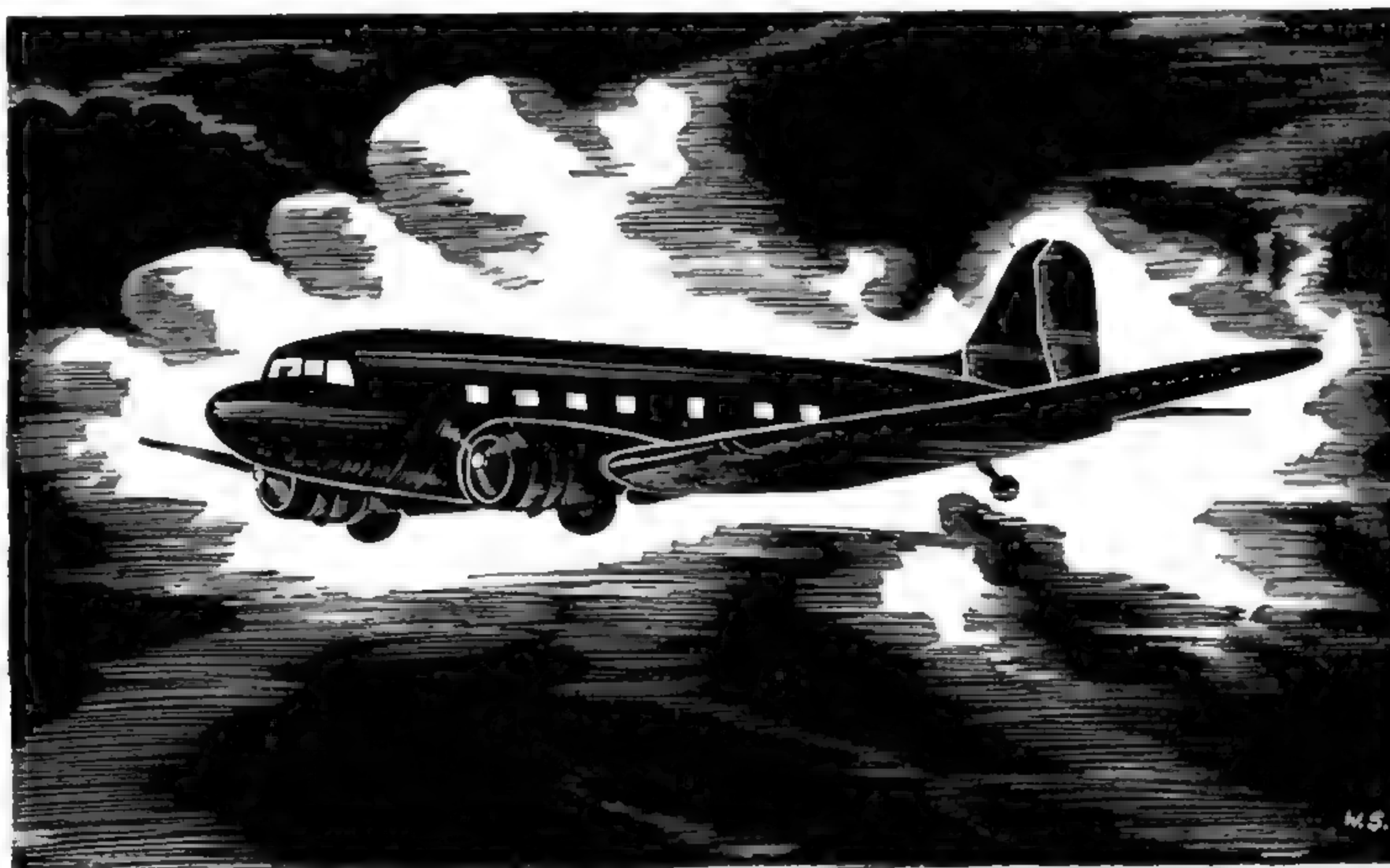
That brisk, straight youngster with the closely cropped blond hair is a German flying for Lufthansa. Across the hall the Imperial pilots are gathering; trim Englishmen in grey-blue uniforms with belts, a uniform not unlike those of the Royal Air Force. And those two figures just slouching in? They wear double-breasted suits of dark blue serge rather like naval officers, and carry brief cases in a way which reminds one of traveling salesmen. As a race the French have never subscribed to the theory that clothes make the man, and the Air France pilots certainly carry out this tradition.

Because the truth is that their uniforms could stand pressing. Or maybe cleaning. One of them might also do with a shave. Each carries in one corner of his mouth the butt of a lately deceased cigarette, and compared to their colleagues about the hall, the well-groomed English, the smart Dutch and the alert Germans, they cut rather a sorry figure. Let's climb aboard their ship and see what happens.

The twin-engined Bloch 220, new on the Paris-London run, is roaring as we get on. Once inside you are impressed with its smallness compared to the big Douglas planes used at home, and you are also impressed with the casual way the French run their show. *Systeme D.* No formalities. No one demands your name or checks it off at the door. Strap up the seatbelt at the take-

off? Forget it. With no more ceremony than a wave of the hand from the pilot, the motors speed up, we slide gracefully over the rooftops of Croydon, and point our nose toward the Channel, Paris, and a decent meal.

The plane is pretty well on its journey and humming over those polite little villages of Surrey and Kent when the door opens from the front compartment and one of the pilots appears. A girl is sitting in the middle of the plane. He smiles, and she smiles back. That's enough. He takes a vacant seat across the aisle, hooks his legs over the arm of the chair and starts talking. They are conversing above the blue waters of the Channel, still at it as we pass the cathedral of Beauvais, and there he stays until Le Bourget is almost on the



horizon. With a helping wind; seventy-five minutes from airport to airport.

The Imperial Airways plane which left half an hour before us will not be in for another thirty minutes; two hours and a quarter to cover the same distance. As we clamber out, an officer from the airport comes to meet one of the passengers. The latter points at the huge, two-decked Imperial plane tuning up for the London run.

"What is it that it is?" he asks.

"*L'Imperial*," replies the other.

"Ah, *tiens, tiens*, I did not know that existed still," remarks the passenger with the charming Latin obliviousness to other races.

"*Oui*," replied the officer, tolerantly. "*Pour ceux qui sont pas pressés*." (For those who aren't in a hurry.)

From all of this you might, if you'd never been in one, infer that the French planes are the fastest and therefore probably the most dangerous in Europe. That the English muddle along but always get there, that Air France pilots engaging young ladies in conversation are a careless lot, and that lack of

organization is still a characteristic of the race. You'd never be more wrong in your life. Were there the least sign of trouble that

pilot would have been beside his companion in the cockpit in two jumps. Personally I'd rather trust myself to a Frenchman than to any other nationality, even my own countrymen. They have the natural reflexes of born pilots, and no one who fought beside them in the war would care to question their courage. The English are fond of referring to the steadiness and safety of their planes, as if to intimate that speed necessarily increases the danger factor. Air France is, however, the only service across the Channel which to the time of writing has never lost a passenger.

To be sure, that apparent inconsequentialness of the French air service is sometimes terrifying to the uninitiated. A friend told me the other day about taking a trip on the Paris-Brussels run. Over the Ardennes the plane lost altitude and gradually descended upon a small village, so low that dogs, hens, children and citizens all scattered for their lives. Then while the passengers hung on in fear, the plane mounted and resumed its interrupted journey. The pilot explained it later. "*On m'a volé dans cette petite ville pendant mes vacances, et j'ai voulu les emmerder*."

You'd never catch an English pilot doing this, or a German one either. They'd lose their jobs. Air France is French, that's all, reflecting the racial characteristics of the Latin. For instance, only on a French plane can you bring along your dog— if indeed you are fool enough to do so. The planes, the pilots, the service and the cuisine all betray the nationality of the company. As indeed does every air service both here and abroad.

The English ships are clubs. Wide, spacious, comfortable and rather stuffy clubs. Those huge planes which transport you to Cairo, Karachi and British Dominions beyond the seas, are clubs for the leisurely traveler, the civil servant of the I. C. S., the government official from



Continued in center of page 189

Roulades and Cadenzas

**In every country where opera belongs
to the people it is sung in their own
tongue, regardless of musical values**

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

THE amount of newspaper space devoted to opera in our otherwise musical country is bewildering. And it is ridiculous, especially when not one music lover in a thousand ever sees an opera. The institution, unlike the symphony, has not caught on . . . it affects at most 40,000 out of 140,000,000 Americans. It operates in a vacuum. "It could," as Earle R. Lewis says of *Orfeo* and *Fidelio*, "as well be produced in a telephone booth."

Yet here we are, doing our third consecutive Roulade on the opera—and that without the slightest evidence of having as yet quieted its corpse. Opera in America is and has been, ever since its introduction, a cadaver that refuses to lie down. Permanent orchestras exist in thirty of our cities, opera in three. The orchestras have seasons of twenty to thirty weeks. The opera companies only four to sixteen. Edward Johnson explains this on an economic basis. "Opera," he says, "is too expensive for the average American city. Our citizens, therefore, content themselves with a part of an opera production. They take the symphony orchestra, which they can afford, and make it an object of local pride. They have a local chorus . . . a local ballet. [Just where these are, I'm not certain, dear Edward. But, nevertheless—] Not being able to have an aggregation of soloists at one time, they hire single artists for recital appearances . . ."

Cost, certainly, is one reason why there isn't an opera company in every American city of 250,000. Another reason is that opera is not thought of by John Doe as something that belongs to him, or even as something to be desired. When he hears of it, he hears of a place where people squawk about ravioli and spaghetti, where warblers go crazy and take half an hour to die, and where moulting swans and moth-eaten dragons compete with the screamer for the audience's attention. Opera is something he can't understand, and would not want to if he could—a place where aging dowagers display their stomachs and where their gigolos snore—in short, a bore.

As usual, Doe is not far wrong. Your ordinary operagoer is scandalized by anything that interests or amuses him; his criterion of a first-rate entertainment, after he is satisfied as to the splendor of its and his companions' appearance, is that he shall not understand it and that it shall bore him. Therefore, he cares little about what is going on. The *Times* this winter was full of letters from serious-minded operagoers complaining about the late-comers, the coughers who supply their own *leitmotif*, the hankie blasters and program rustlers, the gabbers and opera-glass sharers, and the plain, ordinary snoozers. I myself have been surrounded at the Metropolitan by barbarians who acted as though this were their first appearance



among civilized people. I'm sure they mistook the *Leonore* overture for the operatic equivalent of a kindergarten rest period.

A further reason, of course, why opera has never been de-mummified here is because it is not in the language of the people.

"But, my dear, you didn't live through that horrible period when Wagner was sung in English," shouts the old guard. "And how can you forget *The Pasha's Garden*, *Cyrano*, *Merry Mount*, *The Man Without a Country* . . . weren't they unbelievable? Opera sounds so silly when you can understand it.

"And singers? Where will we get anybody to sing English? If they know the language, they never have voices worth hearing."

The truth is, certainly, that English is a singer's language the same as it is a language of the theatre. It can and has been sung as expertly and as expressively as French or German or Russian. Singers do exist who sing it even better than they do Italian, and if they don't they should be made to. In the Met's *Falstaff*, for example, English is the native tongue of the three principal men: Tibbett, Brownlee and Kullmann. And two of Mr. Toscanini's *Alicias* in Salzburg were American-born: Dusolina Giannini and Franca Somigli. In America, *Falstaff* could and should be sung in English.

Yes, yes! I know that Verdi's score is not Shakespeare . . . that Boito's translation is another idiom . . . that the sound of English isn't as good as that of Italian in Verdi's music . . . that at rapid tempi you wouldn't get the words anyway, that the Italians don't.

Nevertheless, as so much of Verdi's music is an exact commentary on what the characters are saying, one doesn't get the full import of the score unless he hears it in a language he understands. The same is true of *Die Meistersinger*, *Elektra*, *Gianni-Schicchi*,

Boris Godunoff, *Don Giovanni*, *Götterdämmerung*, and a hell of a lot of other music dramas. It may not matter so much in *Lucia*, *Simon Boccanegra*, *Trovatore* or *Semiramide*, though the fact remains that in every country where opera has become a thing of the people, it is sung in their own tongue, no matter what the sacrifice in musical values. In Moscow, Lakme sings "*Niet! Niet! Niet!*" In Paris, Lohengrin calls, "*Mon cygne doux.*" And they do it in good Russian and correct French, or they get booed.

The Metropolitan may not be the place to start singing opera in English. It would be, as Mr. Johnson says, "like starting to repair the roof when the foundation is crumbling." But not until people know what the devil is going on will they hiss and shout and stamp, as Mr. Johnson wishes they would.

Helpful would be the establishment of two dozen small opera companies around the country. Can't the FMP, the WPA, do something about it? Or must we await the establishment of a Department of Fine Arts?

Probably such a project would prove itself useless. In the first place, the control of the opera companies is bound to get into the hands of the wrong people. Managers who know something about opera as an entertainment, opera as an art, and opera as a business are almost nonexistent—and the politicians would be certain to miss them. For politicians, as we have discovered, know even less about art than they do about other things. And, what is worse, we have neither the repertoire nor the public to fill such theatres.

More useful, in the beginning, would be not opera houses, but opera schools, in which young singers with undeniable gifts could devote the necessary years to learning their jobs under competent instructors. There are many among the recent influx of refugees with operatic experience and a knowledge that would be helpful in getting us started. What we want in the end is not to build on the European traditions, but to create a demand for native creative inspiration. In the beginning, we must start with an imported repertoire, just as the symphonies have done.

Today, young men and women with voices in our country have few places where they can be honestly trained for opera and, once trained, they have no place in which to begin their professional career. Students of the Paris *Conservatoire* do not have to come to this country to find engagements. But scores of our vocal neophytes are exercising their talents in Europe, and have yet to be heard in their own country.

Something should be done for these singers, more even for the generation that is now only starting. They cannot try their wings at the Metropolitan. Too many of the so-called

Continued on page 168



"She's no angel"



The Foolproof Cover

Special operative reveals an incident typical of many investigations made yearly for the benefit of Competition

by GT-99

• SEMI-FICTION •

14 JUNE 19—
DEAR GT-99:

As soon as you get this letter, plan to go over to Dumferlin in your state and make a little investigation. If you start not later than the 16th, you can spend five days there and still return in time for the other assignment that begins on the 22nd. I think you should be able to finish the job in that time. Here is the story.

Our client is the president of the National Association of Sisal Manufacturers. He is not only president of the association but he is also the president of the largest company in the association. He and a few of the other large manufacturers boss the show. They have a paid full time secretary who sits in the office of the association and pretends to run it but he is just a rubber stamp and is afraid to move unless the president or one of the other big shots tells him he can. In other words, he is just like every other association secretary in the world. I tell you this about him because you may have to meet him after the job is over and he will try and impress you as being the big boss but he's not.

The association has twenty-six members, almost all the people who are in the business but not quite. There is one large mill which is not a member and the man who runs it refuses to have anything to do with the association or any of the members of it. His mill is in Dumferlin and it is the Pryor Manufacturing Co. and the president is Albert C. Pryor.

The association is like a good many of these trade groups. They have no formal price agreement but the members get together every once in a while and agree on prices and discounts just like the steel people and the paper companies and all the other large industries. The fellow in Dumferlin refuses to play ball with them. He sets his own prices and rants up and down the country, getting the cream of the business and making monkeys out of his competitors. In fact, the only reason they get any business at all is that the insurgent has a limited capacity and after he skims off the cream, the other fellows get what is left.

Here is where we come in. The president of the association showed me his cost sheets and proved, to his own satisfaction at least, that the Dumferlin mill is bound to go bust if it continues to accept business at the price it has been quoting this year. The president says that he and the other manufacturers have the most modern machinery in the world and that their costs are right down to rock bottom



but still this fellow quotes prices about 10% less. The man who runs the Dumferlin plant inherited it from his father a few years ago. It is suspected that he is not much of a business man and that he may run the place into the ground and in the course of a little while, he will go bankrupt. Then the other companies can name their own prices. If this is probable, the other people will simply grin and bear it with the assurance that they will have the last laugh. If it happens that the Dumferlin man is actually making money, or breaking even, they will have to figure out another way of handling him.

Here is the job you are to do: Find out

1. How many employes in the Dumferlin mill.
2. The wages paid.
3. The hours worked.
4. How much finished product he has on



hand and how much is normally carried.

5. How much raw material is on hand.

6. How much money he has in the bank, and how much bank credit he has.

7. How much finished product he ships daily.

8. All you can about the private life of the president, Albert C. Pryor.

9. Everything you can get about the methods used to manufacture the product.

10. The size of the plant, shipping and receiving facilities, etc.

Now here is your cover. I am enclosing a card made out in the name of Milton F. Roberts which states he is an accredited representative of the Industrial News Bureau. You are Milton F. Roberts and you will note that I have used your own initials so you will not have to worry about laundry marks or other identification. There is no such thing as the Industrial News Bureau but you can say it is like the United Press or the Associated Press except that it specializes in stories of industrial plants and industrial leaders. This should be a good pretext on which to interview Mr. Pryor. Flatter him a little. Tell him you are writing a series of articles on industry. You have finished with the steel people, the cotton mills and the rubber industry and you have come to him as the outstanding personality in his industry for a story. He should fall for this and take you through his plant and tell you all about what he makes and how he makes it. If you can get an excuse to get into his plant, you should be able to get all the information we need along manufacturing lines and you are a good enough investigator to get him to tell you all about his financial condition.

Now I want you to report to me every day so I can help you and advise you as you go along. And, in conclusion, I want to tell you that I don't want any running haywire while on this investigation. The cover I have given you is the one you are to use and no monkey business this time. Yours truly,

BUF.

* * *

GT-99 reports for

16 June 19—

Dear BUF:

I left home at 5:30 a.m. and arrived in Dumferlin at 11:30 a.m. It is 216 miles so you will see I was not loafing along the way and listening to the birds sing.

Dumferlin is a little burg. I drove up and down all the streets (six of them I guess) looking for the hotel. There are two hotels

Continued in center of page 169

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Our dramatic critic gives you five guesses as to what could have put the Indian sign on our playwrights

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

WORSE than the country once needed that good five-cent cigar is its present need for good three-dollar playwrights. What it is that has happened to the playwriting crowd is pretty hard to nose out, but the fact remains that, with a few honorable and obvious exceptions, even the quondam good three-dollar boys are turning out stuff that wouldn't be a bargain at two bits. And as for most of the others, I hope I may not be deemed too rude if I venture that an honorarium of three dollars might reasonably be demanded for attendance upon the greater part of their output.

When all is said and done, particularly done, a theatre without valid playwrights is like a bull-ring without a bull. You can give it the best actors in the world, the best scene designers, the best directors, the best costumerie, and the best of everything and anything else and it will still be in the position of a man with a million dollars in his jeans on a beautiful desert island. And that, save for an occasional three or four months' visiting and relieving steamer, its whistle tooting rescue and salvation, is just where our theatre is today. It has the million dollars in its pocket; it is ready and eager to give itself a grand fling; the interest and sympathy of the birds that sing in the trees are its portion; but it is marooned on dry and lonely dramatic sands.

It isn't that the playwriting fraternity in general has temporarily either abandoned or lost interest in the theatre. A sufficient number of them, good and bad alike, are writing their heads off. But what they are writing is in the main, whether they are artists or hacks, inferior to what they have written before. As I say, I do not know the reason or reasons behind the prevailing slip and slide, but I allow myself a few guesses, all very possibly wrong. Here, nevertheless, they are:

Guess No. 1.—Dramatic critics and others have for some time now been insisting to the playwrights that there is no, or at best small, place in the theatre any longer for plays without at least a measure of present-day significance. With the world presently in the state it is, they insist to the dramatists that plays, however good, which evade a consciousness of immediate conditions and phi-

losophies, are unwelcome. Foolishly giving heed to the critics and the others, playwrights who in the past have contrived eminently satisfactory plays in their different kind have become worried and, often without the ability to handle the demanded controversial themes, have still set themselves to the task by way of placating the critics. Naturally, since they are not adapted to this neo-thematic drama, their plays turn out to be of little value, whereas if the critics and other outsiders left them alone they might write plays which



would provide pleasure and enjoyment, and which would be sounder stuff in every artistic and critical respect than the pseudo-profound liquors in which they now hopefully dunk themselves.

This demand that the drama identify itself with present-day significances is a gratuitous insult to the drama as an art, and the theatrical critics who make it should have their panties taken down and be paddled. No critic, however asinine, argues that present-day painting can be of no importance unless it show Hitler simultaneously giving the Nazi salute and being kicked in the rear by Henry Morgenthau, or save it depict Stalin with a halo around his head and J. P. Morgan, in the upper left-hand corner, freezing in the breadline. No critic, however imbecile, in turn contends that all modern musical compositions should, if they hope for important acceptance, inevitably and arbitrarily include a few strains of either the *Internationale*, the Horst Wessel song, or *Yankee Doodle*. No critic, however much a sheep's-head he may be otherwise, further believes that today's architecture, to achieve full critical approval, must include a weather vane atop it showing a figure of General Franco being chased

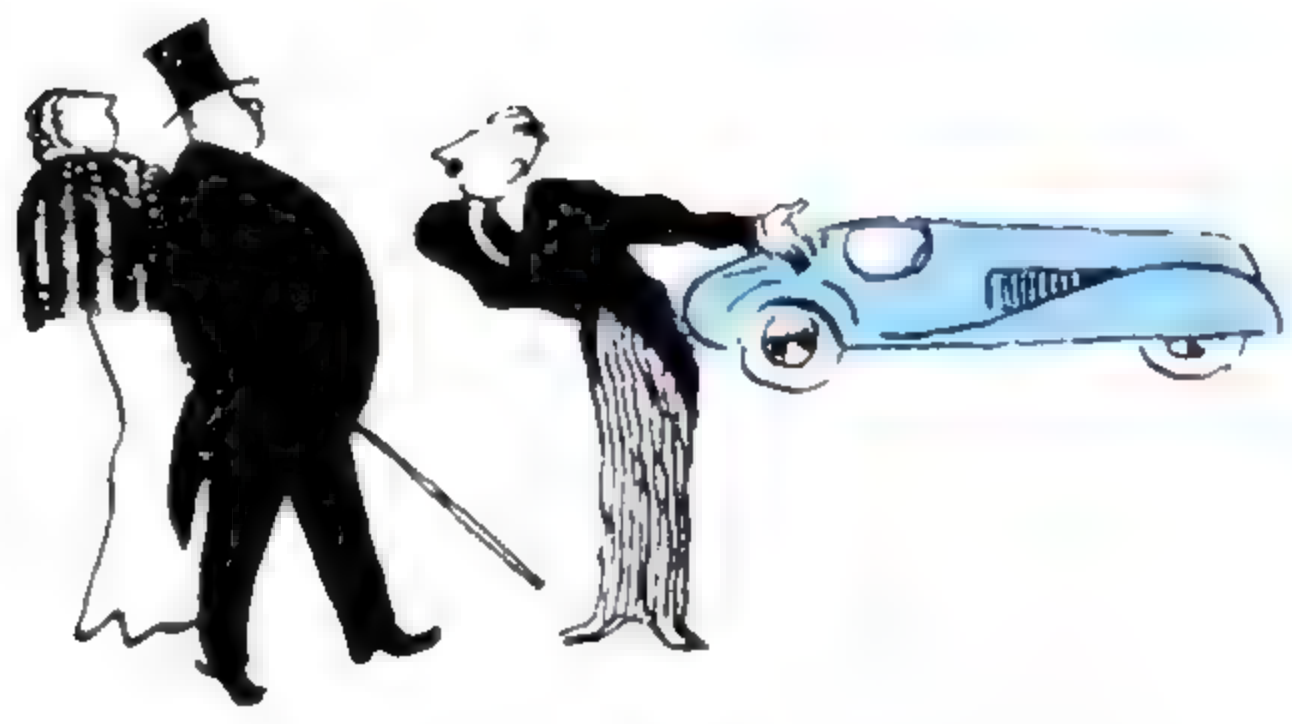
around in a circle by General Miaja, or vice versa, or that the parlor should be in the shape of a fleur-de-lis and the joe in that of a swastika, or vice versa. And so with sculpture, the ballet, and every other art, including belles-lettres (despite, in connection with the latter, the minor wolf-cub howls of the boys on the *New Masses* and others who cannot persuade themselves to regard as literature anything that isn't awfully sore at itself).

But even some of the critics who esteem the drama as an art apparently decline to allow it currently the privileges and liberty which they allow to its sister and brother arts. And it is thus that we get from playwrights hospitable to their donkeyism the present smear of bastard dramaturgy. Let the playwrights recapture their former independence, tell the critics to go to, and write what plays they will. And by way of giving them a little confidence from one critic, let them be reminded that some such play as *Candida* is still a more estimable play than all the propaganda

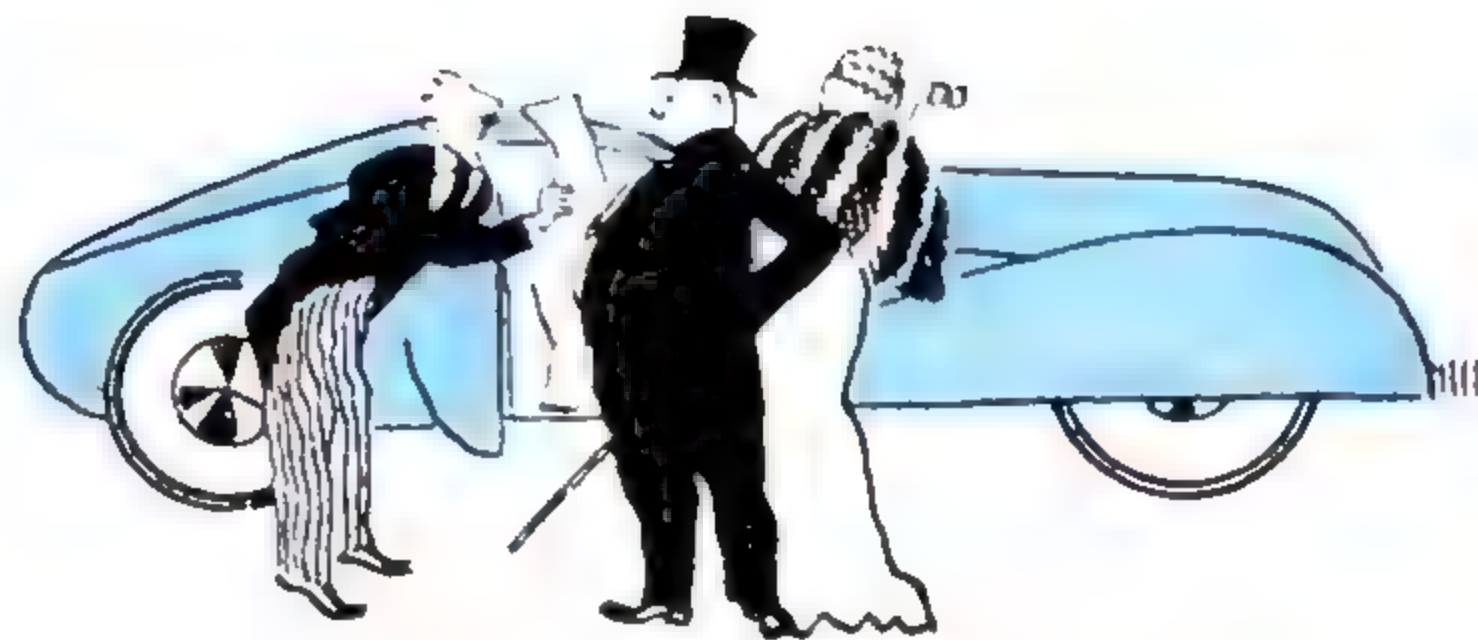
plays written in Fourteenth Street since Luchow's abolished its free lunch, that some such as *Juno and the Paycock* is worth all the American, English and French anti-Nazi or German pro-Nazi plays written since Adolf last ate a matzoth under the horrible impression that it was a chowder cracker, and that a play like *Old Heidelberg*, though critically it amounts to little, will for time on end nevertheless and doubtless continue to warm the hearts of the critics, especially such as loudly demand "significance" in their plays, more than all the significant plays thus far written by Elmer Rice (all of which the same critics subsequently loudly denounce).

Guess No. 2.—A strained struggle for new dramatic forms has debilitated a lot of playwrights who, if they worked in the more conventional forms, might produce something better than what they are presently turning out. O'Neill is to blame for much of this, at least in the case of our American writers. His curiosity in the matter of new forms and the high critical and popular position he subsequently achieved have led his inferiors to believe that they, too, may gain such position by applying themselves to a similar activi-

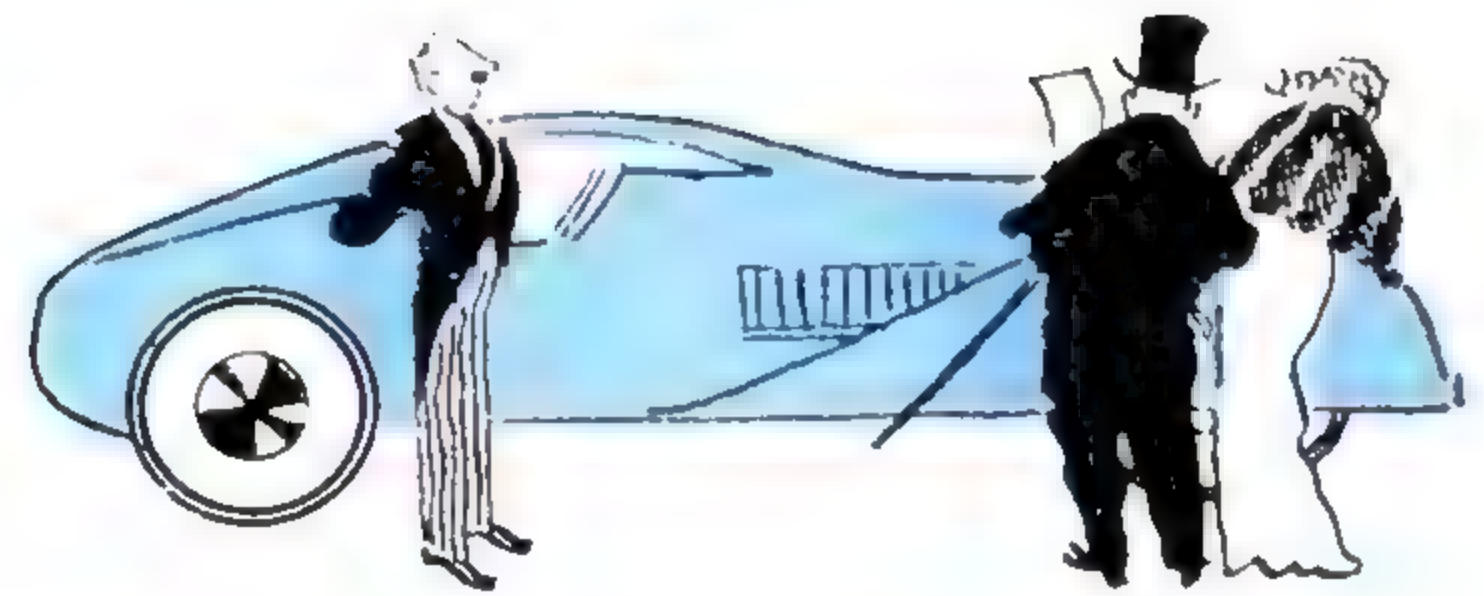
Continued on page 139



1 - Courtesy in dealing with prospects,



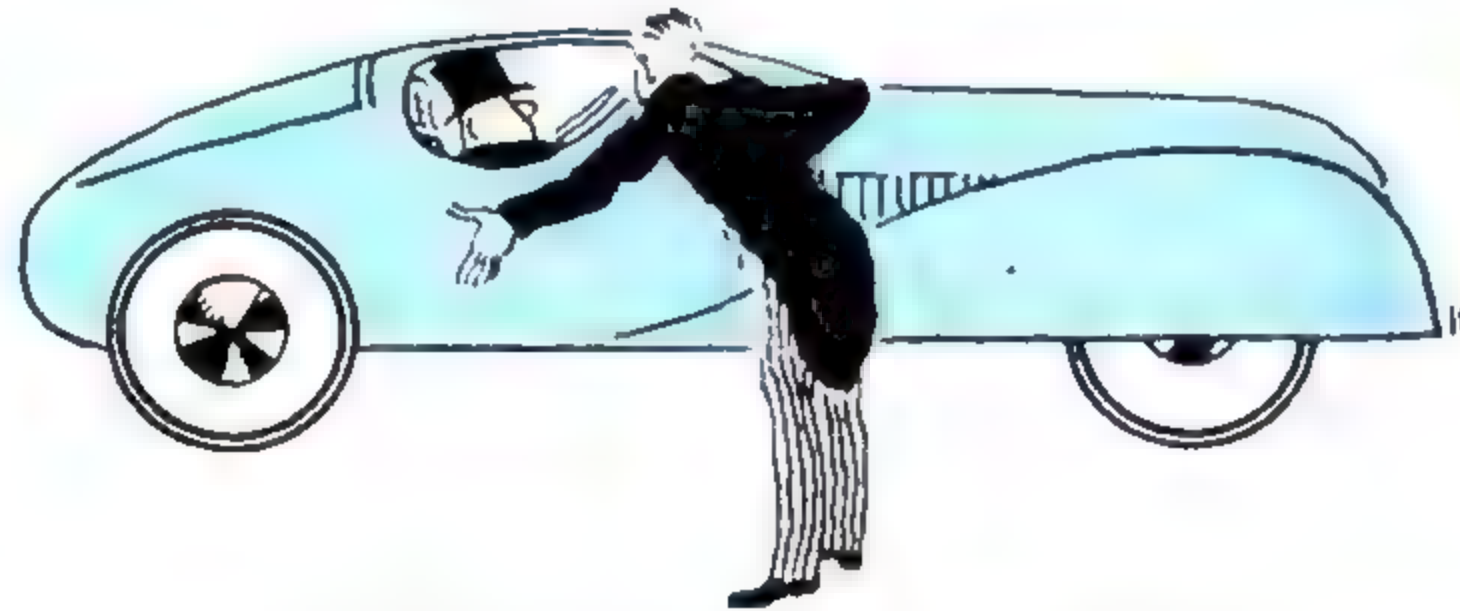
2 - and an intelligent approach,



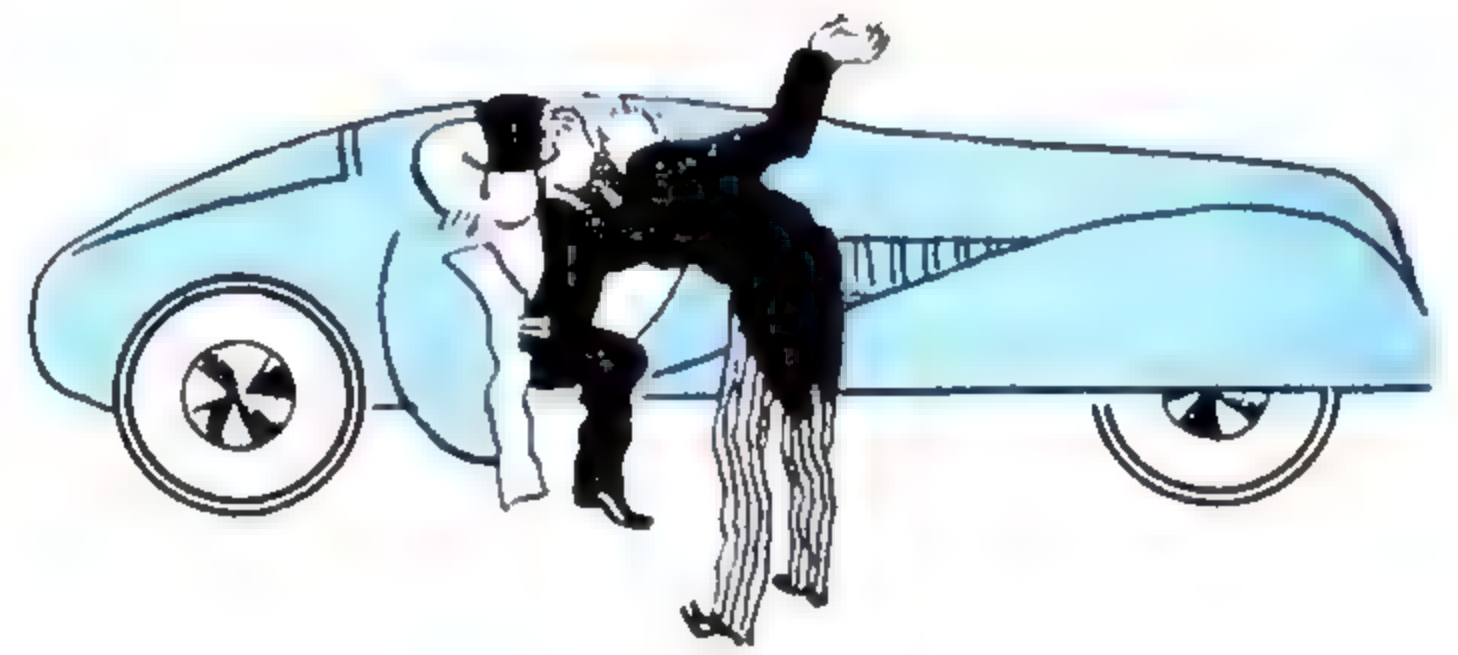
3 - not forcing one's self on people,



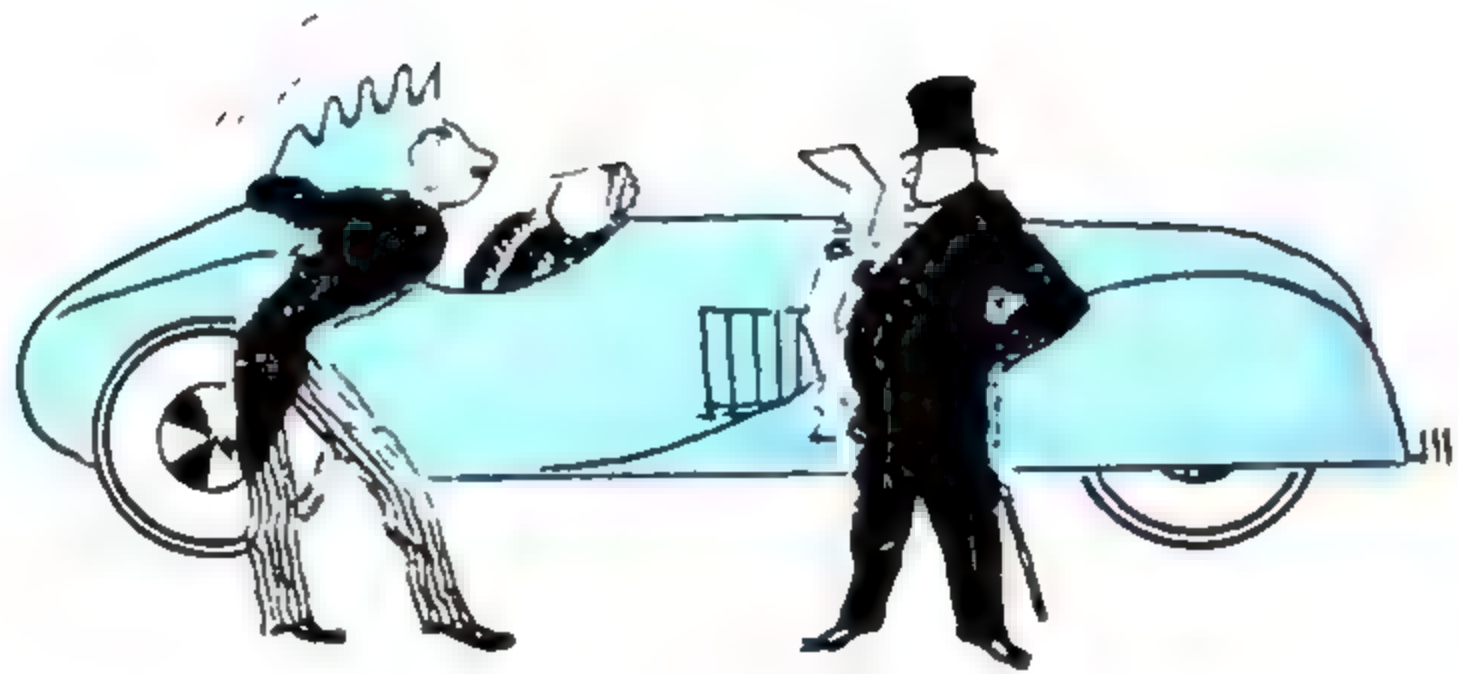
4 - giving information when asked.



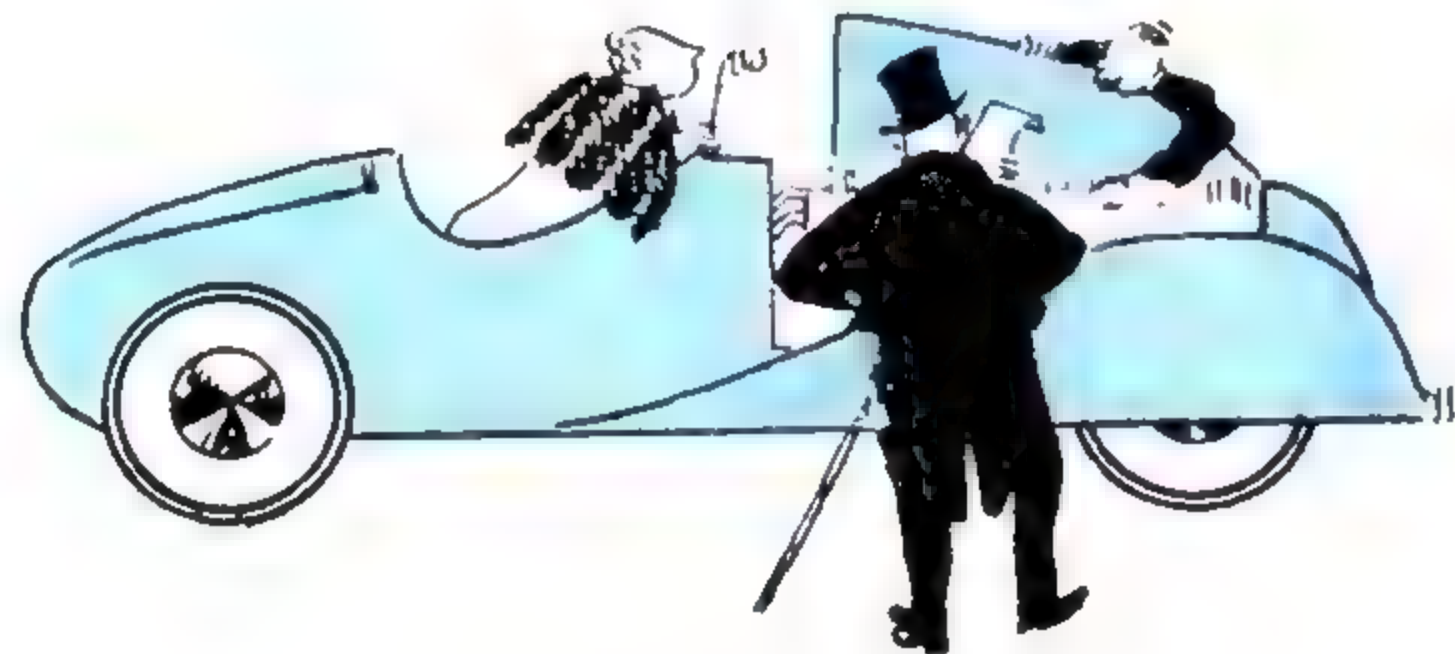
5 - and explaining your car's refinements



6 - often leads to a sale.



7 - Explain by demonstrating



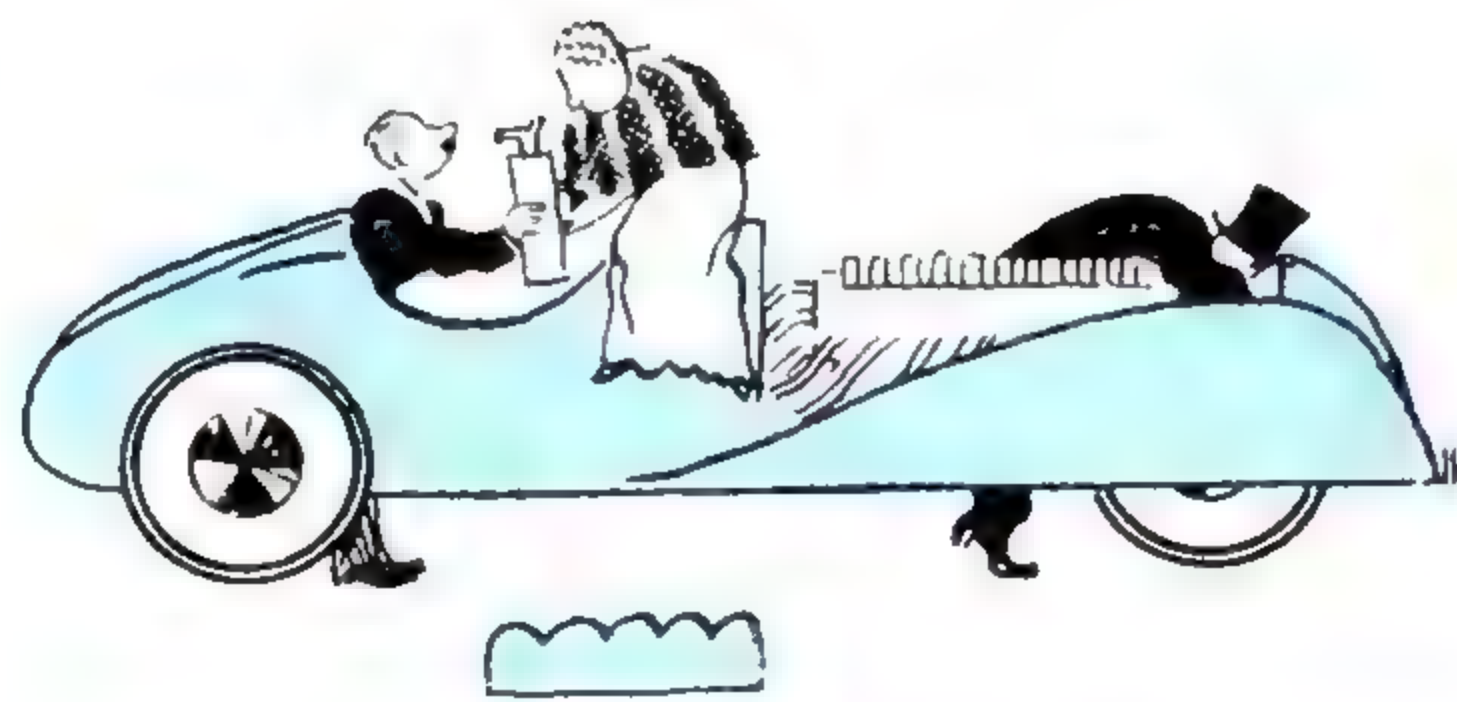
8 - and show that your interest



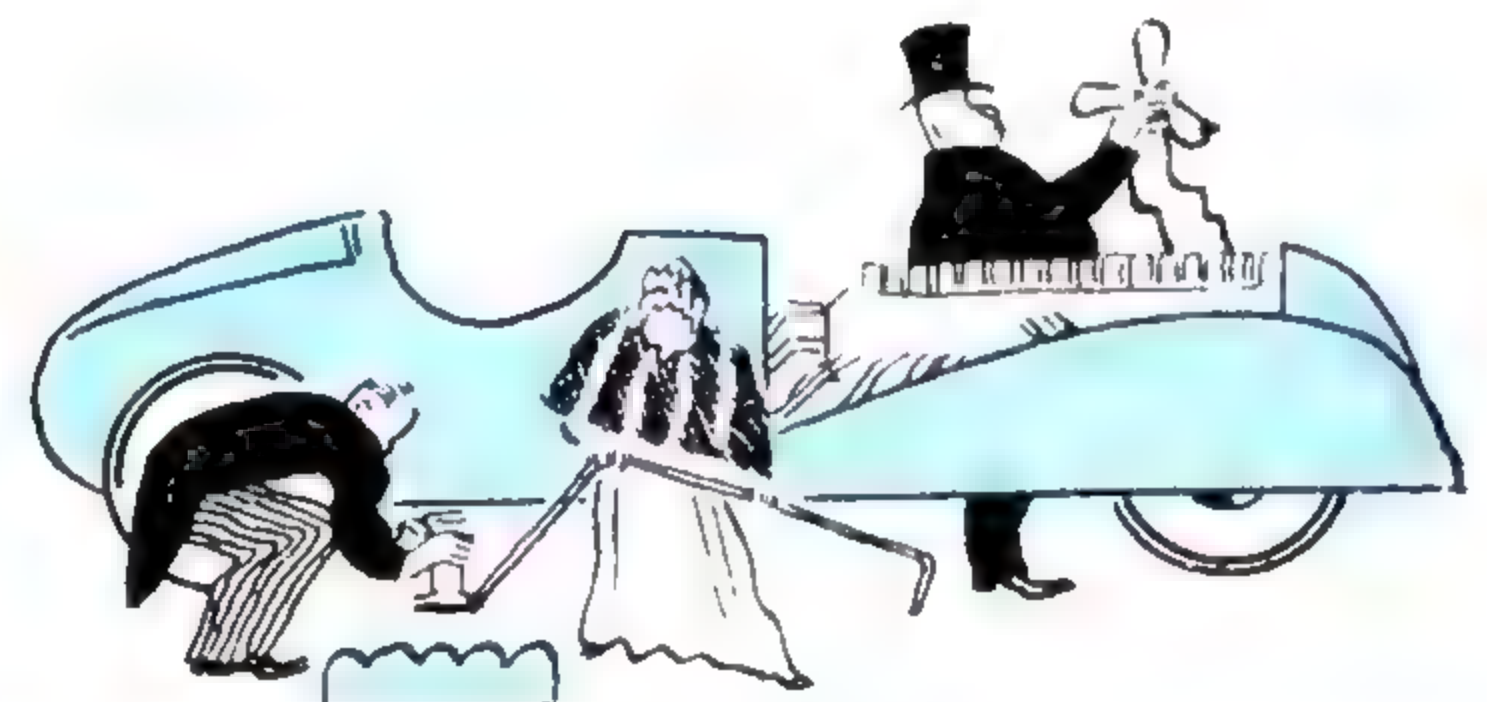
9 - goes much further than surface appearance.



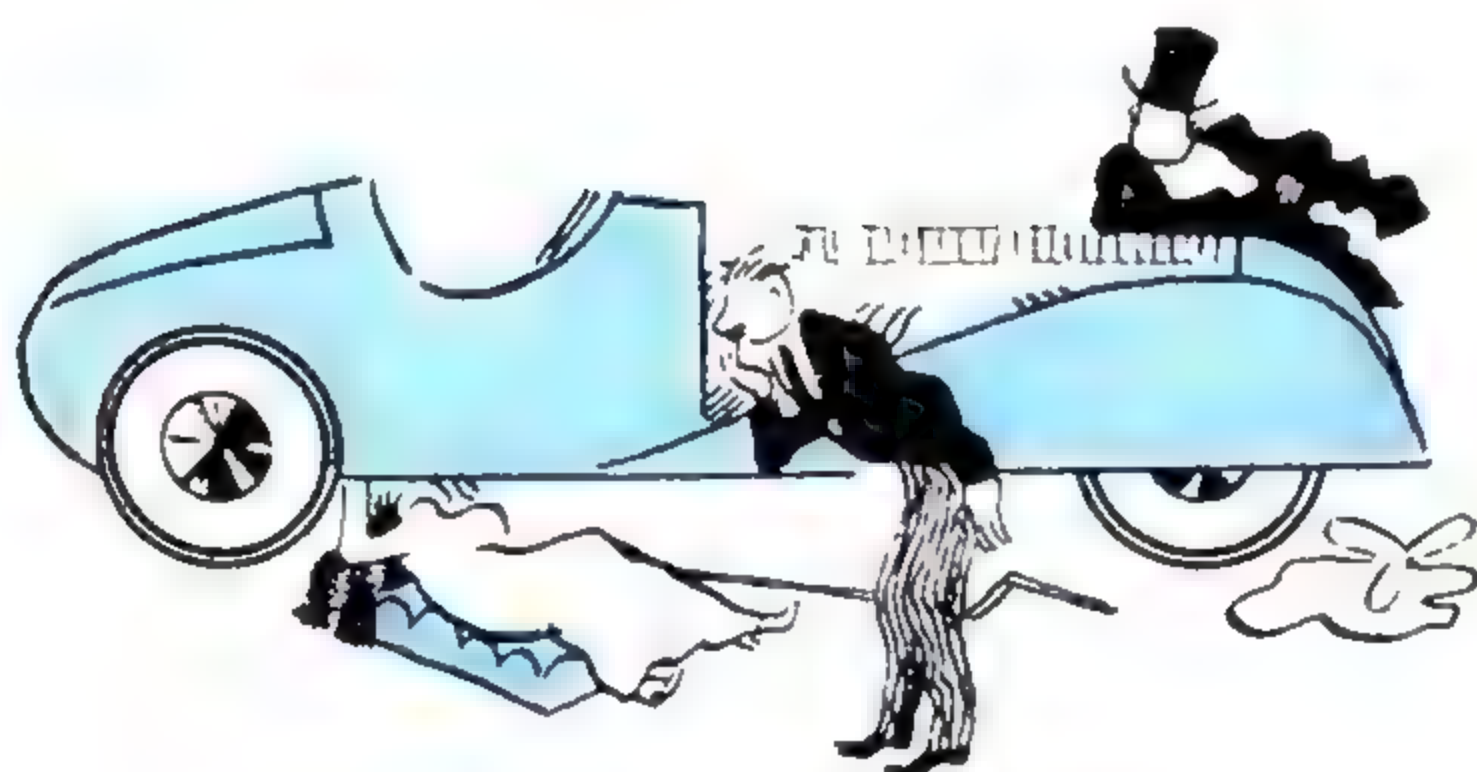
10 - Respect the prospects' wishes



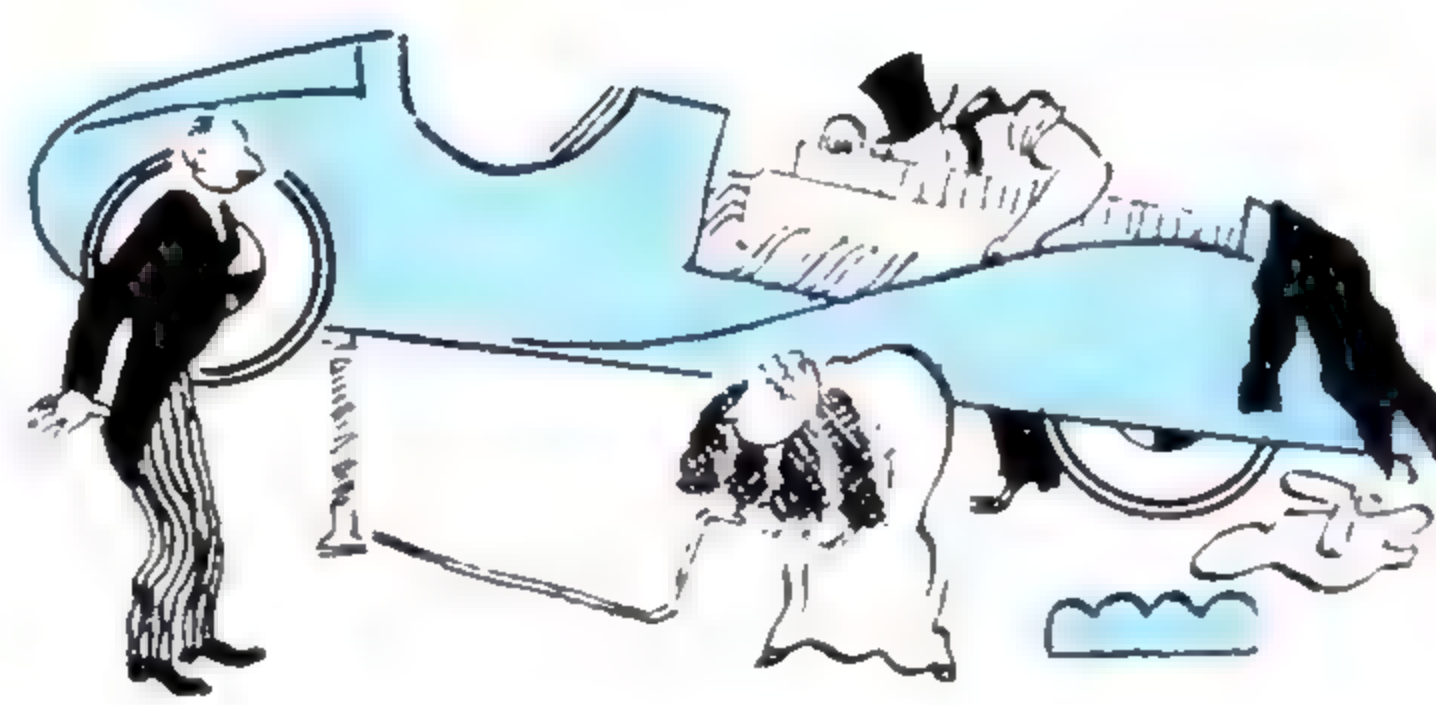
11 - as they may have a mechanical sense



12 - that far exceeds your own.



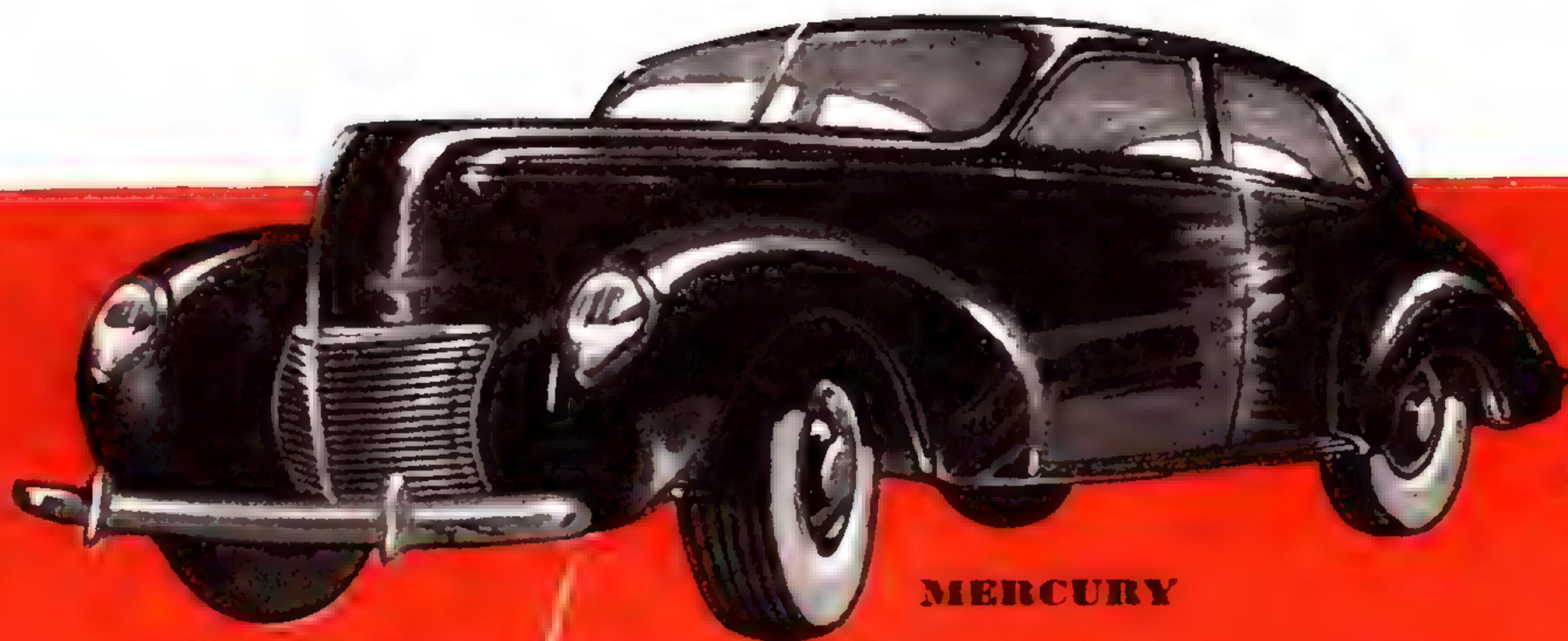
13 - Do not be surprised if some people



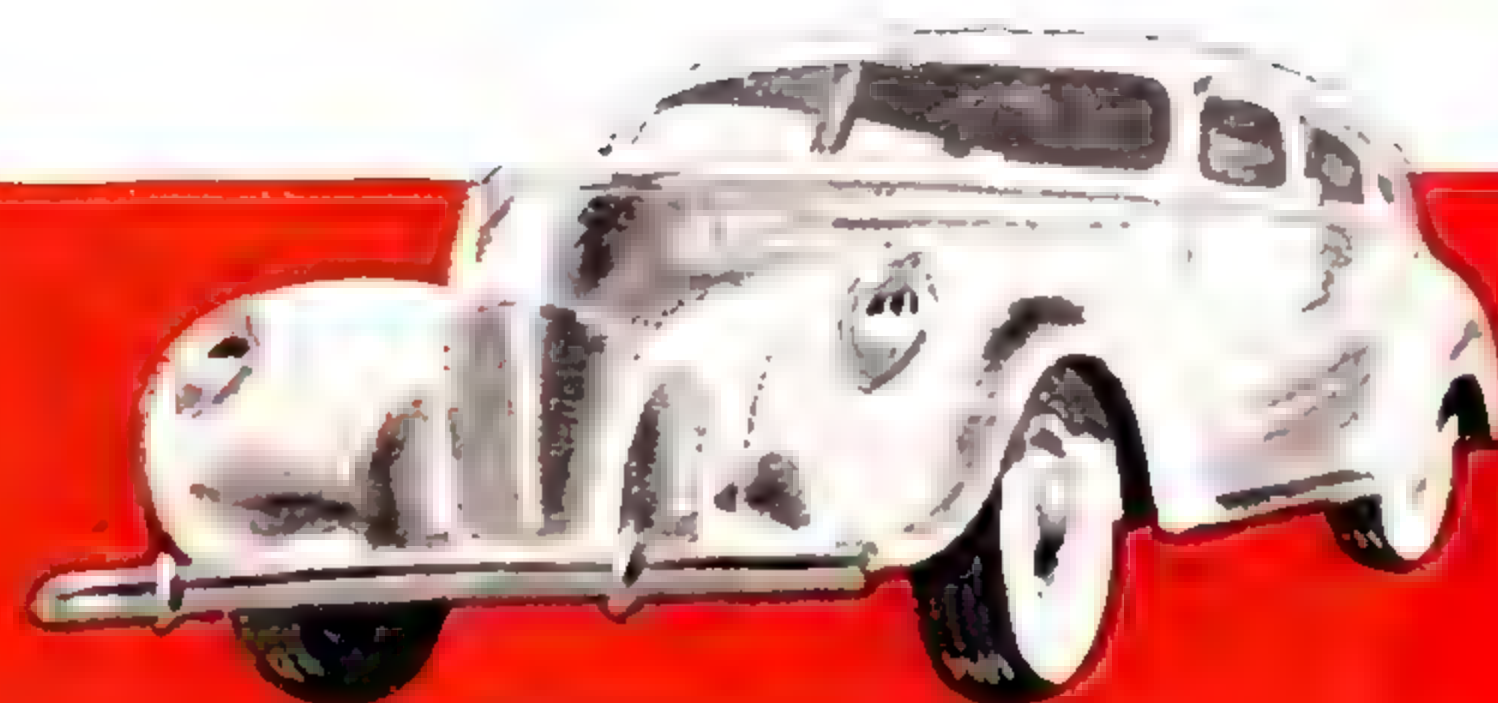
14 - insist upon seeing for themselves.



15 - Remember, many people are not visual minded.



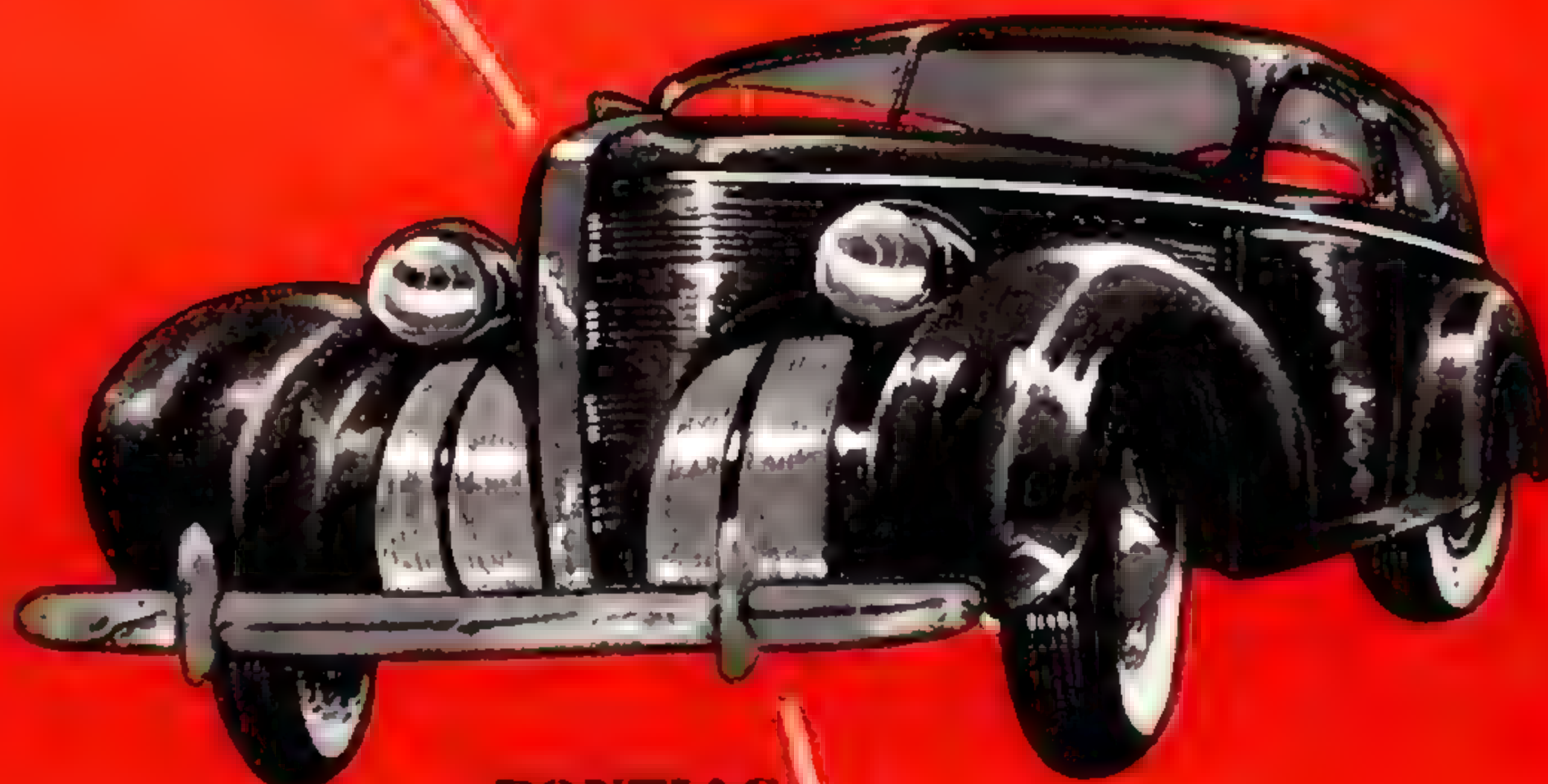
MERCURY



HUDSON



CHRYSLER



PONTIAC

THE NEW 1939 CARS DO A CAT WALK

WAY back in 1933 when Esquire was just beginning and Count Sakhnoffsky was first contributing, the two jointly made a prediction. It was to the effect that automobile styling was bound to stem sooner or later from the speed-easy lines of racing cars. The lines of the 1939 cars demonstrate just how well this prophecy has been fulfilled. On these pages, Count Sakhnoffsky drew a bead on them from the angle best demonstrating the new features of each. Note the characteristic low grille "cat walk cooling" feature that was introduced in the line of one motor manufacturer and now has been universally adopted by all. This feature is in direct line of descent from the French Delage and other continental racing automobiles. Q. E. D.

DRAWINGS BY ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY



WILLYS



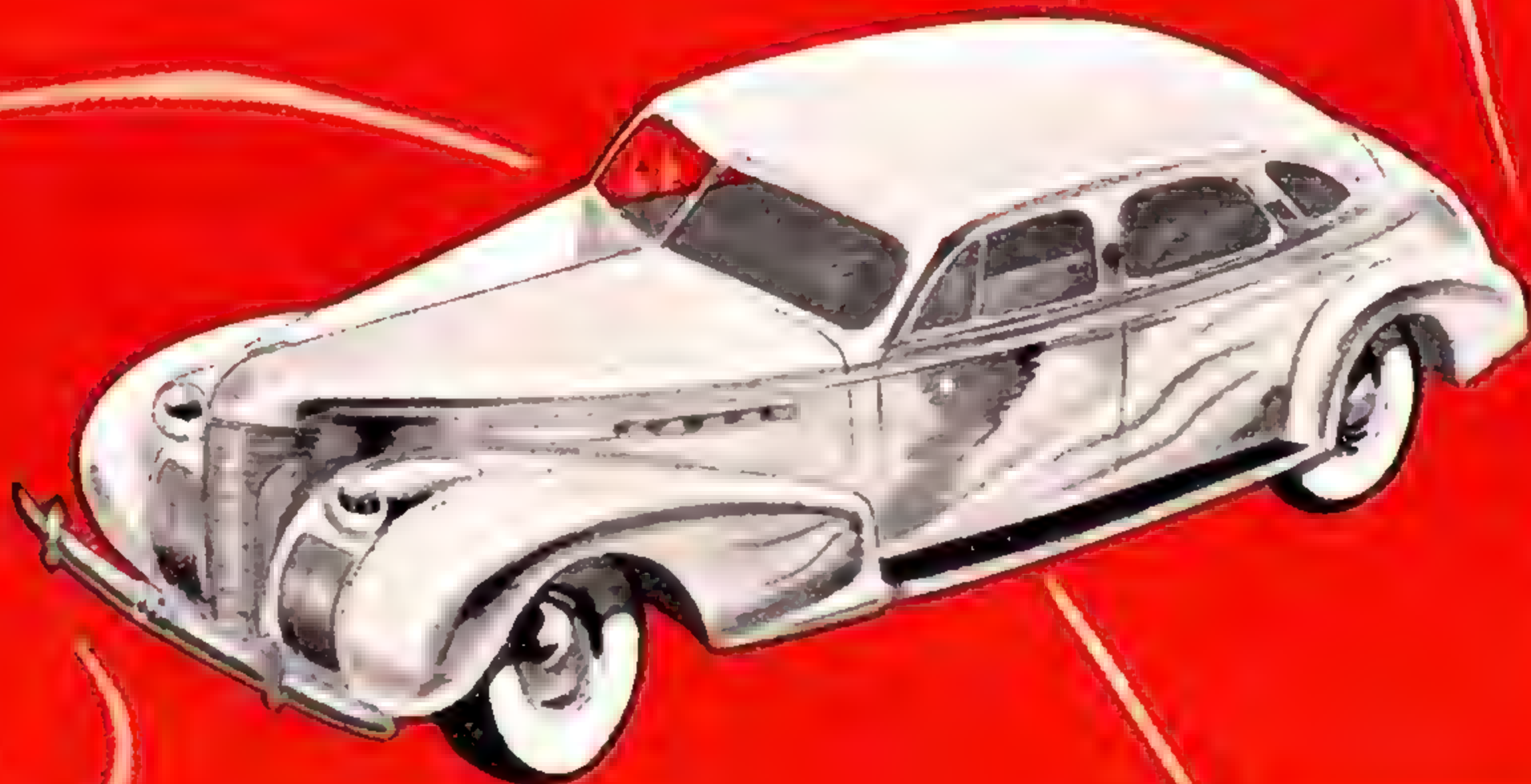
STUDEBAKER



PACKARD



CHEVROLET



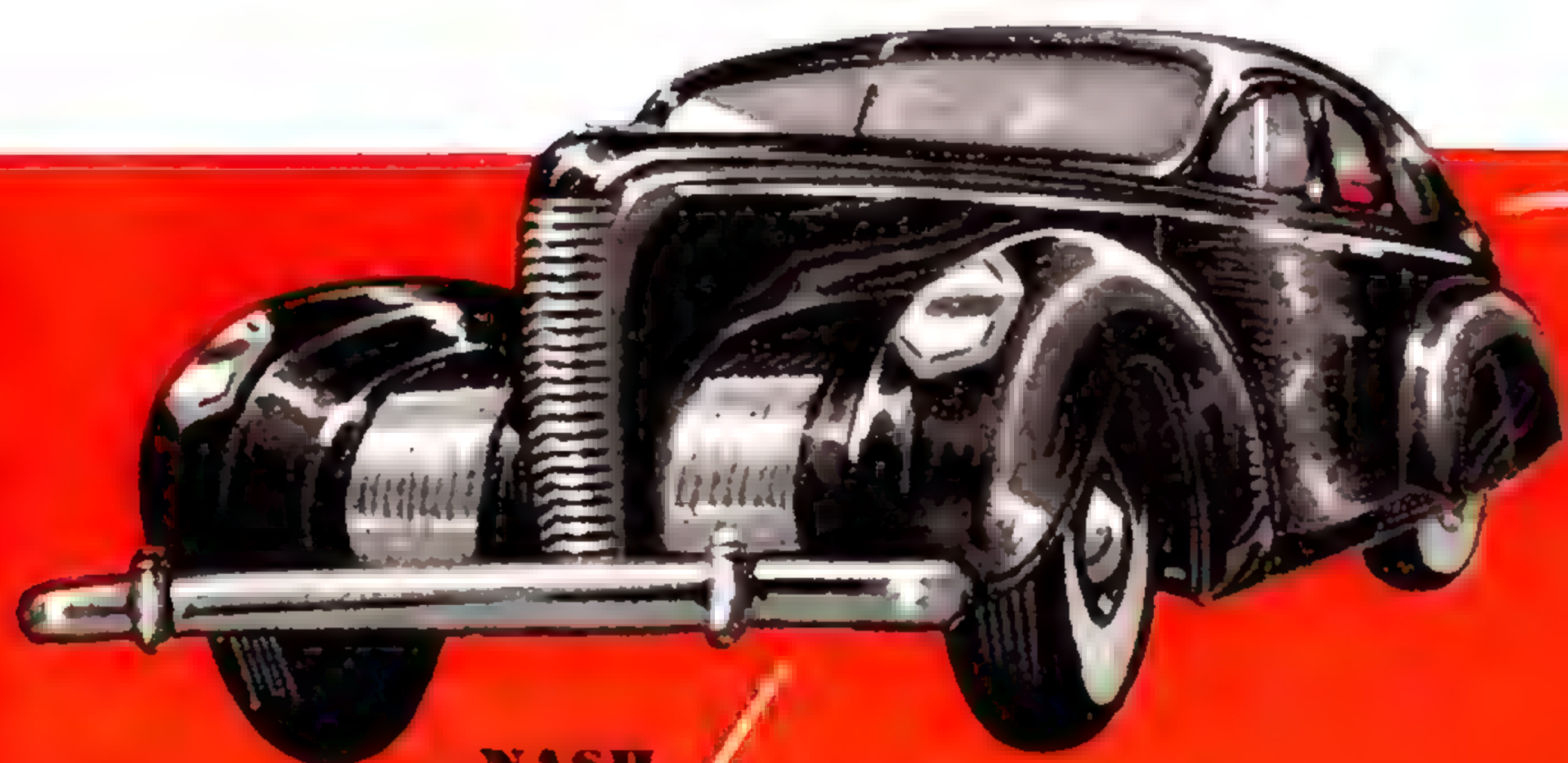
OLDSMOBILE



BUICK



BANTAM



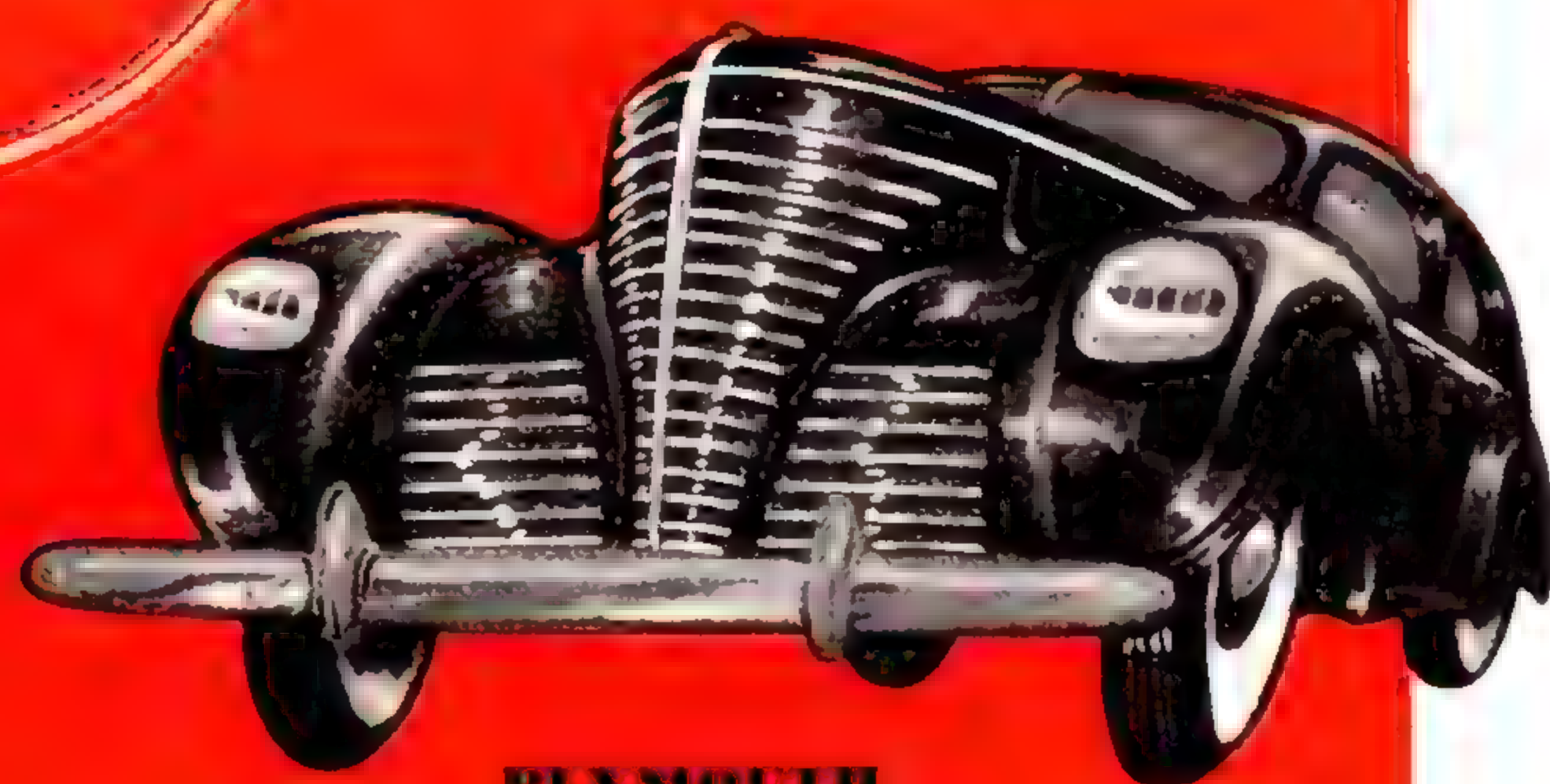
NASH



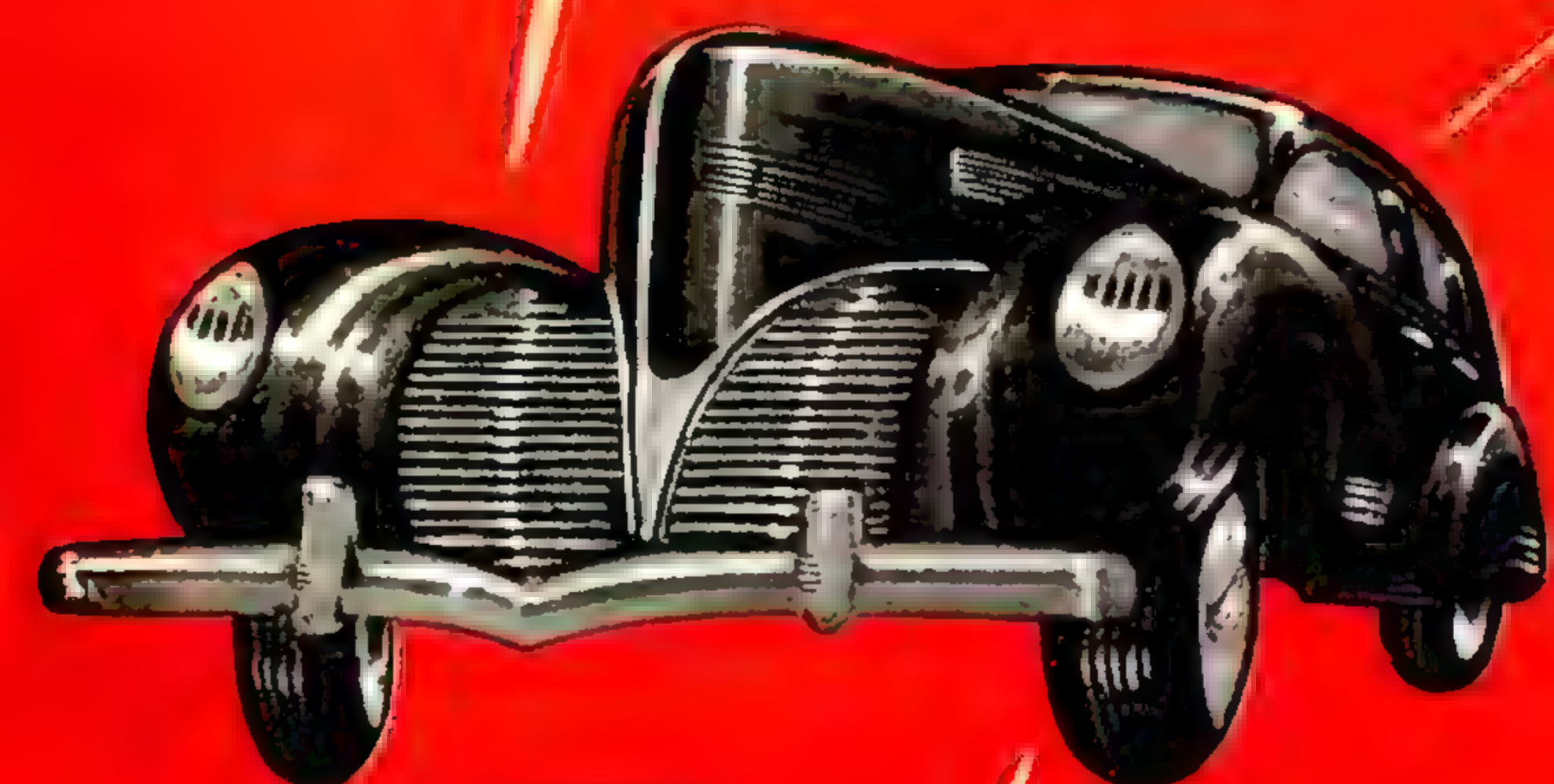
LA SALLE



ZEPHYR



PLYMOUTH



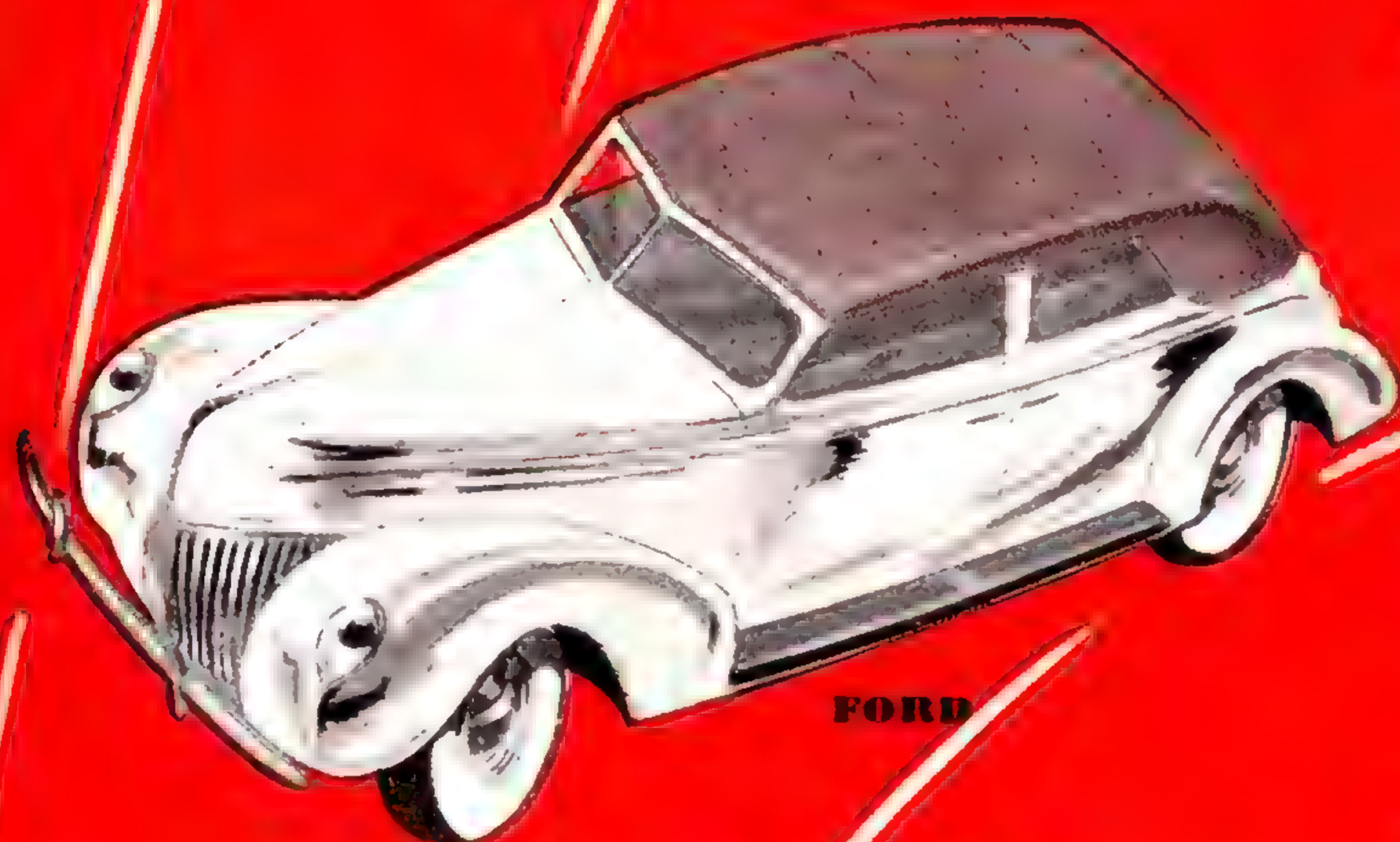
DODGE



HUPMOBILE



LINCOLN



FORD



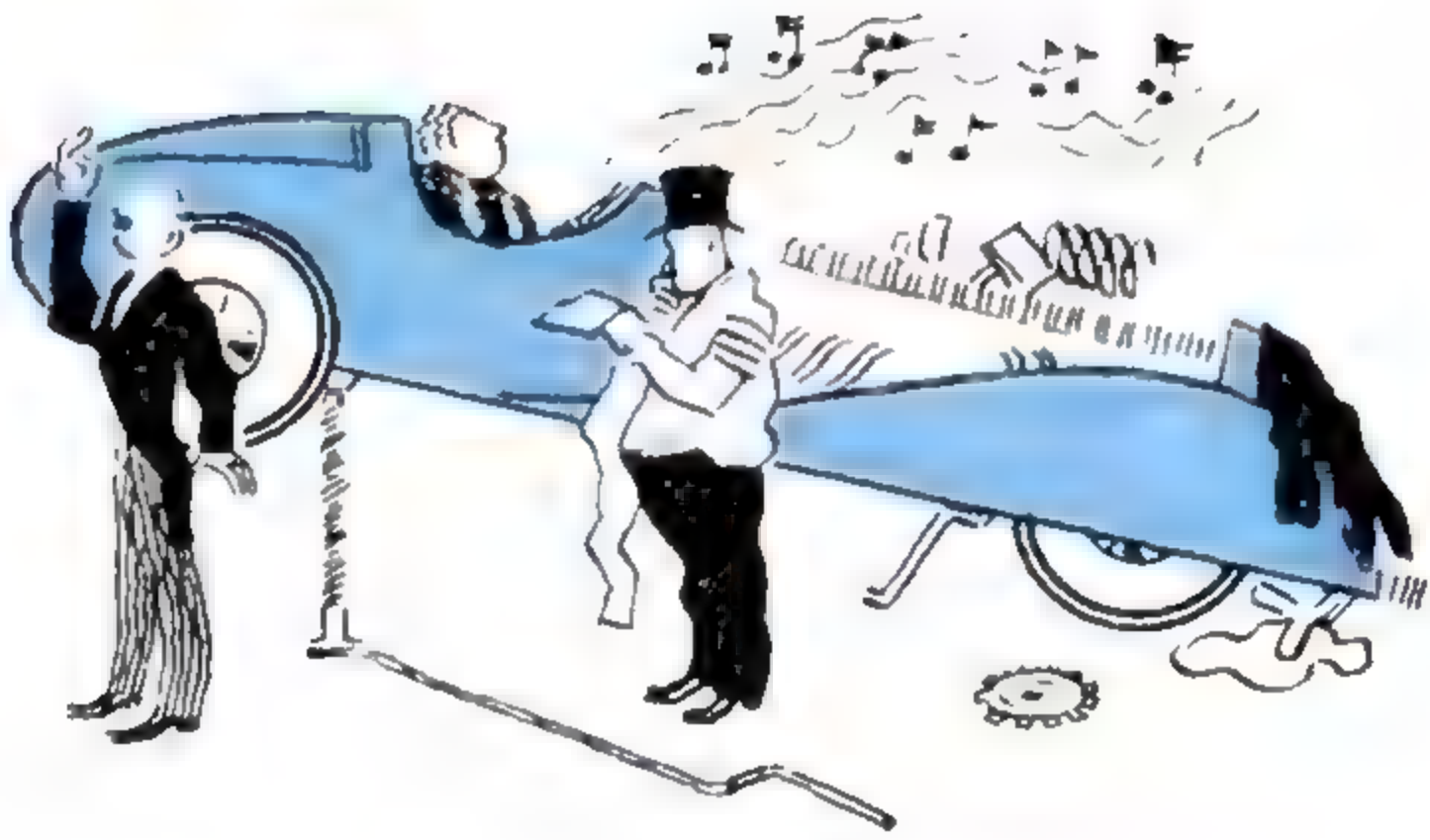
CADILLAC



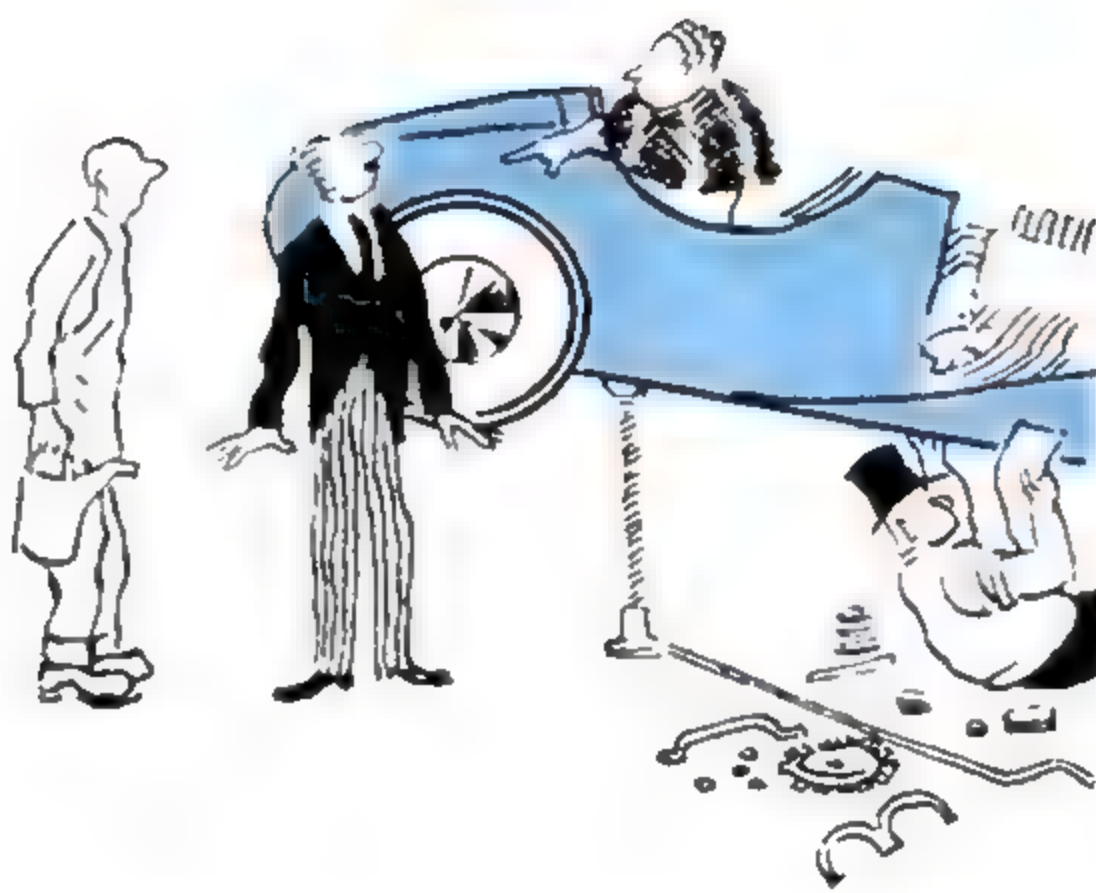
DE SOTO



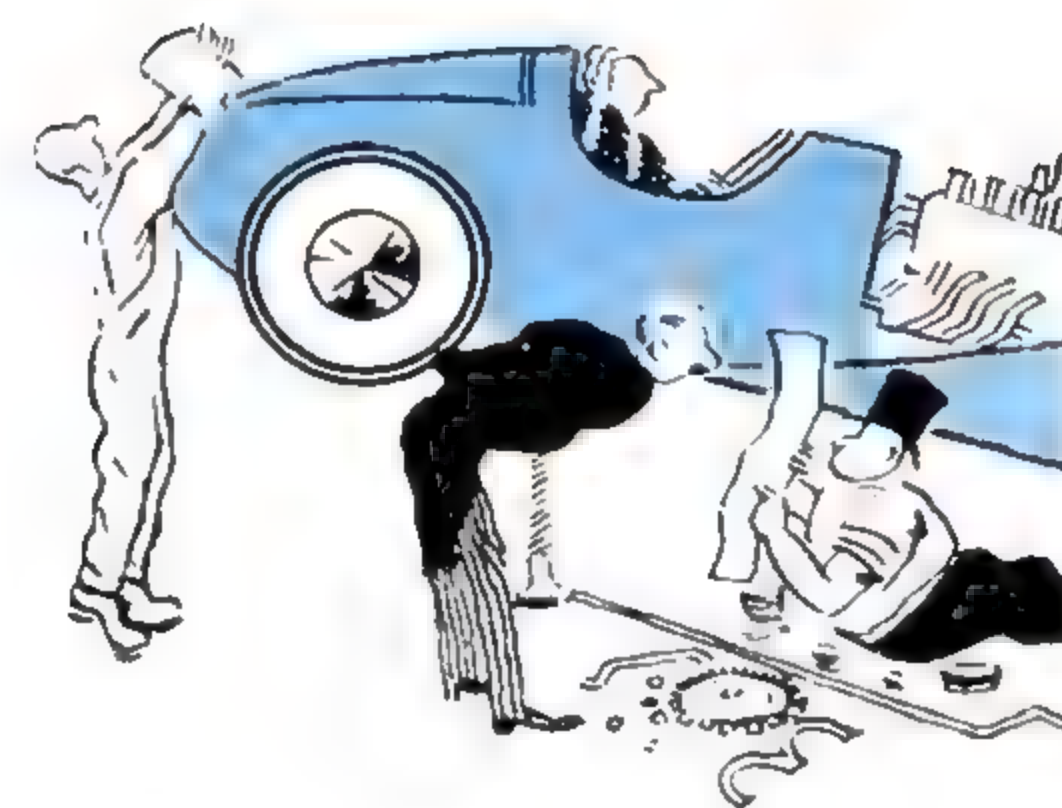
PACKARD



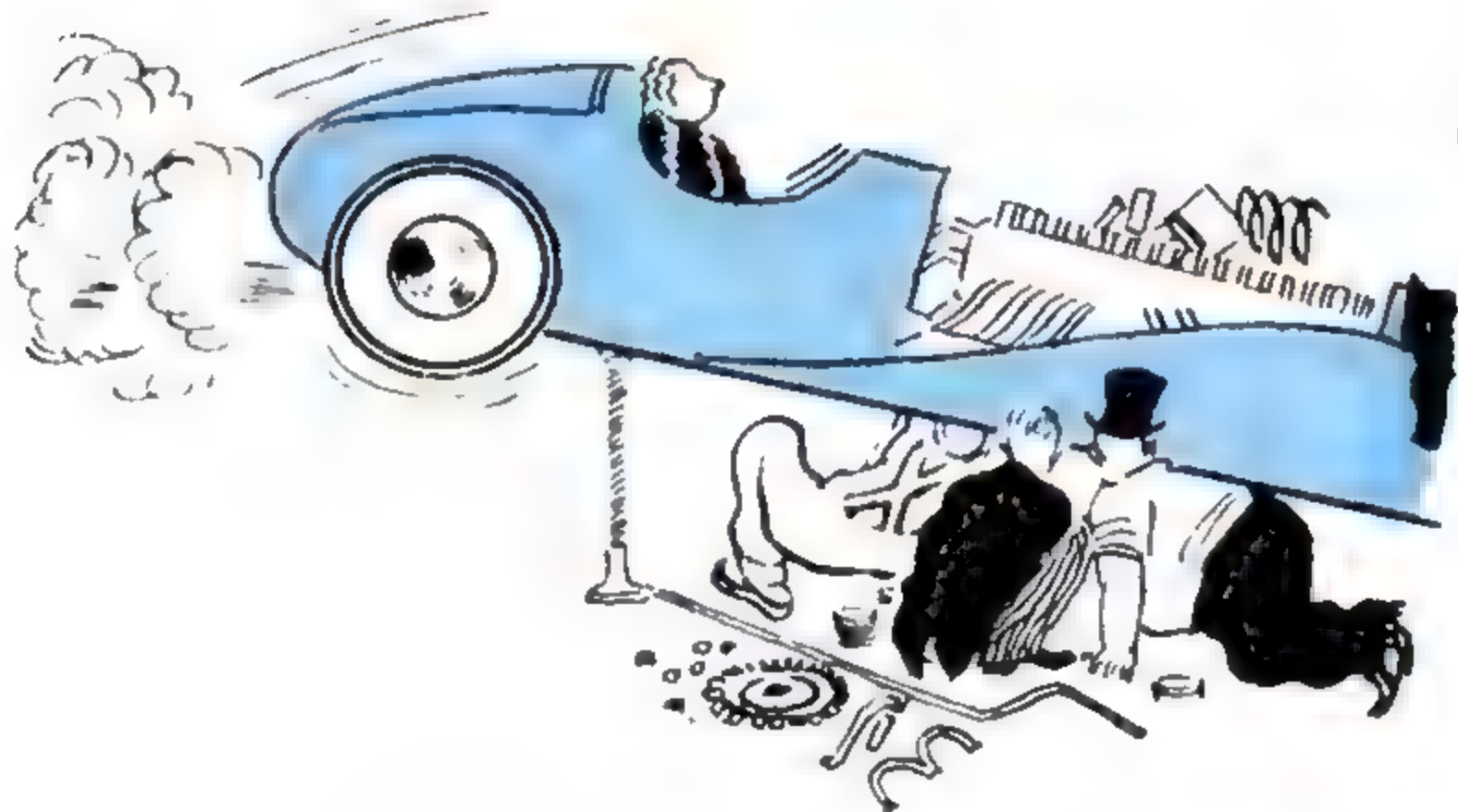
16 - Cater to their various whims



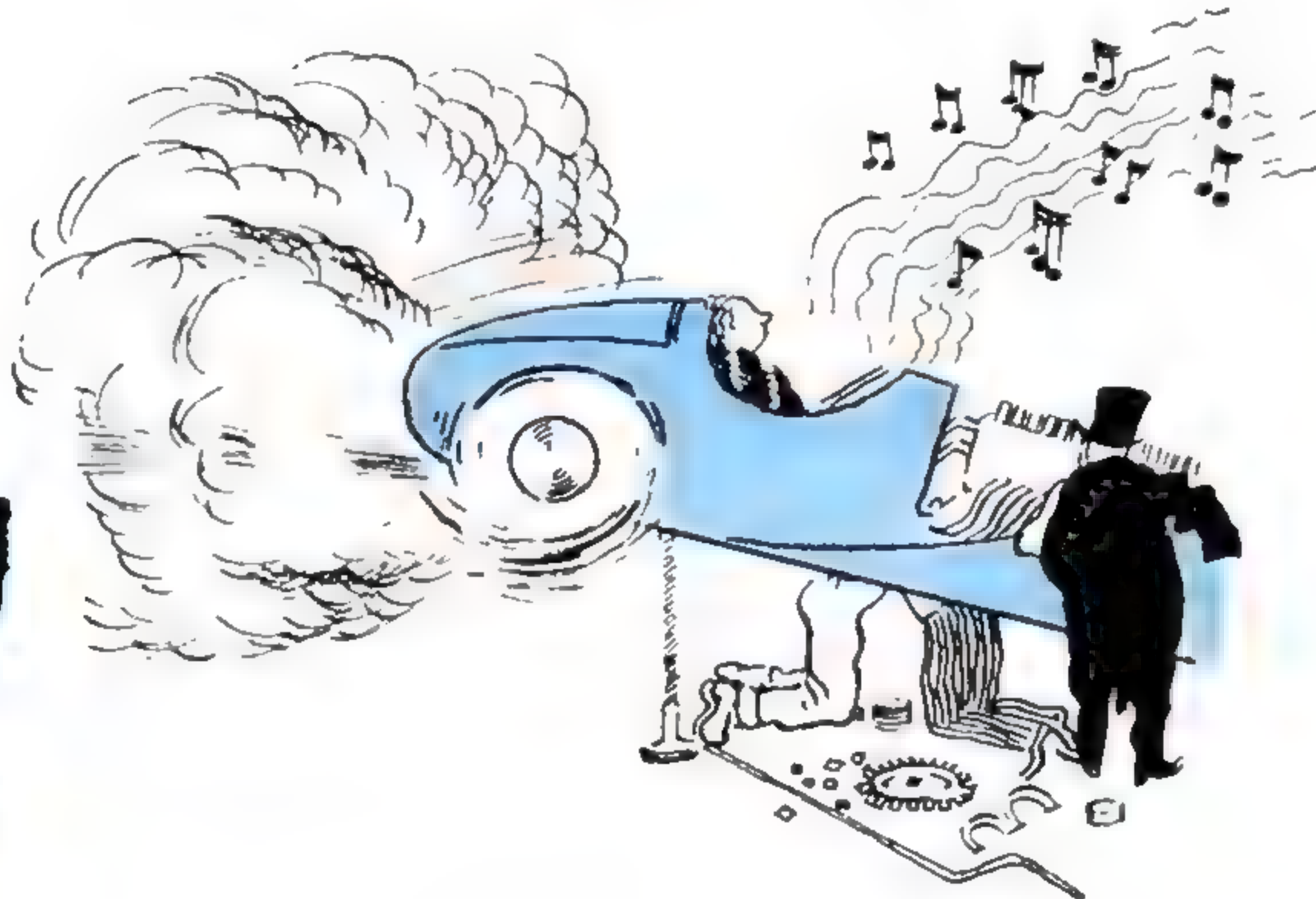
17 - even if she wants gasoline in the tank



18 - to compare sound of motor with other cars.



19 - Get a mechanic to explain working parts



20 - if your own knowledge is insufficient



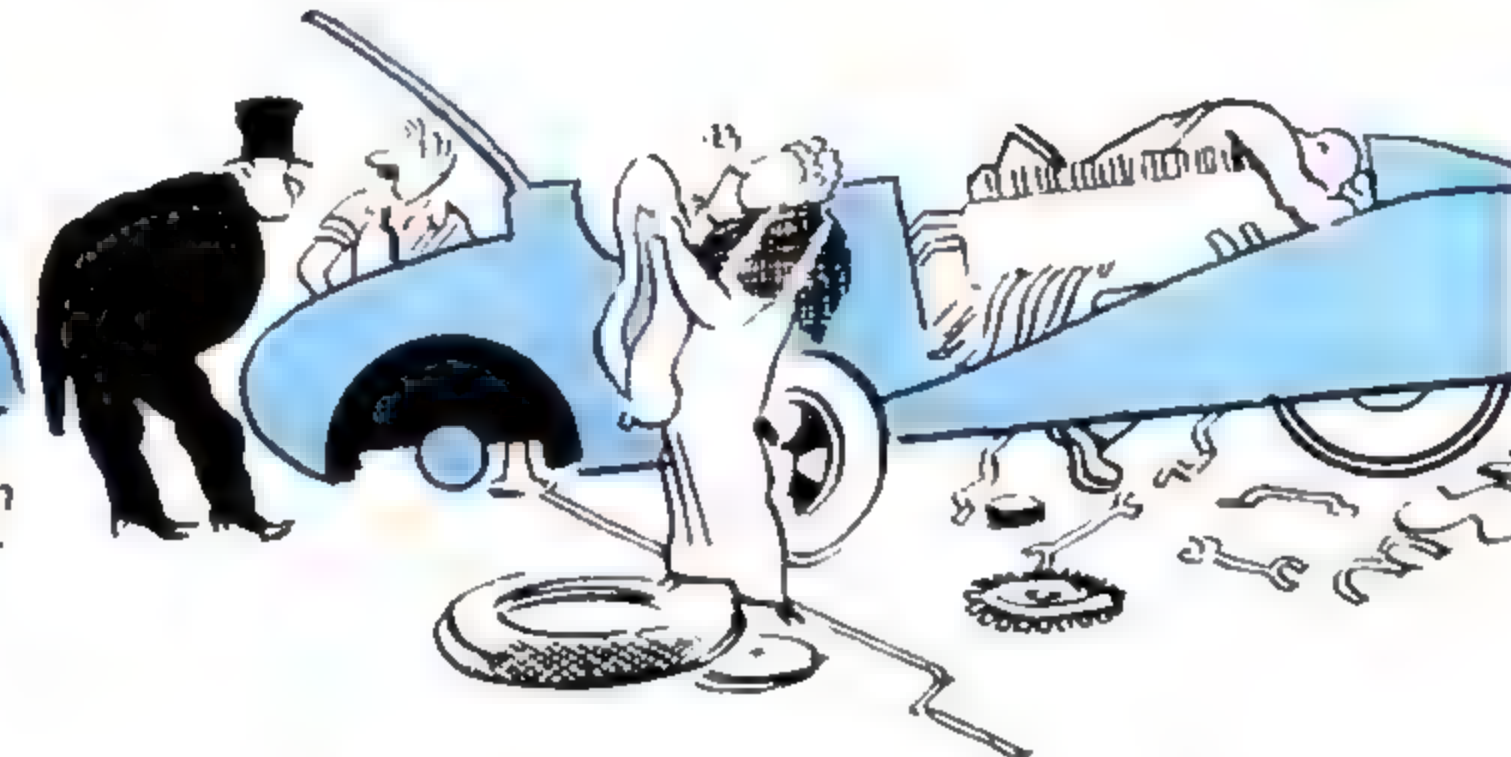
21 - and don't be too proud to go into detail.



22 - If the prospect insists upon examining the tires,



23 - remove them. Willingness to cooperate



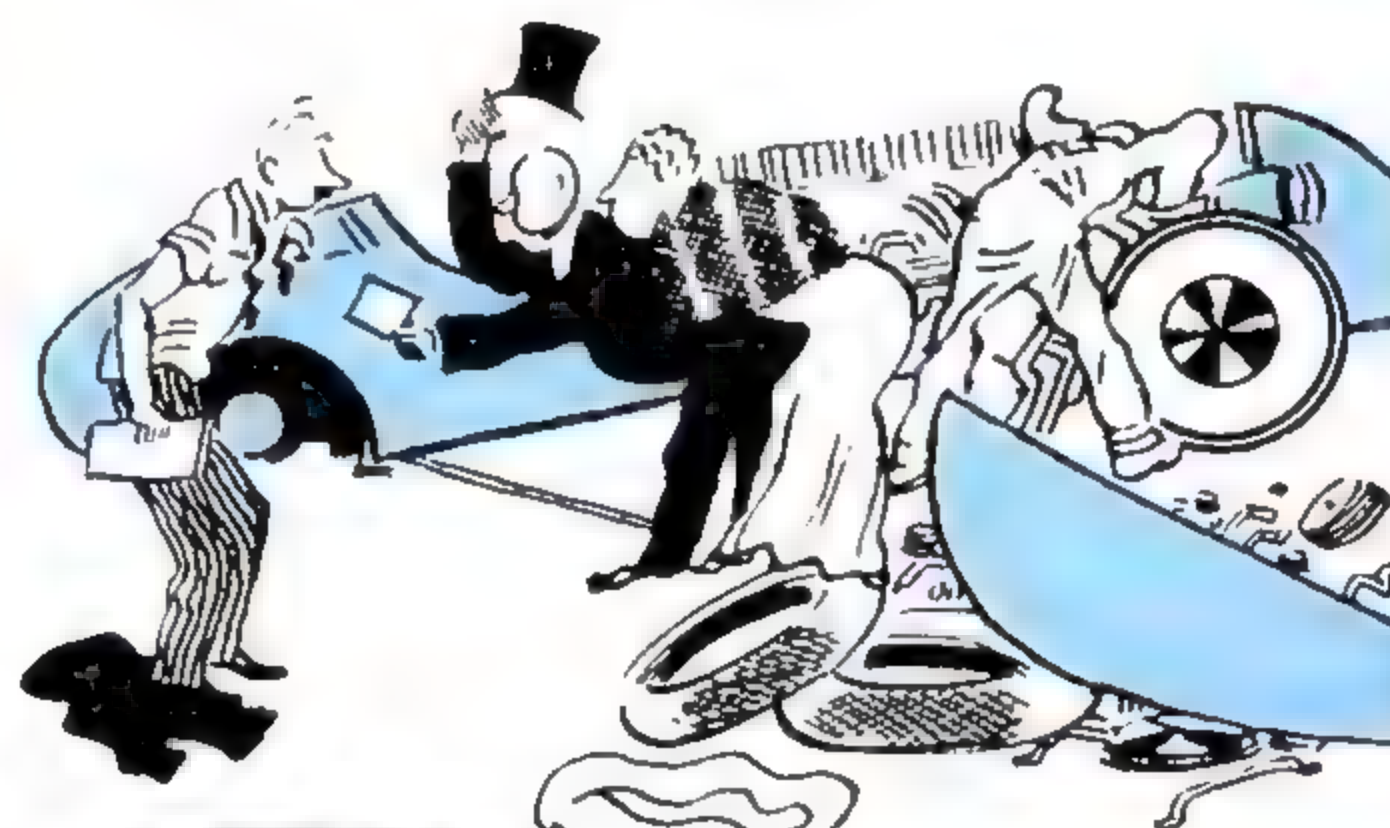
24 - and to prove by demonstrating, always pays.



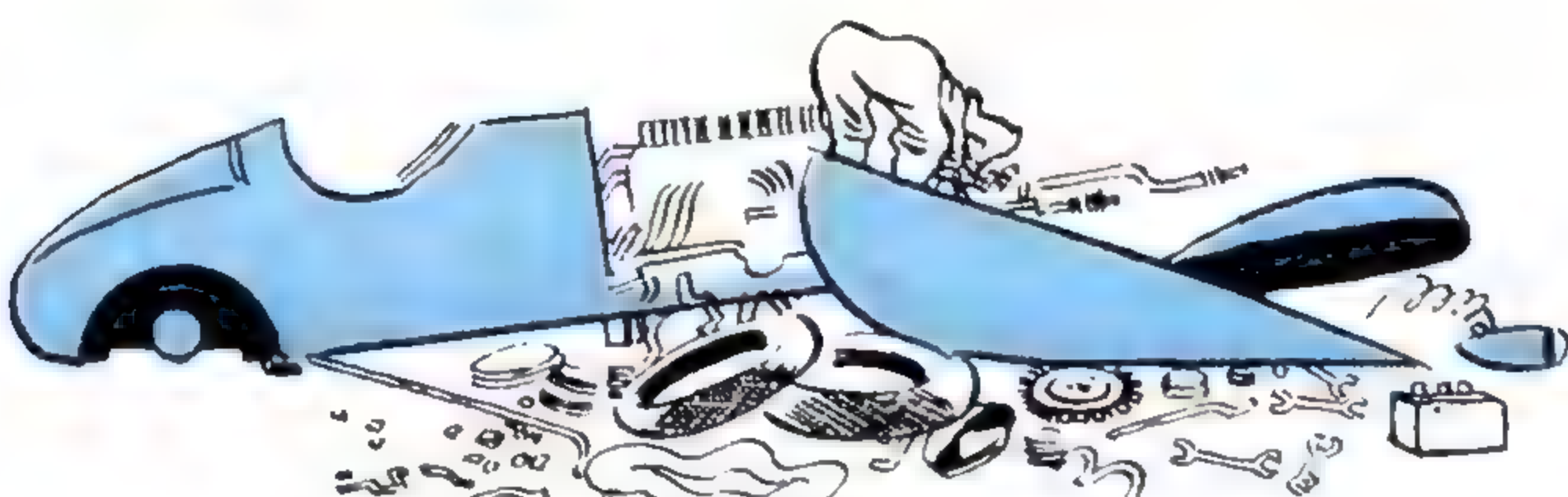
25 - If there are no further inquiries



26 - the sale is very easily



27 - and satisfactorily



28 - consummated.



Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Jumping nimbly from hard-boiled crime fiction, through the problems of dogs in the suburbs to *School for Dictators*

by CHARLES RUTHERFORD

• BOOKS •



IN THE world's greatest Mystery Story it is written that the last shall be first. Since in any well-ordered book department the detective stories usually serve to bring up the rear, let us for once give them the lead-off position. That won't be hard to do this time, because the month has been the seasonally lean one in the publishing business.

First we have three shockers of the hard-boiled school. (*The Bigger They Come*, by A. A. Fair, Morrow, \$2; *He Wouldn't Stay Dead*, by Frederick Davis, Doubleday Doran Crime Club, \$2; *You Can't Get Away by Running*, by Whitman Chambers, Doubleday Doran, \$2.) It's a school that has advantages. Its characters are short on breath and long on action. It puts the girl-boy stuff on the least sentimental basis. It gets away from the wearisome police-investigation stereotype.

Still there's something not quite right about this hard-boiled brand of crime fiction, something vicious. It doesn't actually say to hell with morality, but it exudes that odor. Those who know how to take their vicarious murders (you and I) can say pooh-pooh to that. But I don't like the idea of a book of this type in the hands of a neurotic, some crack-brain who might get ideas. The casual acceptance of killing which the hard-boiled yarn specializes in, is not good for the kiddies either. It isn't calculated to inspire any potential juvenile delinquent to work for an Excellent in Deportment.

There's no question but that these books are racy, well written, well plotted, and puzzling enough to suit any hardened fan. *The Bigger They Come* is completely unorthodox. So are its characters. The hero was a lawyer until he annoyed the legal fraternity by boasting that he knew a way of committing murder without being held for it. At the end he shows how.

His employer, Mrs. Bertha Cool, head of the Cool Detective Agency, is a two hundred-pounder who likes loose clothes, swearing, and frankness. She's just a little too hard to wear well enough for a sequel—but I don't doubt the second book will be forthcoming. A frame-up, a murder, pretty girls, love, and a legal twist of great ingenuity add up to the adjective "gripping."

You Can't Get Away by Running has a plot harder to take than most. A jealous husband, discovering the identity of his wife's playboy, decides to catch the two in a compromising position and have them done in—with pictures. He's slightly mad, of course, and wants the photos for his sadistic-masochistic pleas-

ure. The action centers in a lonely spot on the southern Pacific coast of Mexico. (By a coincidence that may be strange or not, I have just come back from a vacation there; I've actually had a guzzle or two at the same Seven Seas tavern with which the story opens.) It's hot, and the egregious, ubiquitous vultures flap about and give atmosphere. The score is one out-and-out murder, three killings, pretty girls, and love.

Davis's *He Wouldn't Stay Dead* is the best of the three, largely on the score of its humor. (However, in the course of shop talk a fellow reviewer tells me he found the humor heavy, slowing up the story. What's one man's spinach is another's broccoli.) Its hot lines are so pleasantly uttered that they slide down as sweetly as a good brandy. The complicated and novel plot starts with a corpse that gets up to knock out its guard, and both plot and corpse keep on piling up impossibilities to the very end.

Add to this a miscellany of seductive gals, two of them caught nude. The characters are more sympathetic than the humorless, hard-biting and hard-bitten males and females of the other two exhibits. You begin to guess toward the end, but only a piece of the puzzle, and meanwhile the writing is first-class all the way.

I cracked open *Arrogant Alibi*, by C. Daly King (Appleton-Century, \$2) with a good deal of expectation because the jacket of this two-murder book is crowded with praise of Mr. King as "the writer of the intelligent man's thriller." I figured it was written with me in mind. Dorothy Sayers opines that the author "has made an important contribution to the development of the mystery novel."

The opus itself is slow and dull, its characters wooden, their talk (maybe striving to inveigle the "intelligent man") is prosy. There is too much talk, and it's all full of grammar and diction. The pseudo-learned discussions, the debates about black and white magic, fail to click. A lot of rattle but no dice.

Bobbs Merrill has brought out two Jefferson Farjeon mysteries. *Thirteen Guests* looks like a re-issue. Here's the old setup of the British week-end party at Lord So-and-So's, the guests consisting of the usual standard job-lot of portrait artist (never landscape), scandal journalist, lady novelist, blackmailer, actress, sweet thing and her curly-headed lad, and the central character who has been catapulted into it by accident. An old formula, but Mr. Farjeon takes it in his stride and makes it sound new and fresh.

His later effort, *Mystery in White*, doesn't read as if it were written by the same hand. Again there's a week-end party, but this time the job-lot is thrown together in an English

train which gets snowbound the day before Christmas. The job-lot staggers out into the storm and barges its way into a mysterious old house where the fires are lit and the table laid for tea, but not a soul around. There's a psychic old duffer, and a psychic old portrait presides from over the fireplace with what the author intended to be eeriness.

Cause for Alarm, by Eric Ambler (Knopf, \$2) is spy-adventure rather than mystery stuff. An unemployed English engineer takes a job representing a British munitions house in Italy, where he is quickly caught up in a "web of intrigue" and finds himself a pawn (I believe "pawn" is the word) in the great game between the democracies and the Rome-Berlin axis. The engineer is so stuffily dumb and English that you don't care a damn what happens to him. The tale has little to recommend it except that it is anti-Nazi and anti-fascist, and reverses the usual Tory point of view which informs such stories. *Cause for Alarm* is so liberal that its one admirable character is a Soviet agent.

I don't know why it is, and you may have wondered too—most detective thrillers are about as liberal as the Dies Committee. The American ones are usually anti-labor, if the plot allows it. The English Scotland Yard stuff is full of snobbery and class distinction, with an upper class which is "sirred" and "mistered," and a lower class which is simply called Jones. In both, the foreigners, whether French, Italian, Greek, Polish, or Bulgarian, figure as a queer and half-human people. If writers of detective fiction aspire to write the intelligent man's thriller, maybe they'd better devote less attention to encyclopedia stuff and Roget's *Thesaurus* and put in more time catching up on political science, sociology and anthropology, and working up to a good all-around view of the human race and its essential oneness in trouble and aspiration.

The American dog population (I almost wrote "pupulation") is estimated at twelve million. About 90,000 of these hounds are registered—they are the "noble and well-born," with pedigree. Some dogs don't lead a much better life than an Arkansas share-cropper, a poorhouse invalid, or the family of an unemployed man waiting to crash the relief rolls. But the great majority of them are better off than many a forgotten man, woman, or child. A flourishing industry turns out special cedar-wood dog beds for them, and balanced diets, rubberized-cellophane raincoats with zippers, rubber booties, blanket coats, perfumes, and shampoo and manicure



Continued in center of page 165

It's Only the Beginning

The cocktail hour may need a new name as the gourmets are now going in for aperitif

by PERRY READ

• POTABLES •

UNTIL fairly recently, the Great American Palate had, for the most part, yet to recognize the aperitif. There is nothing in the public library under the "A's" about this important pickerupper. If you send a question to any of the current radio quizzes asking contestants to name four aperitifs, you'll probably be assured of five bucks in your family till. Fact is, it's the generic term rather than one of the specific beverages that seems to be the cause for uncertainty in the average mind. That estimable sherry you've been drinking for years, that bitter-sweet dubonnet, that byrrh or vermouth... the Europeans have a word for it... "Aperitif"... the continental *cliché* for cocktail.

Since time immemorial, Frenchmen, Italians and other folk across the sea have been sitting comfortably in sidewalk cafés, watching the world go by and leisurely sipping aperitifs.

The American-in-Paris invasion gave that town the Manhattan, the Martini and the Daiquiri. In return, in a sort of liquid reciprocity as it were, Europe has given us the aperitif... taken up with avidity by that exclusive little group that the newspaper society reporters choose to call "the international smaht set," and served over the better bars everywhere.

There are two kinds of appetizers, some contain spirits, the others have wine as their base. The former, commonly known as alcoholic dilutions are, of course, cocktails, with an alcoholic content of about 20% to 40%. Aperitifs, with their wine base, usually with the addition of various aromatic herbs, rarely exceed an alcoholic content of 18 to 20% by volume.

Many people consider the aperitif a sensible solution to the question of what to drink before you drink some more. It is a companionable beverage, gets along harmoniously with the various viands to follow, and mingles sociably with the more potent potables. The aperitif meets with nods of approbation from the medicos, as a touch of quinine in the system is an oldtime remedy for what ails you, and many aperitifs contain a health-giving shot of this good old Peruvian product.

There are four indisputable aperitifs: sherry, dubonnet, vermouth and byrrh, as well as a number of others, indigenous to certain spots, or the pet concoctions of individuals. The French consider pernod an aperitif, or oxygenee, which has the same absinthe base.

The Hungarians drink dry Szamorodni, a Tokay family business. Then there is dry Madeira, G. Picon and a vermouth (with bitters already in it), or a vermouth plain (a smart drink), Aquavit, Lillet, Tequila Rojena, Vodka and bitters in a glass of soda and so on.

Some schools insist that there are a few liqueurs which, when served with soda or heavily frappéed, can be used as aperitifs... such as crème yvette, crème de cassis, Drambuie, advocaat, kirshwasser and flora della

alpi... but try to find them in the average cellar!

So let's get down to the Big Four, and begin with the Alpha and Omega of every meal, that versatile and highly respectable beverage, sherry. To the generation that ran rampant in the Terrible Twenties, sherry was considered an old man's drink, or something that grandma used to bring forth at Sunday "high tea," accompanied by fruit cake.

When a Victorian lady pulled a fainting fit, sherry was the great reviver, the ir-

reproachable stimulant which brought rosy flush to damask cheek.

With post-repeal, the era of sane and civilized drinking, sherry became one of the smart things to serve. Many a luncheon begins with this proud product of Spain, many a connoisseur's dinner, at which fine wines are to be served, gets off to a correct start with a sherry aperitif.

Lest you underestimate its potentialities, and think of sherry as all sweetness and light, let us insert the saga of a certain Casanova, who always used to ply his pretty prey with sherry. According to the gentleman, after each successive glass of this seemingly innocent subterfuge, the dinner the lady was to have, became more and more a matter of legend.

But as we were saying, sherry is the name given to wines produced from grapes grown in a small section of the extreme south of Spain, the chief city of which is Jerez (pronounced herr-ayes) from which the name sherry is derived. True sherry, with its unique, pungent flavor, can be produced only in this section. No wine has a wider range of types, varying from very pale, dry and delicate wines to the full, big brown sherries al-

most as rich as liqueurs. There are four main classes of sherry, *palido*, full bodied, of medium color and dryness; *fino*, very pale, light, dry and a delicate wine; *amontillado*, one of the best known and finest types, which does not develop its true character until it is quite old. Pale in color, very dry, with a lovely bouquet, it makes a perfect aperitif. Last class is *oloroso*, the highest type of sherry which requires many years to develop. Oloroso is full flavored, with a rather dry finish and a glorious bouquet.

Under these four classes you have certain wines of less fixed character. There's amoroso, for example, a sherry in the palido class, round, soft and always a blend... excellent as a luncheon sherry; manzanilla, made from grapes grown in San Lucar, just outside the true sherry district, is pale, very dry, pungent and very popular as an aperitif.

Vino de pasto is a light, fairly dry young wine used in Spain as an everyday drinking wine, while montilla is a high grade wine with a soft, round flavor. It should never be kept in a decanter and should always be served chilled.

All sherries are fortified wines, brandy distilled from sherries is added to raise the alcoholic strength of about 14% from the natural fermentation up to about 20% alcohol by volume which gives sherry a higher alcoholic content than most of the average wines. In the case of the sweeter sherries, the brandy is added before fermentation is completed, thus keeping in the wine some of the sugar of the grape.

It is a peculiar fact that sherries produced from the same grapes, crushed at the same time and set aside to mature, may develop quite differently, even as a couple of human offspring. One sherry will turn out to be a *fino*, another will develop by age into an *amontillado*, while continuing the development may import to another the rich color, pronounced bouquet and magnificent flavor of no other than an *oloroso*.

Don't make the mistake of asking for a *vintage* sherry. Sherries are seldom shipped as vintage wines because the vintages are so uniform in quality that they are not set aside as such, one year's wines usually being as good as another. The whole sherry business is founded on the solera system (nothing to do with solar and astronomy) and practically all sherries are blended wines, the products of the soleras.

A solera, my friends, is not a name or description of a sherry, it designates the method by which the uniformity and age of various types of sherries are maintained throughout the years. A solera is a series of casks containing sherry of a certain type and different ages. Don't be misled by labels on

Continued on page 103





“Well so far—it’s all been rather disappointing”



"We had planned on a June wedding but fate willed it otherwise"

The Candid Cameraman

Our big-hearted critic tells Luise Rainer a few simple facts that her best friends have never mentioned

by PATTERSON MURPHY

• MOVIES •

THE PENALTY OF FAME

MAYBE he's a writer, an actor, a trans-Atlantic flyer. An adulant public crowds him in. Yes-men help to inflate his ego. He's inundated with publicity. Special article writers interview him, and he begins to think the words he's quoted as saying actually came out of his mouth. Critics, with a living to make, write about him in polysyllabic terms, creating an aura of significance about his name. He's quick to recover from his surprise. He never suspected himself of greatness; but, oblivious to the burlesque in Jimmy Durante's words, feels at length compelled to murmur modestly, "Well, what's my opinion against thousands of others?"

Now if the limelight and the publicity and the public's itchy fawning served merely to give cockiness to the actor or the flyer, there would exist small cause for beefing. A fame which prohibited its darling the boon of vanity would be a hell of a fame indeed. But too often it plays hob with his work. Wherever he trods these become the paths of glory. The notices about himself, written in the interest of commerce, he accepts as gospel. Something snaps up in his head. A gradual disintegration takes place. Raised above the commonplace, he loses contact with the common meaning of things. Nothing he does is less than profound. Economically secure, surrounded by unrealities, he becomes part of a dream world entirely contained within the vacuum of his ego. To express it crudely, his work begins to stink. By the nature of things nowhere does this happen more often than in Hollywood.

Sermon over, I go on to call your attention to an outstanding clinical case of incipient greatness in the person of Miss Luise Rainer, whose current performances in *The Great Waltz*, and *Dramatic School*, show every sign of that profundity which leads to disintegration. Let me be quick to observe that were I convinced her brilliant acting in *The Great Ziegfeld* and *The Good Earth* were unworthy of her fame I should be hardly likely to employ all these printed words in an insignificant cause. It was perfectly obvious even to the casual moviegoer that Miss Rainer brought to the screen a personality possessed of original dramatic talents. I saw her work before the cameras in her first American picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; simple and unaffected, Miss Rainer radiated that quality which is nothing less than electric. Here was stardom, inevitably, overnight.

Well, stardom overnight is strong medicine, its results unpredictable. Hollywood has taken many grand talents and pinned donkeys' tails on them. A run of poor pictures is as harmful as an exploded ego, and sometimes it is quite impossible to distribute blame equitably upon hammy performances and

hammy vehicles. Certainly neither *The Great Waltz* nor *Dramatic School* was able to conceal either. As bad, however, as Miss Rainer's parts were, she made them worse. She played *The Great Waltz* like a Camille who really had t. b., and in *Dramatic School* she mooned around the set staring blankly at everybody and mumbling incoherently as though she just had had, or was very soon about to have, a good cry for herself.

This all, I know, sounds pretty mean. But Miss Rainer is a fine and talented actress apparently overimpressed with the importance of a couple of Academy Awards. Maybe her best friends won't tell her. One or two repetitions of these emotional debacles and her studio will be selling her to Ft. Worth as a utility outfielder. Wrapping yourself up in an American flag and murmuring through your tears that this is the happiest moment in your life is all right for publicity, but what the box office expects from a great actress is real acting.

MR. AVERAGE MAN

Twentieth Century-Fox's comedy of Mr. Average Man, called *Thanks for Everything*, is now abroad, and very amusing it is too if you're not squeamish about the practical joke brand of humor. Henry Smith, played handsomely by Jack Haley, is winner of a \$25,000 contest by reason of his instinctive taste for popular brands. A high-powered advertising executive sees possibilities in Henry: he's a one-man Gallup poll, and whatever Henry might go for would be the automatic choice of millions. There's a catch, though; once possessed of twenty-five thousand bucks, and Brother Henry is no longer Mr. Average Man—a kind of shrewd conclusion, don't you think? Well, Mr. Menjou, the advertising impresario, fixes it so that Henry doesn't get his prize money. You don't hate Mr. Menjou for this (you're damned if you are going to become morally indignant during the course of a movie comedy), but you feel sorry for Henry. He's such a winsome guinea pig.

It works out fine until an ambassador of a foreign nation, impressed with the infallibility of Guidance Inc.'s predictions, employs the firm to discover exactly at what point of provocation the average American will go to

war. Nothing loathe, they isolate poor old Henry in a hotel with a phony case of chicken pox and, by a series of faked broadcasts and trumped-up scareheads and simulated bombardments, goad him into a patriotic frenzy. He won't fight for tariffs. Insults leave him cold. Propaganda has small effect. Only when America is threatened with actual invasion does he reach for his pants and run wildly toward the recruiting station.

All sorts of sociological implications raise their eyebrows during the course of these harebrained proceedings, but nobody pays them no mind. Mr. Zanuck, or somebody, was much too astute to fall victim to their siren wiles. Henry is whisked from the recruiting station to a hospital, where he is invited to try on a couple of strait jackets. Only one little bitty implication makes itself explicit before the affair closes on a happy conclusion, the same implication which intrigued our speculations in the excellent *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*. The thought, here dramatized again, is that when insanity becomes commonplace the fellow who persists in remaining rational will, in all likelihood, wind up in a strait jacket.

The nub of the idea for *Thanks for Everything*, incidentally, was stated in a satirical article, written by Mr. Kermit Kahn, pages 35 and 36, of the November, 1938, issue of the magazine *Coronet*. Mr. Kahn wrote his article as the result of a contest which was conducted by the *London Daily Express*. The article is entitled *Mr. Average Man*.

THE QUOTE BEST UNQUOTE

Whilst it may serve to fascinate merely the academic minded, I am nevertheless impelled, now that 1938 has been eliminated, to don critical cap and gown and name five (ten stumps me) outstanding American motion picture dramas of the year just past. The only

epitome Hollywood genuinely earns for the twelvemonth is that it was a grand year for bum pictures. To immortalize the best five requires, for me at least, less cerebral effort than arbitrary taste. There just are not any best. I may say that, of the hundred or so films seen by me during 1938, not a single one of them was distinguished by originality or the kind of excellence which creates esthetic impact.

Technically the art of the American motion picture constitutes a triumph in the realm of pictorial values; imaginatively, creatively,

Continued on page 164



Luise Rainer

Polo: Gentleman's Game

A polo pony gets plenty of oats, hay, and water, but he has a hard life: he is spurred, jerked, abused and beaten

by **ILES BRODY**

• SPORTS •

OTHERS may play it too, provided that they are rich enough and possess a great deal of courage.

For polo has three definite distinctions: it is the most expensive, the most dangerous, and incidentally, the oldest game in the world.

Nearly every player has to own a string of polo ponies. Even the expression, "string of polo ponies" implies riches; it sounds as lavish and opulent as "ocean-going yacht," or that other phrase which also makes one think of nabobs: "lakh of rupees."

How many times has the reader (and the writer) come across an item in the newspapers, announcing, that So-and-So left for the South with his string of polo ponies? On such occasions we stopped reading for a moment, and if there was no photo accompanying the story we pictured a stalwart and extremely wealthy young man, who simply *had* to play polo, in order to get rid of some of his immense yearly income. In addition to achieving this ambition, we knew that he would probably break a few bones in that excellent body of his; since accidents on the polo field are inevitable and taken as a matter of course.

The thing stands on a slightly different footing today, however. Nobody is quite as rich as before, and you no longer have to be a Croesus to play on a team, although you do need a considerable amount of money. But before we go any further we'll tip you off that the only way for a poor man to play polo is to join the army. There, it does not cost a penny; there are no expenses; all the cost is shouldered by Uncle Sam. There is only one catch: you have to be an officer.

The game originated in Persia, China, or Tibet. No one seems to be altogether certain, and even experts on the matter cannot decide definitely, although they do know that it was played in all three countries several thousand years ago. Later it came to India, and passed into British hands and tradition along with that colony. It seems, however, that the age-old career of the game has reached its climax in the New World, for during the past few years American players have achieved such perfection that there is real doubt as to whether the game can evolve further.

We will try to give as uncomplicated an explanation of the elementaries of the game as possible for the sake of those who have heard of the sport but have never seen it. The polo field is 900 feet long and half as wide. The side lines are boarded to a height of 11 inches to help keep the ball on the field and to protect the spectators. The goal posts, 10 feet high and 24 feet apart, are placed in the middle of the end lines. They are pur-

posely made of wicker, or papier-mâché, so as to be durable but light enough to break easily in case of collision.

The balls are made of willow or bamboo root $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter and $5\frac{1}{2}$ ounces in weight. They cost from \$4 up, to a very high price for an extra resilient British kind. The mallets, which range from \$3 up, have bamboo cane shafts and ash, persimmon, or dogwood heads which are set on at an angle. Like the goal posts, they break with ease. So much so, that there is no time-out called when a mallet snaps: the player just gallops to the side lines, where his waiting groom hands him another one.

After doffing those famous camel-hair polo coats, the teams line up facing the side boards. The referee rides forward and tosses the ball between them, and the game is on. After each score the same procedure takes place, except that the teams change goals.

A game consists of 7 or 8 chukkers (or periods), lasting $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, each; but many times the $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes become more, when a decisive goal is needed and time is extended. Intermissions between the chukkers are $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes each, save for one 5 minute period between the 4th and the 5th.

There are four players to a team; number One and Two are "offensive"; and because these players bear the brunt of the attack they are generally young men, quick and light in body. Number Three seldom leaves his post, although, of course, one cannot remain completely stationary on horseback in a game like polo. Number Four must be the best player of the team. He is generally a heavy-set older man who perhaps does not ride as well as the others but is a much better and surer shot, and one able to defend the goal post with coolness.

Not long ago it was Deveraux Milburn, father of American first-class polo, who played No. Four to perfection; a marvelous player, but his heavy-set 200-pound physique used to wear out his ponies in no time. Today he has relinquished the palm to Thomas Hitchcock, Jr. and contents himself chiefly with referee work at important Meadow Brook matches. Hitchcock, the greatest player of our day and age, is so feared by opponents that he is always checked by two players, whose duty is to "lock" him in; he is much too dangerous when on the loose. The man is a superb rider and his shots are really spectacular; he is a born polo player, if ever there was one.

A polo player wears—reading from top to bottom—a heavy cork helmet, specially designed to prevent concussion of the brain; a short-sleeved, open-necked shirt, either white or in the club colors; the famous broad polo belt; white breeches, and boots of soft

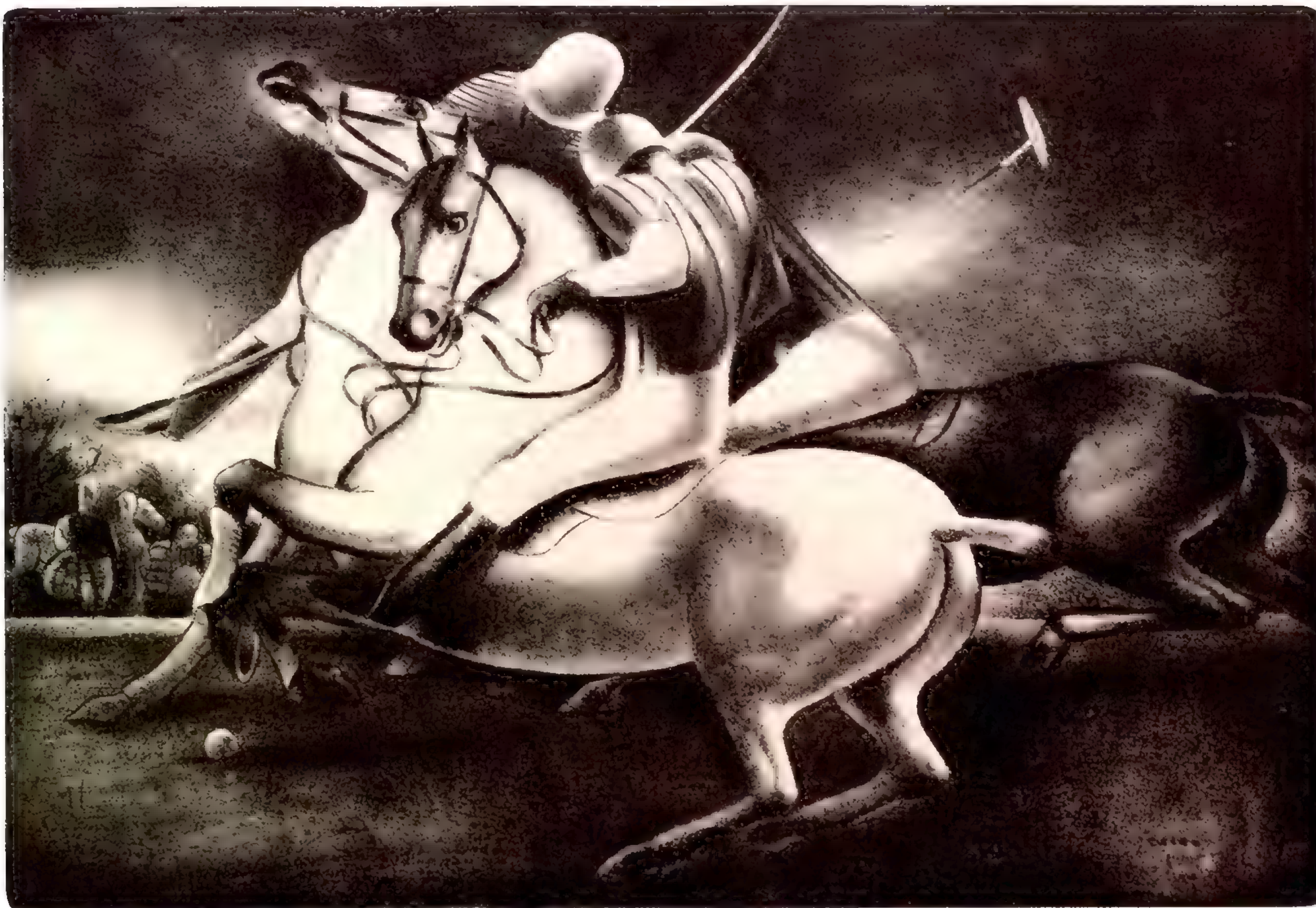
leather. According to regulations of the Polo Association, his spurs are dull, with the star not too pointed. Naturally, gloves are worn, and a long riding crop is kept in the left hand, which also holds the reins. Thick leather pads are strapped around the players' knees, because injury to the kneecap is quite frequent in polo.

The pony's dress consists of two reins attached to the double bits, a curb and a snaffle, so that the rider may stop him quickly while in action. Polo ponies must wear very tight martingales—so-called "standing martingales"—in order that they should not be able to throw up their heads and hit the player in the face. All four lower legs are wrapped, and there is lots of cotton underneath the bandages. Stirrups were long up to a few years ago, when the visiting Argentines introduced the short stirrup in polo. Fifty years back, stirrups were awfully long and ponies awfully short, and the players' feet nearly touched the ground. But times change quickly, we are living in a modern age, and stirrups in polo are short now. It is claimed that the player can sway his body more easily, and his mallet reaches farther if his legs are shorter. Tall men however, still make the best players.

The ponies love polo even more than the players—if that is possible. Following the ball is in their blood and novices take readily to the game. Their schooling begins at the age of four or five, and good animals reach their peak at around nine years old. By this time they know how to turn like lightning, to stop dead in the midst of a terrifically fast gallop, to trick the other horses. The good pony literally fights for the ball, pushing with all his might and trying his best to unbalance his adversary and at the same time carry his rider accurately to the spot where his mallet may reach the ball with ease. Their sense about the game is really uncanny. You should see the waiting ponies, at the side line, who are not in the game! They are sad, they lower their heads, they eye the playing ponies with jealousy. When their turn comes, they wake up all of a sudden, and throw themselves muzzle-first into the great excitement of the game. At least four ponies are required for each player in a game, since each animal may be ridden only after a rest of about three chukkers.

Not so long ago there was a rule that only ponies, really little horses, not over fourteen hands, could take part. Today there is no such rule; a polo pony may be a true pony, or a full grown horse. It does not matter, as long as he "knows" the game. Small horses are easier to handle, however, they turn and stop quicker, and are as a rule, cleverer.

The finest polo ponies are Argentinian, the



LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Eric Lundgren

best in America today being "Estalista," belonging to "Sonny" Whitney, and valued at more than \$10,000. "Never Tell" and the Kentucky-bred eight-year-old "Fuss Budget," a devilishly clever bay horse, are runners up. Cow horses from the West are often very good for polo, as they are "closely coupled," that is, the distance between the forelegs and hindlegs is short, an essential item in a polo horse. Moreover, they are inexpensive, costing only about two hundred dollars. Of course, the valuable horses may be insured, but underwriters know that the ponies do not last long in this strenuous sport, and so they have to set the limit at three thousand dollars.

"A horse should be treated like a gentleman," is Leland Stanford's motto, but this cannot be applied to polo ponies. It's true that they receive their five quarts of oats three times a day, their ten pounds of hay, as much water as they want, and a mesh of bran and water once a week, but even at that, it's a hard life. They are in a "gentleman's game," but they are not treated like gentlemen. They are abused, spurred, stopped short, jerked, beaten, and handled as though they were machines. With all due apology, we must say that polo players are often the worst horsemen. They do not ride beautifully, gently, with feeling for their mount, according to age-old rules. On the contrary, they must be forceful, cruel, hard and violent. More often than not, they lose their taste for regular horseback riding; they enjoy only polo, and develop a habit of riding every horse as though it were a polo pony. One must

admit, however, that they are just as hard on themselves; bruises, wrenched joints and broken bones are accepted as part of the game. The matter-of-fact way they take injuries is astonishing to an onlooker. We have actually seen a young army officer in a game fall right on his head. The concussion was so hard that even the helmet could not save the player from passing out. He lay there on the ground unconscious for a moment or two, but before assistance could reach him, he staggered to his feet. He thrust a hand into his breeches pocket, brought forth his watch, and raising it to his ear, listened to the timepiece—a dollar watch, as we later found out—to find out if it was still ticking. Then he collapsed again and had to be carried off the field! Naturally, at all games there is either an ambulance, or doctors in attendance.

To cut down unnecessary injury there are as many as 11 penalties possible, and the fouled team may be allowed a free goal, or a free hit for the goal on a clear field. For instance, one of the rules is that the player who last hit the ball may continue along its line of travel and has the right of way over an approaching player who rides at an angle. If the latter crosses in front of him or close enough to cause him to swerve or check, it is a foul. The penalty for this may be a free hit from where the foul occurred, or from the 30- 40- or 60-yard line, depending largely on the danger involved. Other violations of rules are: reckless swinging of mallet, zig-zagging in front of a player, bumping at a dangerous angle, punching with the elbow,

hitting a pony with the mallet, cruel use of spurs, and putting the mallet across, under, or over the forelegs of an adversary's pony. The mallet may be "hooked" as a player reaches out to try to hit a ball, but *only* on the right, or—in polo language—the *on* side. If the mallet is hooked when he is trying to hit the ball on the left, or *off* side, as in a tennis backhand, the penalty is severe. There are a referee, and one or two umpires to watch out for too reckless players in big games, but friendly games may be played with only an umpire.

Most polo games are handicapped. The players are rated from 0 to 10. For example, on one team there may be a 10 goal man, a 5 goal man, a 2 goal man, and a 1 goal man; this adds up to 18. The other team's players may be 10, 7, 3, and 2 goal men. Total: 22. The 18 subtracted from the 22, leaves 4, and thus the weaker team will start off with a score of 4, the better team with 0. There are only four 10 goal players in the United States: Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., Cecil Smith, Stewart B. Inglehart, and Michael Phipps. Most players are 3 or 4 goal men, and to illustrate what a tremendous achievement it is to be rated 10 goals, we need only to realize that Major Gerhardt, the highest rated of the registered polo players, in the army, is but a 6 goal man!

"Old Westbury" is the champion team today and is considered to have the finest strings of ponies as well. It "belongs" to C. V., "Sonny" Whitney, and its players are Michael Phipps, Cecil Smith, Stewart B. Inglehart, and Whitney. The second best

Continued in center of page 184

On the Record

Amiable gossip on the home life of Richard Strauss as a background for the recording of *Symphonia Domestica*

by **CARLETON SMITH**

• RECORDS •

RICHARD STRAUSS told me not long ago in Garmisch that, in his opinion, no great composition had ever been written without some kind of program. "Take Beethoven's symphonies," he said, "look at the third, the sixth, the ninth—or go through the *Passions* of Bach. In fact, take any great work you like. If it is great, it has an important idea behind it and that means it has a program . . ."

The obvious retort is that this is Mr. Strauss's quite natural rationalization of the fact that no great music was ever written by Richard Strauss that was not program music or, at least, was not sooner or later labeled with a program. Others, less skeptical, will agree that if you define the word "program" inclusively enough, Mr. Strauss is right. "Music," they believe, "is not mere sound. It has to do with humanity's thoughts, aspirations, feelings, imaginings. . . ."

Whichever point of view is right, there is no disputing that Mr. Strauss's programs have helped him at the box office. Listeners have rushed frantically to his "moving pictures for the ear," not always going back for a second performance, but more likely than not, becoming engulfed in his tumultuous waves of sound.

The last of his works to reach wax is the *Symphonia Domestica*, opus 53, recorded by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy (Victor M-520). To celebrate the occasion, the recording company furnished dealers with a handsomely colored poster of Home-Sweet-Home, showing Papa and Mama and Baby (and the cat) as celebrated in sound by Richard Strauss. If my memory serves me aright, the composer's home knew little of the serenity of that poster. When I called on the Strausses, Frau Pauline met me at the gate with the gruff outburst, "If you want to see the old man, you'll find him out there in the back." She, I am told, wears the pants in the family, tells him when to work, to stop, to play waltzes for her guests. Nor will she have a speck of dirt in her house. She goes over the picture frames with a white glove, demands that he wear chamois slippers so as not to scratch the floors.

The *Symphonia Domestica* is said to describe episodes in their life together. When it was first played anywhere—in Carnegie Hall on Monday evening, March 21, 1904—just

thirty-five years ago, the composer conducted and let it be known that though this work is dedicated to "my dear wife and child," it is not to be taken as a description of any specific happenings. It is to be listened to, purely and simply as music.

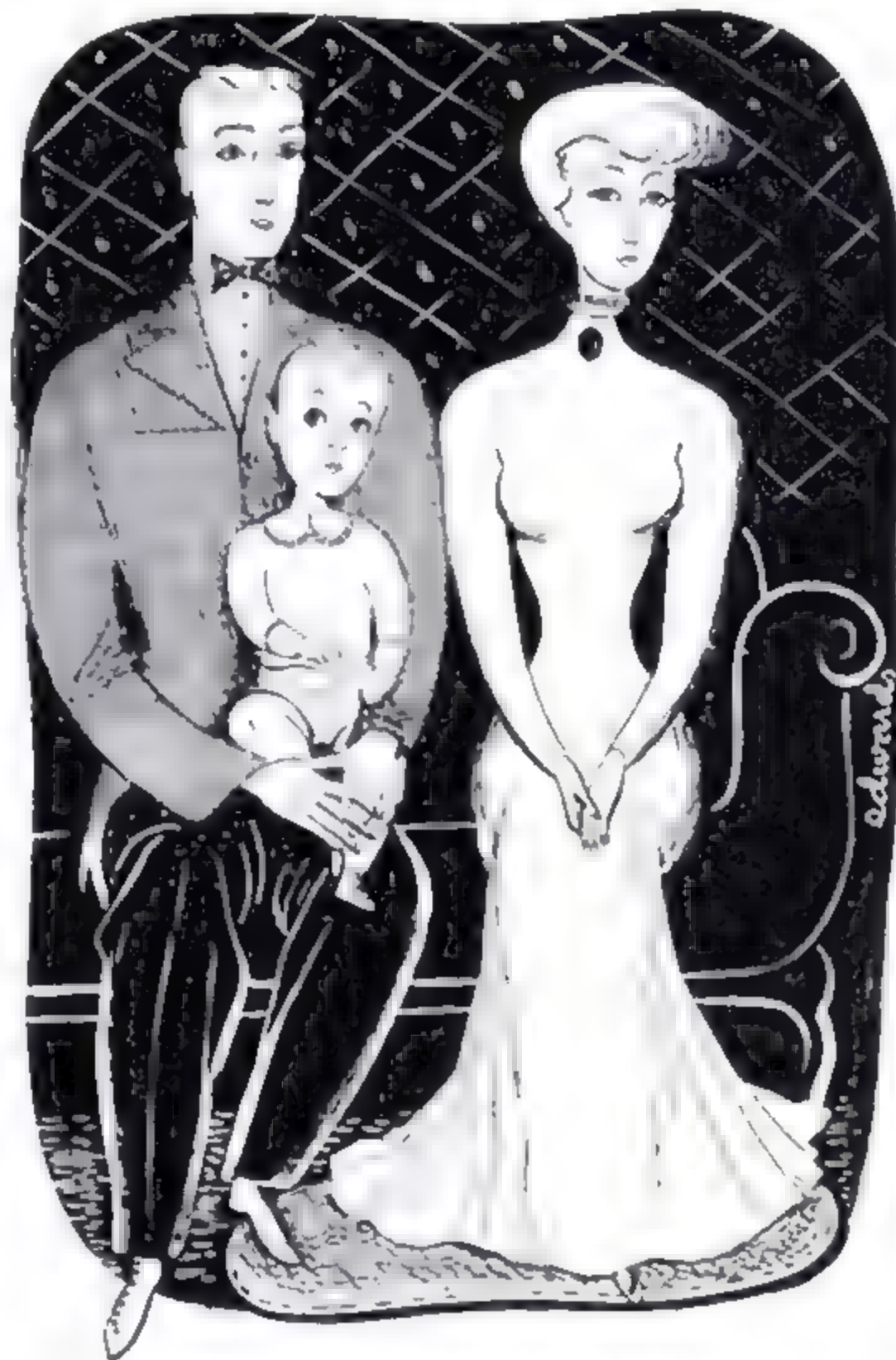
However, before a year had passed, the story was out. An official program was printed in London. According to Thomas Archer, the music describes "a man in his workaday life . . . first a rotund little Bavarian ambling along at a comfortable trot . . . then a sensitive dreamer . . . finally a temperamental and inspired creator full of fire and poetry. A smart fanfare on the trumpet brings him back to earth.

"Little man, what now?" The answer, of course, is woman. She is a capricious person . . . no clinging vine, dutiful wife or laughing mistress but a very volatile, independent woman with a tongue she can use, as her husband well knows. She, too, has a feeling for the higher things . . . and 'angrily' shows her dislike for any display of feeling.

"The two are brought together by their child. 'Absolutely like his father!' chant the aunts on clarinets and trumpets. 'Absolutely like his mother!' the uncles politely contradict on oboes, horns and trombones."

There is a passage which has been described as the child taking a bath. In the *adagio*, the program says the family is asleep and their gradual awakening is depicted by a subtle restlessness which culminates in the *glockenspiel* sounding seven times, indicating the hour. The family begins the day with a dispute about the child's future, but the quarrel ends happily. The work has been called a "cataclysm of domestic plumbing," and variously belittled as offering only a caricature of Strauss's earlier genius. Ernest New-

man claims, "The work made a sensation principally because the simplicity of the subject—papa, momma and baby—brought the program, at any rate, within the scope of the intelligence of the average man. People who were puzzled almost to the point of insanity by Zarathustra and its *Uebermenschen*, and its *Genesende*, and all the rest of that queer fauna, could recognize at once when the baby was squealing in its bath or the lullaby was being sung over it; and they had a kindly fellow-feeling for the terrible musician who now seemed to be even such a one as themselves."



If you feel that way or if you want to complete your Strauss collection, here it is, at long last, in the best recording you are likely to hear for some years.

* * *

At long last, also, RCA-Victor has brought out Alexander Kipnis' album of Brahms's *Lieder* (M-522). Connoisseurs have enjoyed these records ever since they were issued nearly three years ago, as Volume One of the Brahms Song Society. Kipnis, so far, is the Brahms Song Society, as no further volumes have made their appearance.

This great artist, who for too many years has been away from American audiences, furnishes here the artistic experience of a lifetime. His singing of Brahms's Four Serious Songs in his Town Hall recital at the turn of the year was one of the most memorable hours in years of concert going.

The beauty and resonance of his tones, the exquisite vocal line wrought in my memory before only by John McCormack, are filled with a driving perception of the lofty thoughts contained in Brahms's "legacy and epitaph." Dim the lights, settle back in your chair, dream of *Eternal Love* and *The May Night*. Relive the serenades of your youth, and then let Brahms and Kipnis engrave in your heart the significance of *O Tod*:

O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that is at peace in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to distract him, and hath prosperity in all things, and that still hath strength to receive meat!

O death, acceptable is thy sentence unto a man that is needy, and that faileth in strength, that is in extreme old age and is distracted about all things and hath lost hope.

* * *

Why, will some kind official please tell me, are American music-lovers made to wait several years before great masterpieces recorded in Europe are released here? Yes! Yes! I know the quantity is great and it is not easy to choose . . . but is there any valid reason why music recorded and pressed here should appear in English catalogues long before it does here? Mr. Koussevitzky's and the Boston Orchestra's recent reading of Haydn's Symphony No. 102 in B flat major (Victor M-529), issued here just recently, has been available to English music lovers since April, 1937. Are we such "duds" that we cannot absorb the variety of music offered abroad? Or are we being penalized because our market is so rich that it can best be tapped slowly with a few well-advertised sets?

Why, for example, have we had to wait a year for Myra Hess's recording of the Schumann Concerto in A minor, opus 54 (Victor M-473)? Everybody knows that this is one of

Continued on page 145



“—Big Mike crept up the stairs, his footsteps sounding hollowly through the dark house!”



ORIGINAL ETCHING FOR ESQUIRE BY FREDERICK POLLEY

PROVOSTS' TOWERS: UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

THE twin towers of "Old Provosts" are much more than a dominating architectural feature of the men's dormitories at the University of Pennsylvania; yes, they are even more than an artistic memorial to the men who have served as Provosts since the founding of the institution back in 1749: they symbolize the student life of thousands of men who have been graduated from the portals of "Penn." The view of Provosts' Towers shown in this etching is most dramatic and timely. It is the daily inspiration of the men of the thirty-six dorms as the rising sun announces a new day, as they sprint to classes, and as they call for their mail at the dorm post.

(Address inquiries concerning prints of this original etching to Esquire Art Dept., 919 N. Michigan, Chicago)

In the near-by vicinity of Provosts' Towers is located "Fraternity Row," a score or more of national fraternity homes, and many student club buildings. It is a man's world, and men from the whole world have been mothered by the University of Penn. Distinguished men in all walks of life, from signers of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution to the group of men who conducted the experiments that led to the modern moving picture industry, call this their alma mater. Provosts' Towers, architecturally, are pure Tudor Gothic, and the various dormitory units and the Memorial Tower follow this Old English pattern.

Strange Fish Stories

**If you can swallow the one
about Jonah and the whale,
why strain at these tales?**

by LELAND F. ROBINSON

• ARTICLE •

FISH stories are such a popular variety of the tall tale, and so much ingenuity and humor have gone into their making, that they are generally regarded as extremely enjoyable, if not very truthful.

But here are some that have many of the earmarks of the most improbable fish story, but are hard to laugh off, because they are true.

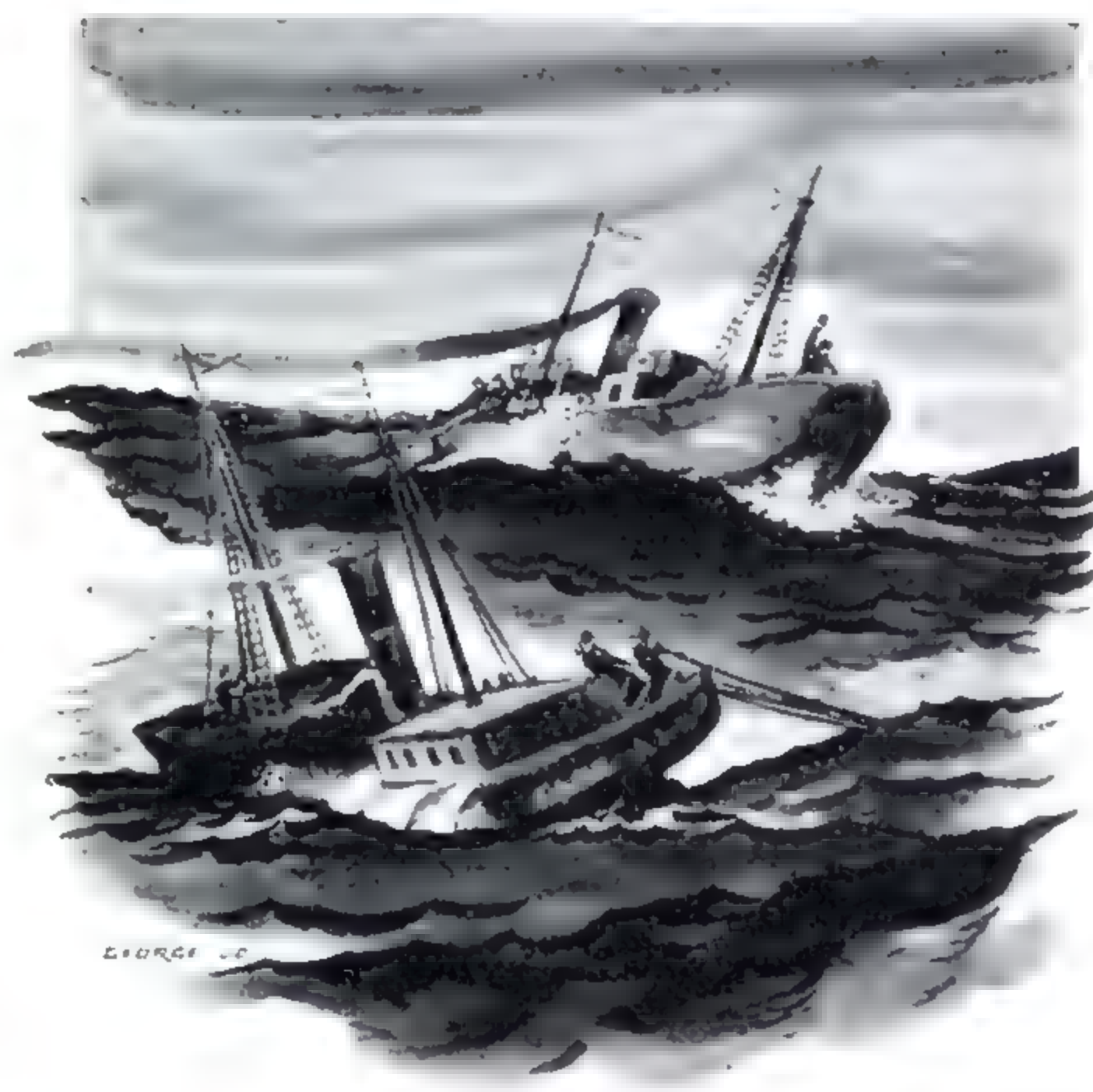
The steam trawler *Sea*, Captain William Hanlon, recently arrived at the Boston Fish Pier from Western Banks with a fine trip of 175,000 pounds of mixed fish and an unusual halibut. The halibut didn't look out of the ordinary; it was nice and white and plump, with its two eyes in the usual position close together on one side of its head. But when one of the crew picked it up to dress it after it was caught he thought it surprisingly heavy for its size. And weighing showed that it certainly was, as it tipped the scale at forty pounds—many more than any halibut of its size should. A deft surgical operation disclosed its stomach held an eight-inch piece of small chain with a small hook on one end.

Harry Riordan of the schooner *Cape Ann*, while on Brown's Bank, left his vessel in his dory a little while ago, and after picking out a likely-looking spot in 480 feet of water, set his trawl with its many fathoms of line and hundreds of large, baited hooks.

When he hauled it he found a "good sign" of fish, and a tarnished mug. When polished, the mug proved to be silver, and had engraved on it, "Cunard Line. Made in England." There does not seem to be any record of a wreck of any Cunard ship in that vicinity. But the place where it was picked up was not far from the regular Cunard route from England to New York. It was not easy to tell what period the mug belonged to, but the Cunard Line has been running ships between England and New York since 1840.

John Simmons was cleaning codfish at the Boston Fish Pier—an old job to him, and he wasn't speculating much about the countless fish that passed quickly through his skillful hands. But he was startled when he opened one sleek, fat fish and found an attractive wedding ring in it. An examination revealed that it bore the inscription, "Pat D." Such a find was manna to the reporters, and the papers featured it prominently.

But everybody was astonished when the head of the Boston Police Department received a letter from the Reverend E. T. Drake of the First Presbyterian Church of Orange, Texas, saying that he had read about the ring, and that it was his, having been given to him by his mother. The inscription, he stated, was short for his mother's name, Patsy Drake. He said he had lost the ring



when he went bathing, one Sunday, at Corpus Christi, Texas, 28 years ago. The police sent a star detective to try to find out what had become of the ring. But some of the fishermen shook their heads and debated. Although some codfish probably live longer than 30 years, this one didn't seem to be very old.

Just a few days before this remarkable catch another was made by the Boston trawler *Brookline* on Georges Bank. Peter Fleming, one of her crew, picked up a seven-pound haddock which had just been landed on her deck from her huge net. When he slit it open to dress it, he found a cigarette inside. It was somewhat battered, but the trademark was still clear enough to prove that it was one of the popular brands.

Anchors lost from fishing vessels in bad storms, or when wrecked, are picked up quite frequently in the great trawl nets which sweep the bottom, and are saved and sold. And less welcome, boulders sometimes weighing several tons, are occasionally brought to the surface, often doing great damage to the net in the process.

A lifeboat from a trawler that had been lost at sea with all hands was brought to the surface a few years ago. One trawler picked up a wagon; another an apron with a child's doll carefully wrapped in it.

The schooner *Marjorie Parker* of Boston caught a ten-pound codfish with an encircling broad band of black rubber, which looked like a piece of automobile inner tube, and was imbedded firmly in the flesh.

The schooner *Reliance* brought a five-pound haddock to Boston with a skin which looked like polished gold, in contrast to the usual silvery color, with a black longitudinal stripe. One or two of these peculiar fish are usually found every year, but the golden color hardly ever extends over more of the fish than the

back, while this fish was completely golden.

The trawler *Ebb*, Captain Mike Shea, picked up a fish that had a sort of tunnel running along the top of its back through which ran a feeler that could be used at either its head or its tail. The trawler *Atlantic*, Captain Olmstead, picked up another odd fish on Georges Bank, about 200 miles east of Boston. It was about 12 inches long, black in color, with a body like an eel and a head like a snake. The large mouth had sharp, strong teeth, and its body tapered down to a rat-like tail.

Veteran fishermen had never seen anything like these strange creatures, which were given to the United States Bureau of Fisheries to study. Although the latter fish was caught in less than 600 feet of water, it was tentatively supposed that it really belonged in very deep tropical waters. The bureau experts scoffed at the belief that here at last was a real, baby seaserpent, although they admitted that they couldn't tell whether the strange find was a kind of eel or a sort of fish until they carefully studied it.

A little while ago Captain Giffen of the schooner *Hesperus* brought in two chimera fish which were caught in about 600 feet of water on Brown's Bank. These strange fish have enormous heads and small conical bodies, and one of these specimens was about five feet long, the other three. This was believed to be the first catch of these rare fish in North Atlantic waters since 1930, and only the second since 1877.

Last fall 100 spectators witnessed in Provincetown, Massachusetts, what is probably one of the most unusual fish stories. The harbor was swarming with goosefish, fat, ugly, and greedy. They swim near the surface, have large mouths full of pointed teeth, and average about a foot and a half long and a foot wide. The crowd on the town pier watched a gull frantically attempt to rise from the surface where he had been feeding. But he couldn't; instead he was slowly drawn under the surface and completely disappeared.

"A goosefish got him, I guess," a fisherman decided. "I'm going to get him."

He soon caught the fish with a gaff and brought it back to the pier. When he opened the fish the gull was inside, sure enough, and it looked dead. But while the crowd looked, it opened its eyes, tried its wings, and flew away.

And, of course, no story about fish stories would be complete without telling about the biggest one. Usually, of course, they get away. But this one didn't. It was a whale shark, 38 feet long, 18 feet around, and weighed 26,000 pounds. Captain Charles Thompson harpooned this monster—believed

Continued at top of page 104

Doctor Comes of Age

**He hadn't been interning long enough
to be case hardened and it disturbed
him to know that a patient must die**

by HARRY SYLVESTER

• FICTION •

BLAINE lay in the hot night and wondered how anyone could be so tired and still retain consciousness. It was not the first time he had thought this since coming to the hospital. Now it seemed to him that all of him slept, or at least was inert, except that part of his brain concerned with his consciousness; not the full, colored, complex consciousness, but the elementary thing which merely realized a few simple facts: the darkness around him, the certainty that he lived, his complete weariness.

When the buzzer sounded over his head, his whole body seemed to jerk clear of the bed, then lay, gently bouncing in it for a few seconds. Blaine pivoted automatically on his buttocks, his feet swinging downward to the floor, and it was not until he was sitting up that he cursed. His eyes were still closed. When he stood up, dizziness made him reel slightly but seemed to pour out of him like water as he went toward the wall phone in the dimly lighted hall.

"Hello," he said. "Calling Dr. Blaine? Who? Mrs. Bradley, hemoptysis? I'll be right down."

Blaine put shoes on his bare feet and tied a robe around him. He took a stethoscope and half ran toward the stairs. As he went down two at a time, he automatically reviewed the case. Mrs. Bradley was a married woman about thirty years old. She had no children and had been in the hospital almost six months. The diagnosis was pulmonary tuberculosis. She had been all right, had even improved some until last night when she had had two lung hemorrhages. Today she had had three more.

Dr. Carmody, the attending physician, had liked the way Blaine had taken care of Mrs. Bradley during the hemoptysis. Carmody's approbation had not impressed Blaine very much, since he had been quite tired at the time.

"Nothing more can be done now," Carmody had said. "Continue the same treatment. We can't do a pneumothorax to collapse the lung. I've tried that. The parietal and visceral pleura are bound together by adhesions. So there's no possibility of introducing any air. The only hope is to see her through this acute stage and then do what we can. If you run into any serious difficulties, let me know." Descending the stairs, Blaine wondered just what the hell Carmody had meant by serious difficulties, but decided that the older man couldn't do any more than he himself could right now.

At the door to Mrs. Bradley's room her husband stood, white and dazed. Blaine had never liked the man and didn't speak as he hurried past him. A nurse was holding the emesis basin to Mrs. Bradley's lips; she lay back against the pillows, gasping, a little blood bright about her mouth. The look of anxious terror in her eyes made Blaine think of the name Talvert had had for that look: "the fear of impending death." Blaine was still young enough to associate most of his experiences with the teachers who had first told him of them.

Mrs. Bradley relaxed a little and most of the terror went out of her eyes when Blaine took her hand. "M. S. grains one-quarter; ice bag to the chest," Blaine said. He had not noticed which nurse it was.

When she had gone, Blaine cranked the handle at the foot of the bed to raise Mrs. Bradley's head and thorax to a semi-recumbent position. He thought she would breathe easier that way. Her face turned a dusky red and blood came in a bright gush from her mouth. The terror came into her eyes again and she fought for air, her back arching slightly. The bleeding stopped quickly and

at the nurse's face or recognized her. The nurse gave Blaine the ice bag and he put it on Mrs. Bradley's chest. Mrs. Bradley was much quieter and kept looking at Blaine.

She began to breathe easier as the morphine worked. Blaine felt pleased with himself and a little awed, as he still could be by the secret action of drugs. The morphine was deadening the cough reflex and making it easier for the patient to breathe. Soon it would penetrate to the higher nerve centers and would quiet her fears and lower the blood pressure. It would check the bleeding and take away completely that look in her eyes which made Blaine so uncomfortable.

Mrs. Bradley would not let go of Blaine's hand. He drew up a chair with his free hand and sat down close to the bed. The slight noise made Mrs. Bradley open her eyes and she saw the white, frightened face of her husband at the door. "Tell him to go home!" Blaine wondered why her whisper should be so fierce. He himself disliked the husband because the man was always pale and always frightened.

Blaine turned in his chair and the fingers tightened on his own. All right, he thought, if she's going to be upset about it, I'll stay a while. It would give the nurse a chance to finish her work in the ward. Then she could come back and Blaine could get some sleep. Right now, sleep seemed very important. For the first time Blaine saw the nurse's face.

"Miss Rundle, I'll stay here a while and you can come back when you're through in the ward. You might tell Mr. Bradley that he can go home. There's not much point in his staying around."

In the resulting quietness Blaine felt his weariness come to him, a thing separate and possessing a

different quality from his desire for sleep. Sitting in the chair he could not sleep nor rest well but he could approach sleep's borderline and the strange country of a retrospection never penetrated so deeply at any other time. He had really not done badly on this case. He had really not done badly on any of his cases, considering how little sleep he got. Blaine had been a good athlete as an undergraduate and this still conditioned much of his thinking, so that he could wonder at how well he worked on so little sleep.

He considered that Mrs. Bradley was fortunate that he, Blaine, was handling her case, instead of one of the other interns, none of whom had had, like himself, a summer in a tuberculosis sanitarium. She was lucky, all right. He had been glad to leave the sani-

Continued in center of page 106



she breathed in great gulps. "All right, now, Mrs. Bradley," Blaine said mechanically in the professional voice he had unconsciously cultivated. "Don't fight. Just lie quiet. It's necessary that you remain absolutely quiet. Try not to cough. I know it feels as though there is something there that must be coughed up, but it needn't be. The more you cough the more you'll bleed."

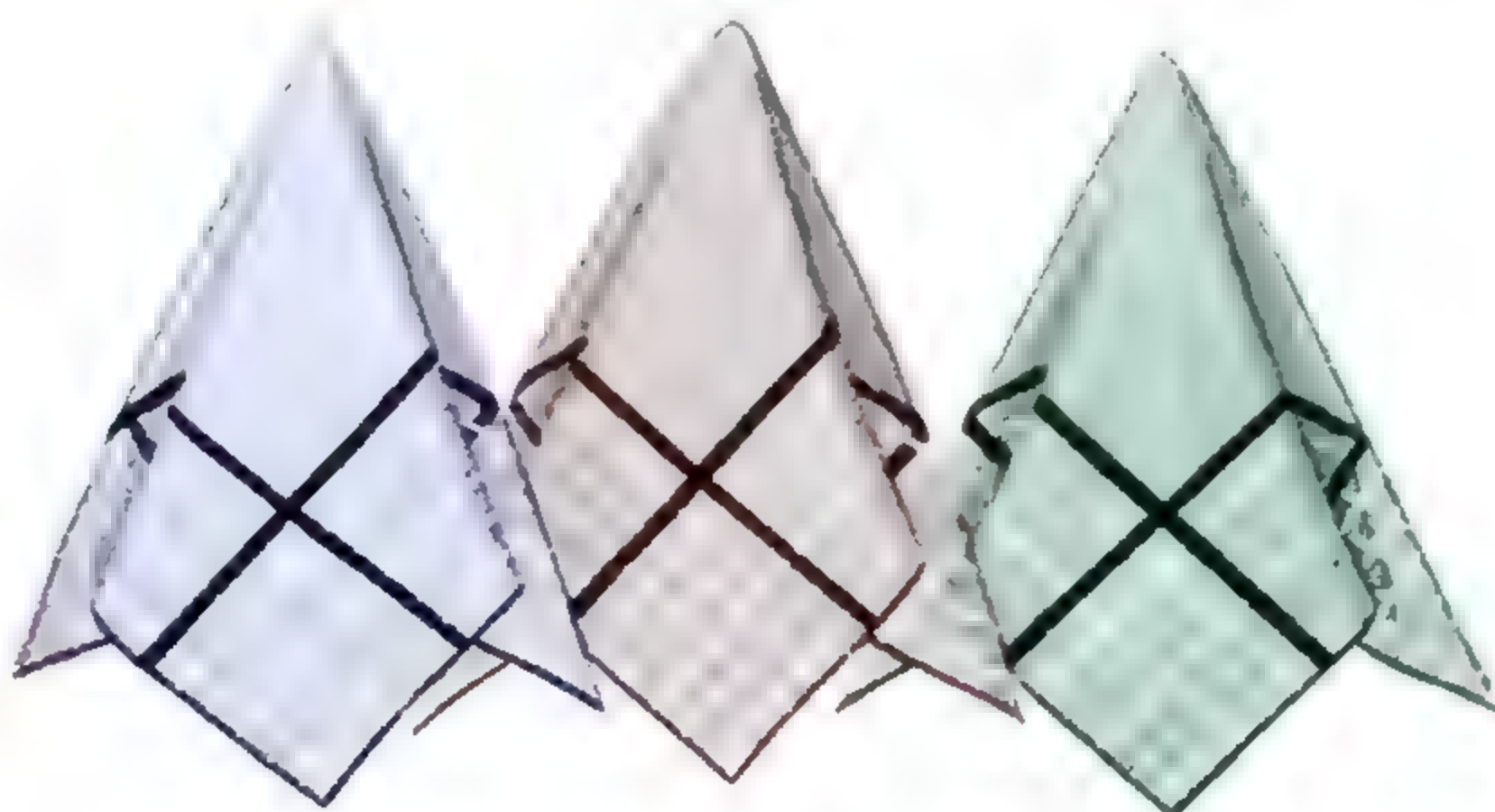
Mrs. Bradley looked at Blaine with her large, dark eyes. The nurse had come back and was baring Mrs. Bradley's arm, scrubbing it with alcohol and finally putting the needle into her flesh and pushing the plunger down. She was a good nurse, prompt, accurate and silent. Blaine admired her work and thought of her as a being much superior to Mrs. Bradley, although he had not yet looked

Arrow's Choice for this Month..Tape Stripes

Alternating stripes spaced far apart are a prominent 1939 fashion. So are chalky, toned-down colors. Arrow brings the two together in the month's most pleasing shirt: Tape Stripes. \$2.50. Ties developed particularly for these shirts, \$1.



The aggravating crotch-and-seat-seams found in other shorts are absent from Arrow shorts. This means no sawing, no chafing. In same Tape Stripe as shirts, \$1. Arrow tops, 50¢ up.



The final polite touch to your Tape Stripe get-up should be the Tape Stripe handkerchief. 50¢.



If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.



All Arrow Shirts and Shorts are Sanforized-Shrunk fabric shrinkage less than 1%). Permanent fit guaranteed.

Tired of non-wilt collars that crack and blister? Try Arrow Dale. Its patented Aro-set collar is crack-proof, blister-proof, better-looking. Superb broadcloth. \$2.50.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

With gray outfit

wear shirt,

tie, and

handkerchief.



With blue suit

wear shirt,

tie, and

handkerchief.



With brown suit

wear shirt,

tie, and

handkerchief.



The suggestions above aren't hard and fast rules. Go to your Arrow dealer—tomorrow—and work out the combinations you like best.

Luc.



TOWN . . . Blue hopsack unfinished worsted suit, worn with black calf straight tip shoes and blue hosiery with light blue fancy stripe pattern. Alternates: maroon 6x3 rib wool, or blue silk with blue and white clock.



TOWN . . . Blue unfinished worsted suit with colored stripes, brown calf quarter brogue shoes with perforated toe-cap, 6x3 rib red and blue silk hose. Alternates: blue marl hosiery with red and light blue embroidered clock, or blue wool with light blue clock.



SEMI-SPORTS . . . Blue flannel suit with white chalk stripes, black calf wing tip brogue shoes, 6x3 rib blue hosiery with red and blue clock. Alternates: maroon silk with colorful diamond pattern, or blue wool mixture modernized clock effect.



SEMI-SPORTS . . . Grey Glen Urquhart Saxony suit worn with brown calf monk front shoes and green mixture 6x3 fancy rib hosiery. Alternates: 6x3 rib royal blue French type hosiery, or maroon hosiery mixture with maroon and beige clock.

Wardrobe Manners



TOWN . . . Brown pinhead unfinished worsted suit, brown calf straight tip shoes, brown, fawn and rust plaid design silk hose. Alternates: brown marl wool 6x3 rib, or bottle green 6x3 rib French type hosiery with red and gold embroidery.



TOWN . . . Grey sharkskin unfinished worsted suit, black calf half brogue shoes with perforated toe-cap, grey mixture hosiery with black and white embroidered clock. Alternates: maroon silk with white stripe, or 6x3 rib bottle green wool.



SEMI-SPORTS . . . Grey diagonal chevrot suit, black calf blucher shoes, maroon wool marl effect hosiery with bright red and light blue clock. Alternates: blue silk mixture self-stripe, or green hosiery mixture with green and white stripes.



SEMI-SPORTS . . . Brown herringbone chevrot suit worn with brown reverse calf shoes and brown and light blue fancy weave ribbed wool hosiery. Alternates: brown 6x3 rib hosiery with red and gold clock, or green wool with rust and gold figure.



COUNTRY . . . Grey flannel slacks; white, unlined buckskin shoes with red rubber soles and heels; blue short wool ribbed socks. Alternates: green marl hse 6x3 rib, or grey, white and scarlet all wool Argyle plaid.



COUNTRY . . . Velvet cord brooks worn with peasant type country shoes with broken herringbone wide rib wool hose. Alternates: wide rib wool bottle green, or colorful wool Scotch Argyle plaid hose.



COUNTRY . . . Covert slacks, brown reverse calf blucher shoes, with crepe soles and heels, white ground 6x3 rib green and yellow horizontal stripe hose. Alternates: white wool Argyle ankle length sock, or beige lisle rib in ankle height.



FORMAL EVENING WEAR . . . Dinner jacket, dress trousers, patent leather pumps, fine English ribbed hose. Alternates: black flat silk with blue clock, or black 6x3 rib silk with fancy white clock.

For your Shoes and Socks



COUNTRY . . . Lowat Harris tweed suit, reverse calf ankle high Chukka shoes with crepe soles, wide rib yellow brushed wool hose. Alternates: Lowat green wool fancy wide rib, or brown, beige, green and rust diamond pattern wool hose.



COUNTRY . . . Checked Shetland suit, brown calf Norwegian pattern brogue shoes with crepe soles and heels, rust color wool wide fancy rib sock. Alternates: wide rib camel hair wool, or brown and beige Argyle wool plaid hose.



COUNTRY . . . Natural color summer weight suit, brown and white wing tip shoes, white lisle 6x3 rib hose with brown and tan horizontal stripe. Alternates: green short lisle hose with white clock, or fawn lisle with green, red and gold clock.



FORMAL EVENING WEAR . . . Midnight blue tailcoat, dress trousers, patent leather oxfords, flat black silk hose. Alternates: black flat silk hose with self clock, or a fine black silk 6x3 rib.

TODAY'S SMARTEST...

Dunlap Sport Hats



● YOU'LL BE KNOWN by your Sport Hat this season
—and you'll be in high repute, if it's a Dunlap.
Those knowing touches of line and taper and
sweep of brim that say "Tyrol"—those bright
Spring mixtures, those off-smooth and rough fin-
ishes—they'll set the pace in this grand new vogue.



CELEBRATED HATS

NOW OFFERED FOR SPRING • AT THE BEST STORES EVERYWHERE

It's Only the Beginning

Continued from page 88

the bottles which read "solera 1871". This does not mean that you are about to partake of a precious relic from the Second Empire and the time of Napoleon the Third. The numerals simply mean the original solera, from which these wines started in 1871, and even if the wines were from this solera, it would not contain more than 1/10 of 1% of wine made in 1871.

Your sherry aperitif should be served in a pipe stem, V-shaped two-ounce glass. Very dry sherries should be chilled to a temperature of 50°F, medium sherries, such as amoroso, should be slightly chilled, and rich olorosos improve if the bottle is opened and left standing. Connoisseurs claim that sherry is the only wine which may be thoroughly enjoyed while smoking. It doesn't get temperamental if you take it on a trip, invariably carries well and won't evaporate.

Of equal importance on aperitif list is vermouth. To that fortunate group of internationalists who sip their pre-luncheon aperitif at historic Florian's on the Piazza San Marco in Venice, the idea of drinking vermouth "neat" is not new. Most Americans, however, think of vermouth as a companion piece, the other ingredient in a Martini, rather than a star in its own right. For years people in Europe, Asia and South America have used it as an exhilarating aperitif, drunk straight, in a fairly large glass, well cooled and with perhaps a twist of lemon peel. Argentinians drink it the way we drink Coca-Cola.

Taken straight, vermouth is a refreshing, zestful tonic, the Italians swear by it as a builder-upper for digestion, compounded as it is of many herbs found in the pharmacopoeia. Seems that this peculiarity of Italian drinks is necessitated by the fact that the Italian diet is so largely one of wheat, that something must be done to offset it.

Historically, vermouth has enjoyed a distinguished past traceable back into classical times. Neither the Greeks nor the Romans knew a darn thing about distillation, but they did understand that an appetizing and invigorating drink could be made by soaking certain spices in fermenting juices. Different kinds of vermouth were made all during The Dark Ages and the Renaissance. During the Napoleonic Wars, when the Little Corporal saw his ranks being decimated by the absinthe habit, he ordered that vermouth be ordered for his men.

Italian vermouth is a light wine infused with herbs and fortified with brandy. All over Italy today, the peasants make their own vermouth by following various simple recipes which have been handed down to them by their ancestors. The manufacture of commercial vermouth, however, is another thing, a complicated and meticulous process which involves dozens

of ingredients and careful technical supervision.

Leading Italian vermouth firms have their own special ideas and secret formulas which are zealously guarded. We have it that one of the largest of these plants keeps its recipe so closely guarded that none of the executives themselves know what it is, in toto.

While the minute details are mumbo jumbo, the general idea is that the base of vermouth is usually a blend of Muscat and other good white wines. The wines must be clear, of the best quality and aged at least two years (new wines give a cloudy, inferior vermouth). When the wine has been properly aged and blended, it is fused with some twenty-five or thirty herbs. These strange herbs are cut into small pieces, not crushed, and allowed to steep in the wine just as tea steeps in a pot of hot water. Much ritual and technical legerdemain attends this fusing (the wine is heated to a certain temperature, the herbs taken out and scientifically treated at regular intervals). After the infusing of the herbs, grape brandy is added, enough of it to bring the mixture to the required alcoholic strength of 16%. A systematic filtration, pasteurizing and oxidation process follows... and there it is... the clear, golden brown aromatic Italian vermouth.

Italian vermouths are extremely varied... there's the standard, highly aromatic, containing a good deal of sugar and about 15% alcohol by volume... drunk neat it's an excellent aperitif. There's vermouth bianco, a white vermouth, very sweet and a favorite with the fair sex... and there's the dry, which has about 18% of alcohol by volume.

In drinking your Italian vermouth as an aperitif, you can do as the cafés in Italy and France do, fill a large water goblet half or two-thirds full of vermouth, add several lumps of ice and a small amount of soda. This is drunk before lunch, during lunch and in the afternoon and evening. Or, you may drink vermouth straight, blending the French and Italian varieties to suit your palate, chilled but not iced, in a regular cocktail glass. Add a twist of lemon peel if you're in the mood. The Americano, thus named because of its great popularity with trippers from the U. S. A., consists of three ounces of Italian vermouth, dash of bitters, slice of lemon peel and seltzer as desired. Serve it in small highball glass or goblet. In India, the long, cooling drink is simply a liberal portion of Italian vermouth and seltzer to taste... served in a tumbler.

French vermouth is equally important as an aperitif. The French variety is a blend of fine, white wines fortified with spirits and aromatized with various herbs. It is pale and dry, lacking the sweetness of the darker Italian product, and carries a characteristic taste

which is due to the way in which the wines which form its base are aged. These, once fermented, are treated much as sherry is treated, left in butts out in the sun and rain for at least two years until they acquire a flavor which is not far from that of a dryish blending sherry.

Most of the best French vermouths are made in the South of France. Every drop is aged in the wood at least four years before bottling. The French proudly claim that it takes forty herbs to turn out their stimulating aromatic beverage. Its zestful, somewhat bitter tang is partially the result of a blending of camomile tea, linden tea, gentian and flower of the elder.

One particularly popular aperitif is vermouth cassis, which goes as follows: three ounces French vermouth, 1/2 oz. crème de cassis, seltzer to taste. Serve with ice in a small highball glass or goblet. In England, they serve vermouth as an aperitif this way: 1/2 Italian vermouth plus 1/2 French vermouth served cold with twist of lemon peel.

Another important aperitif which is gaining many adherents over here is Byrrh. The pronunciation of this excellent beverage would seem to be a matter of controversy, some call it "beer" (sit in a café in France and ask for it with this pronunciation and the garçon, proud of understanding English, will probably present you with a glass of lager). Another school calls it "buyer," but the consensus seems to favor "burr." like those tenacious little whatnots that attach themselves to your pants when you walk in the country.

Legend recounts that in 1866 a little French peasant made up the first batch by submitting wine to the aromatic influence of South American bark. That selfsame recipe which he then devised is still used to produce the successful aperitif which now goes into millions of bottles annually. The juice of sweet and dry grapes is mixed according to a secret formula, then it is permitted to pass over a series of aromatic plants and Peruvian bark. This bark, the same from which quinine is obtained, impregnates the wine with its stimulating taste and aroma. Byrrh may be served frapped or chilled at any time of the day, preferably before a meal. If you drink it straight, as an aperitif, serve it in any wine glass, or, as a long drink, diluted with soda or plain water with a lump of ice. The French go in for byrrh-cassis, or with lemon syrup, byrrh-citron. These are served in highball glasses with 3 ounces of byrrh and 1/2 oz. of syrup filled with soda or plain water and a lump of ice.

Then there is that great French appetizer, which in this man's world is known as Dubonnet, a blend of carefully selected old "liqueur" wines (naturally rich because of the high sugar content

of the grapes from which they are made) to which Peruvian bark or quinquina (quinine to us) is added. The French make great claims for its tonic qualities. For Dubonnet is a great after-sports pick-me-up. Both French men and women drink it straight, as a recuperative, after any strenuous sport.

Be that as it may, eminent doctors in France do recommend Dubonnet on several scores... as a nerve tonic, as a tone for the digestive system, to build up resistance to colds, as a safeguard against contagious diseases, etc. In a certificate signed by the French Minister of Agriculture, Dubonnet is officially recognized as a wine tonic as well as a perfectly delicious drink.

The French would be horrified at the number of soggy little cocktail sandwiches we consume as a sop to our cocktails. Five o'clock tea in France, however, is very apt to turn out to be a Dubonnet tea. At this fourth meal, Parisian hostesses serve Dubonnet with charged water, and with it, it is permissible to serve *petit fours* which go amiably with the sweet, smooth Dubonnet. As an early morning aperitif, Dubonnet is poured over grapefruit or used as a piquant flavoring for melon.

At the turn of the century, when dining was still an established art in New York, the Dubonnet cocktail was introduced at the brilliant French restaurant, Café Martin. Within a year it had become an American institution.

Taken straight, you'll find that it has a rich, slightly sweet flavor with the qualities of a mild liqueur. Serve it well chilled in a small sherry or cocktail glass, or as a highball (*à l'eau*) in a tumbler. Because of its happy affinity with gin, Dubonnet was one of the first American-mixed drinks to win favor with the French... and the Dubonnet cocktail is now an institution (1/2 Dubonnet, 1/2 gin, slice of lemon). Taken as a cocktail in its more potent form, its combinations are legion... you can have Dubonnet with whiskey, with sherry, vermouth or with rum.

There are a few simple rules which should be observed in this matter of aperitifs. Rule one: they should always be chilled. The short aperitifs should be served in a two-ounce glass such as a sherry or cocktail glass, the long aperitifs, with soda, water, etc., in tumblers and highball glasses. Rule two: no hors d'oeuvres should be served with aperitifs save perhaps plain salted crackers, cheese wafers and such. With sherry you can serve regular assorted "sherry biscuits" made for the purpose; or slightly sweet Jamaica biscuits, or the Romary water biscuit, no artistic beauty, but the thing to be nibbled discreetly with any aperitif. Rule three: always *sip* your aperitif, this prelude to a savory meal is not something to be gulped down en route to the 5:15! #

Strange Fish Stories

Continued from page 97

to be the largest fish ever caught, anywhere—off Knight's Key, Florida, on June 1, 1912, and eventually landed it.

When an eleven-year-old lad took a vacation trip on a trawler off the Nova Scotia coast, fish were found to be scarce. But the crew didn't think he was a "Jonah." And they were as delighted as he to find at nearly every

haul one or more fish in the net with his initials carved on it, or bedecked with decorative stars, scrolls, or geometrical figures, or marked with the date it was caught. This was one of the most enchanting things that ever happened to him. After thinking a great deal about it through the years, he is still of the opinion that the fish actually came out of the net, direct

from the water. The likely explanation is that the doting crew exercised their artistic and thrilling wiles on the fish from the previous haul and placed them in the net before it went overboard.

The number of the conventional and fantastic unauthenticated fish stories is limitless. One Yankee fisherman claims he found a costly watch in the stomach of a great

codfish while cleaning it, having caught the fish 12 years after losing the watch overboard. The watch, was, quite remarkably, still running, and had in fact lost only five minutes. The stem was snugly held between two throbbing muscles, which kept it fully wound. And the natural oils of the fish, he pointed out, had kept it well lubricated and rust free. ##

In the Year of Our Lord

Continued from page 61

line. The sun was still high in the sky and the rocks and the curled-edged grey and pale green lichens that grew on them were warm when you touched them, but already there were a few trailing wisps of mist in the darkening valleys below and a breath of evening in the air.

The top of the mountain to which they were going was plainly visible ahead of them but it was harder to follow the path among the scattered rocks than it had been in the woods and a few times they had to turn back to find the red paint marks that showed the trail. The greater height too made them climb more slowly, so that by the time they got to the hut the sun was already hidden by a peak and the sky above their heads was reddening.

Besides the man who, in the summer, lived at the hut and did the cooking, there was one other person sitting in front of it when they came up.

"By God, it's the Englishman," Anton said, waving his hand. "Reynolds... He comes here every year. But I didn't know he was here yet. I didn't see him in the village."

The Englishman got up and came toward them. He was a short, pleasant-looking, rather nondescript man of forty or so, smoking a cigar and wearing leather pants and a small green hat with a feather in it.

"Well, well, back again," Anton said. "Why haven't you come to see us? My mother was asking about you just the other day."

"I just got here last night, old man. How is your mother?"

"She's fine." He turned to Jean and introduced them. "Mr. Reynolds comes here every summer. He talks fine German. And he's a great mountain climber, a real *Bergkrachler*, not a *Jochfinke*."

"What does that mean?" Jean said as they shook hands.

"Why, when you go up a path like this you're a *Jochfinke*, but when you go up with picks and ropes, up places like the Dachstein or the Pic du Midi in France, why then you're a *Bergkrachler*."

The Englishman laughed and said, "I'm certainly a *Jochfinke* today. I'm in such rotten form, really."

"I think I'll always be a *Joch*... what-do-you-call-it," Jean said.

"My friend thought he might fall off on the way up," Anton

said. "He's had all sorts of morbid ideas today."

"It'd be pretty hard to fall off here," the Englishman said. "I thought I might have a go at the Dachstein pretty soon. Would you like to?"

"Yes, that would be fun," Anton said.

"I've done it every year. It's rather a tradition by now."

They went in the hut and took off their knapsacks. After they had washed they took the flask of brandy and sat down in front of the hut to wait for dinner.

From where they sat they could see the whole land below them, shadowed now except for a few long rays of dusty yellow light which came through gaps between the mountains. Now and then the sound of a dog barking in the valley or the faint clank of a cowbell came up to them. With each moment, as the darkness came on, the air grew colder, but inside them, slowly expanding and mounting, was the warmth of the brandy and its taste of sun-ripened grapes.

"How long will you be here this time?" Anton asked the Englishman.

"A month as usual. Too damned short a time, if you ask me." He turned to Jean. "Isn't this a charming spot?"

"Lovely. I'll hate to leave."

"He's going back to a nice place though," Anton said. "Tours."

"You must come and see me if you're ever there," Jean said. "I'll probably be there for the rest of my life."

"Well, there are worse places," Reynolds said. "You might be living in Hull, or Sheffield, or Liverpool—some place like that."

"Yes, or I might be living in Paris."

"Well, there's always that."

"You just rot in the provinces," Jean said.

"Well, if you must rot I think France is about as good a place in which to rot as any."

They all laughed. Anton poured out some more brandy from the flask. They were tired from the climb and at this altitude the brandy quickly made them feel light-headed.

"I'm beginning to feel the need of food," Reynolds leaned around the door and called to the man inside, "Wast'l, kommst net?"

"Just listen to that!" Anton said. "He talks German like a

native. He can even talk dialect."

"Well, I ought to by this time, I've been coming here long enough." He raised his glass and said in English, "Well, hands across the sea and all that sort of thing."

"*A vous, perfide Albion*," Jean said. "If I don't eat soon I shall be very drunk indeed."

Just then the man came in with a tureen of potato soup, bread and butter and a plate of sliced sausage.

"*Blutwurst!*" Jean turned to the Englishman. "Tony doesn't think that's a disgusting name. Don't you think it is?"

"I hadn't thought of it that way especially," the Englishman said, looking down at his plate. "But it is rather... well, gory."

"Jean likes to generalize," Anton said. "He's one of those people who think all Germans are brutal, all Swiss yodel, all Englishman..."

"All Englishmen continually ride to hounds," Reynolds said.

"That's right, we were just talking about that on the way up. We saw a fox and we both said that was one thing we didn't like about the English: killing poor little foxes."

"I quite agree with you. Or killing anything else, for that matter. It's nasty business... That's why I never went in for chamois hunting when I was here. Beautiful things like that, filled with life..."

"There you are," said Anton proudly, looking at Jean. "An exception to the rule. I told you people were really beginning to understand each other."

The Englishman raised his glass, "Well, hands across the sea... Oh, I've already said that, haven't I? But it's so, though, isn't it? You know, international understanding... I'd better have a little more of that soup, old boy, if you don't mind."

They laughed and went on with the meal, all of them feeling rather drunk. After a time, though, because they ate a lot, their heads began to feel less light and by the time they had finished the meal they felt quite sober again, although not unpleasantly sober.

It was dark now, with the intense blue darkness of the high mountains. Almost as they watched them they could see the stars come out until the whole sky was glittering with their cold light. A thin wind moved around the corners of the hut. They could see

their breaths in the darkness. Here and there on the scattered boulders in front of the hut a shining flake of mica caught the starlight.

They sat there for some time without speaking. Finally the Englishman said, "Hell of a lot of stars tonight, aren't there?"

"It'll be a good day tomorrow," Anton said.

"You getting up for the sunrise?"

"Yes. Jean has never seen the sunrise from a mountain."

"The stars look like microbes," Jean said. "Moving under a microscope when you use the dark field."

The Englishman laughed and said, "Now that's an original simile if I ever heard one. Are you a doctor?"

"No. It just happened to strike me."

"I told you he was morbid today," Anton said. "He's got microbes on the brain. On the way up he talked about bugs building nests inside of him. He said..."

"I only said you never could tell what was being prepared for you without your knowing anything about it. In life, I mean. That's true, isn't it?"

The Englishman nodded his head and said, "Do you believe in astrology?"

"No, of course not," they both said at once.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "When I was in India... they do some funny things out there... you get so after a while you think perhaps there's something in it... you know, things going on without your knowing it... sinister, rather... it's probably all rot, of course."

Anton took out his watch and held a match to it.

"Well, I don't know about that," he said. "But if we're going to get up for the sunrise we ought to go to bed."

"German thoroughness," Jean said, sighing, and got up. "You've got everything worked out, Tony, haven't you? The business, the little Frau-to-be..."

"You getting married, Tony?" Reynolds said. "Who's the girl? When's the date?"

Anton laughed and said, "Gerda Radde and some time this winter, January or February."

"Well, best wishes and so on. I only wish I were going to be here."

"You'd better come over. We'll

Continued at top of page 106



"I hope you're not rushing into this thing blindly"

In the Year of Our Lord

Continued from pages 61-104

have a fine party, and you can get in some skiing."

"I wish I could, but I'll be in England then."

They went into the hut and a short time after they had got into bed, disappearing under the immense eiderdowns, they were asleep.

When the man, Wast'l, woke them the next morning it was still almost dark. There was just the first faint beginning of grey in the eastern sky. The air in the room hung motionless and bitter cold and they hurried to get dressed and out into the kitchen by the stove.

"A lot of people came up during the night," the man said as he set the coffee pot down on the table. "They woke me early with their singing." He turned to Anton. "Herr Prager and some of the other gentlemen from the *Sänger-verein* came up."

The Englishman shook his head and said, "That's going a bit too far: climbing all night and then, what's more, singing about it."

"A nation that can do that," Jean said, "is a menace."

Wast'l glanced out the window and said, "If the gentlemen don't want to miss the *Alpengluehen* they'd better start soon."

"Listen, Wast'l, I don't care if the Alps glow or not," Reynolds said. "So don't bring it up again before I've had another cup of coffee. A man's a fool to do this sort of thing at my age, anyway."

Wast'l stood by the stove, shaking with laughter, and said to

Anton, "It's always gay here when Herr Reynolds arrives."

"You chaps go ahead and see the damn things glow." Reynolds turned to Jean. "It's really very impressive, once. But I'm an old man and I like my comfort. And that doesn't include breaking camp at dawn."

The top of the mountain was about ten minutes' climb from the hut. As they came toward it they could hear the sound of music, a concertina, and voices singing.

They came to the peak where the people who had come up during the night were sitting. Below them the clouds were thick and woolly-looking.

But as they stood there they lost their look of solidity and became translucent, as though one by one yellow lights were being turned on beneath them, until finally the whole mass of cloud was turned into vaporous gold. Rays, rapidly lengthening, appeared above the clouds and then the sun came through.

There was a long emotional "A-a-a-h" from the people and the man with the concertina began to play *Röslein auf der Heide*.

Jean shook his head and said, "You're all crazy, Tony. You invent names like *Blutwurst* and then when the sun rises you sing about little roses on the meadow. I'll never understand you."

Anton laughed and said, "Sometimes I think you're right. But then you're sentimental sometimes too and Frenchmen you know are supposed to be realistic. And

how about the Unknown Flower?"

"Yes, I know . . . Well, it's too early in the morning to think about such things. Look now!"

With the risen sun the clouds began to thin and now through rifts in them you would see distant peaks of other and higher mountains glowing in the sunlight.

"It is rather good at that," a voice behind them said and Reynolds sat down next to them. "There's a lot of snow up there still, Tony, isn't there?"

"Yes, but they say it's going to be a hot summer, so perhaps in a few weeks they'll be all right. Let's see, what is the date today, anyway? The twenty-sixth or . . ."

"No, not the twenty-sixth. I left London on the twenty-sixth so this must be the . . . yes, the twenty-eighth. That's right, June twenty-eighth."

"Well, in a few weeks it'll probably be safe," Anton said. "It depends on the weather."

For a time they said nothing, watching the changing light, the sky becoming a deeper blue and the snow on the mountains steadily whitening.

"Well," Reynolds said, "it seems more beautiful every time you see it, doesn't it? And God knows I've seen it often enough but . . ."

"I told Jean you came here every summer," Anton said. "How long has it been now since you've been coming here? Ten years? Eleven?"

"Nearer eleven . . . Or no, let's see . . . twelve, by God! Yes, I can remember I came here first in 1902

and this is 1914, so that makes twelve years, doesn't it?"

Anton nodded his head and said, "I think you must like the place."

"I love it. I hope some day I can spend a few years here instead of just a few weeks." He turned to Jean. "I'm very fond of France too. But I speak French so badly."

"All you need is practice," Jean said. "You and Tony come to see me."

"Rotting in the provinces?" Reynolds said. "Well, we might rot with you for a while at that."

"Anyway, Tony," Jean said, "you promised to come and see me next summer. You and your bride."

"That's what we're counting on," Anton said.

Now the day fell full upon the mountain. The clouds were gone and the valleys were flooded with sunlight. The air was warm and as the people who had come up during the night gradually left to go on with their day's climbing, crossing a saddle to the next mountain, the silence again fell around them, isolating them from the world below. Now and then there was the sound of the cattle coming up the mountainside to the high pastures, but it was tranquil and undisturbing, like another kind of silence. Later on in the morning the churchbells began to ring in the villages for early Mass. The separate vibrant notes came up to them where they sat, clear and melodious and filled with summer peace. ##

Doctor Comes of Age

Continued from page 98

tarium, though. Mrs. Williams was almost ready to die. Every two weeks when he had given her pneumothorax treatment she had said: "Put the needle in low down, Dr. Blaine. I don't want the scars to show on my back when I wear an evening dress." He really was sentimental at times, Blaine allowed. He had not wanted to be there when Mrs. Williams went. Or Mrs. Murray, who was going to finish her book as soon as she became strong enough to sit up in bed. Mrs. Murray had always wanted him to read a book called *The Magic Mountain*. Blaine thought he might get around to it some time. He had very little time for reading outside of his professional books, which he studied for an hour every day.

Blaine's head nodded until it overbalanced and he woke up with a jerk. Where in hell was the nurse? He couldn't stay here all night. If he could get his hand loose and go out quietly. Mrs. Bradley seemed to be sleeping. Slowly Blaine withdrew his hand. "Doctor. Please, Doctor Blaine?" Her eyes were open and she was trying to sit up.

"Lie down. Lie down, there," Blaine said. "My God, you can't

be moving around like that. Do you want to start bleeding again? Be quiet now and don't talk."

"But Doctor, please don't leave me. I'm afraid."

"All right, all right, I'll stay a little longer. But you have to be quiet." Damn woman, Blaine thought, no mind. Just a little longer and he'd get away. She'd probably be all right until morning. If a clot formed in the lung she'd be all right. He would have her keep quiet and hope for the best. He thought that this was a lot different from what he had intended to do when he entered medical school, this hoping they'd cure themselves or that it would be done by someone with more experience. Blaine thought of the way the old Frenchman, Paré, had closed the description of his cases: ". . . whom I dressed and God healed him." Blaine didn't believe in that stuff and now was a little angry with himself for not thinking of doing something more positive for Mrs. Bradley. He shook sleep out of his head and considered that he might learn a lot from sitting up at night and just watching sick people. Sir James Mackenzie had shown the worth of observation in drawing up the conclusions which were to become

the basis of the modern concept of heart disease.

Blaine, he thought; my name is as good as Mackenzie's, my education is better. What can I learn from this case? This woman had her first hemorrhage about twenty-four hours ago, second one six hours later; five and a half hours later, a third; then one in fifteen minutes; no others for eight hours during the day and then one every three or four hours since. That means she was coughing up blood about every four to six hours. But why? Perhaps she has a cavity in her lung with a slowly oozing blood vessel in it. The vessel oozes until the cavity becomes filled and the blood starts to enter the bronchioles and bronchi; this would induce a paroxysm of coughing and she would empty the cavity. That was a pretty good theory, Blaine thought, if it weren't for that stretch of eight hours during the day when there had been no hemorrhage. Why should she stop bleeding during the day?

But if his theory was correct, the problem was to find a method of decreasing the coagulation time of her blood, inducing the formation of a clot in the cavity and thus stop the bleeding. She had been getting calcium lactate, she

should have sufficient calcium for clotting. Blaine didn't believe much in hemostatics. But there had been a new one recently announced and the house surgeons of the hospital seemed to like it. Blaine thought he would give it a try and rang for the nurse. She came quickly, her eyes wide with apprehension. Blaine was a little scornful of this. "Nothing to get excited about," he said. "Is there any thromblastin available in the surgical wards? Find out, will you?"

The nurse returned in a few minutes with an ampoule of the solution, a sterile needle and a syringe. They made a skin test for sensitivity. Mrs. Bradley was only partially awake. Blaine injected a drop of the solution. After twenty minutes there was no reaction and Blaine injected the remainder of the ampoule intramuscularly. Mrs. Bradley was wide awake now and as Blaine put the syringe down, reached out and again took his hand. "Doctor, I feel that—bubbling in my chest. Am I going to bleed again?" Blaine saw her eyes begin to change to the way they were when he had first come into the room that night.

"Quiet, Mrs. Bradley, quiet. This new medicine is going to stop

Continued at top of page 108



“Brace yourself, Miss Dunn. The tests show that you are allergic to men!”

Doctor Comes of Age

Continued from pages 98-106

the bleeding entirely. Don't worry and please try to go to sleep." It did not occur to Blaine that he lied. He did not know what was going to happen.

Mrs. Bradley became quiet but did not sleep. She was a good patient. She was an obedient patient and that, to Blaine, was a good one. That was because she was intelligent, Blaine knew. Everything good came from the intellect, Blaine was sure. He thought as others had before him, how curious it was that so many intelligent people had tuberculosis. Remembering Mackenzie again, Blaine began to follow a line of thought. Was it because of the type of work intelligent people did? Or would it have been more accurate to say that it is curious how intelligent the people who have tuberculosis seem? Blaine thought of *spes phthisica*, the general psychic excitation of tuberculosis; the theory being that the disease acted as a stimulus to the mind. Blaine thought of Robert Louis Stevenson and *Vailima Letters* and the acknowledgment Stevenson had made of the loss of stimulus to his artistic powers due to his recovered health.

Stevenson, Bichet, Molière, Voltaire, Tolstoi, Mozart, Milton, Schiller, Kant, Chopin, Balzac, Ruskin, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Jane Austin, Stephen Crane. Blaine had read only a few of these people and knew nothing of music but he knew that they had all had tuberculosis. Did the tubercle bacillus elaborate some strange substance which tended to stimulate the mind? Or had these people worked harder knowing they might soon die? Blaine did not know. His weariness had returned, heavy and strong, and he could not see any importance attached to knowing what tuberculosis had to do with art.

The stillness throughout the hospital told him it was very late. He began to withdraw his hand from the woman's. Her fingers tightened suddenly around his own. Then she quickly loosened her grip and slipped her fingers between Blaine's so that their hands were locked together. She squeezed his fingers gently, as though he were her lover.

Blaine looked at her face. His own face felt drawn into severe lines and planes. Mrs. Bradley's skin was pale and smooth in the moonlight that struck the wall and diffused itself throughout the room. The eyes lay in shadow but Blaine felt them watching him. Her nose was straight and well-formed, her lips dark and full. Before Blaine could think he had returned the pressure of the hand locked in his own. The response startled him. His fingers were caught suddenly in a grip so fierce that it hurt. Blaine looked at Mrs. Bradley's face again. The eyes seemed closed and the expression had not changed, although that passion for which each separate feature of her face was a sign, Blaine now realized. The grip on his fingers was one of passion, not fear.

Blaine felt suddenly stupid. There was no answer for this in any book he had read. It had never been discussed in class. What confused him more was that this woman had been distant, even cold until just before her hemorrhages had begun. He remembered that her physical beauty had impressed him the first day he had seen her. But not thereafter. She had become a patient, a thing having no sex.

Her fingers relaxed and Blaine withdrew his hand slowly. He pushed his chair back as he started to get up and the legs scraped on the floor. Mrs. Bradley opened her eyes wide. "Doctor Blaine, my chest is very cold. Will you please look at it?"

Suddenly fearing that the ice bag might be burning the skin, Blaine bent to remove it. He was angry with himself for using it. Some doctors held that the cold penetrated the chest, constricting the blood vessels and helping to reduce the congestion and bleeding. Blaine did not hold with this theory; he believed that the ice bag had a merely sedative effect and tended to quiet the patient. Now Blaine, suddenly a little angry, wondered again if the result was worth the risk of freezing the skin and producing a wound similar to a burn.

Blaine removed the towel and ice bag. The skin beneath them was red in the light he snapped on

for a moment, then immediately off. He placed his hand on the chest and the skin was very cold where the redness was, but otherwise all right.

"Down further, Doctor." Mrs. Bradley pulled her nightgown down a little, exposing the top of her breasts. Her eyes were quite wide now. She took Blaine's hand and put it on one of her breasts. "There, Doctor."

"There, what?" He had begun to feel stupid again.

"Please keep your hand there. My chest is so cold."

Blaine was no longer tired. He thought of another theory: tuberculosis toxin was supposed to have an aphrodisiacal effect. This thought went away quickly and as quickly returned: if she were excited her blood pressure would rise and the bleeding begin again. Blaine tried to move his hand upward and away from the breast but Mrs. Bradley's hand covered his own. Blaine wondered if she knew she was dying. In the softly increasing light he saw that she was very beautiful. His blood had begun to pound. Christ, he thought, Christ. His chest was heavy and he had begun to breathe as though midway in a mile race. *But no lust*, some part of him called down the corridors of the mind. *Really, no lust*. Desperately, the calling strove to convince someone. Love, then? he thought. Hardly. He didn't know a thing.

The wind, coming with the light, shook the curtains and the weights in their hem struck against the sill. Blaine started and turned around. He wondered what he would have looked like to someone, sitting up with a dying woman and his hand on her breast.

He removed the hand, Mrs. Bradley's clinging to his own with faint desperation until he moved out of reach. He went into the hall. Miss Rundle was coming out of the treatment room. "Morphine," Blaine called to her in a low, oddly musical voice that almost cracked. "Grains one-fourth, stat, Miss Rundle."

Blaine waited for the nurse in the doorway of the room. As Miss Rundle administered the drug, Mrs. Bradley lay still, looking up at Blaine with her great eyes. He

felt immature and stupid. He wondered if he had hurt her. Weariness had returned but he went back to the bedside and held Mrs. Bradley's hand until she went to sleep.

The room was almost light now. The sounds of morning were beginning in the corridors. Blaine placed Mrs. Bradley's hand on the bed and watched. She didn't move. He rose and went out of the room. At the door he stopped and looked back.

She was sleeping quietly and he had a hope and a fainter belief that she would live.

In three hours he would have to make his morning rounds but until then he could sleep. Pieces of thought rose in him but he had forgotten about being like Mackenzie. Mrs. Bradley had stayed awake all night despite the sedation but with the day had gone to sleep. Why? Blaine didn't much care. Sleep went through him like a drug as he fell into his own bed.

The buzzer woke him more gradually this time. He did not curse when he rose. The sleep, though brief, had been very deep and his nerves were quiet.

"Dr. Blaine," he said into the wall phone.

"This is Miss Munroe, Doctor, head-nurse on the second floor. I called to tell you that Mrs. Bradley just died."

"Who died?"

"Mrs. Bradley. The tuberculosis patient you were up with all night."

"Oh, her. Mrs. Bradley." His voice was matter-of-fact, dull.

"Yes. In her sleep. There was no hemoptysis."

"Well—" Blaine paused. They knew him for hard-boiled. Unconsciously he had fostered the small legend. "Well—I guess I can get some sleep now."

He waited for the head-nurse to answer but there was only a silence and Blaine knew he had shocked her as some part of him had intended to. He hung up. But he had no satisfaction from shocking the nurse.

It would be an hour before he had to make his rounds and he went back to bed. He lay there quietly, not sleeping. After a while he began to cry. #

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-12

COME ON SOMEBODY ELSE

In your issue termed December, you had a story by a man by the name of Hagy entitled *Come On Somebody*, and in that story he told about naming of the race horse filly, WHOAMI. The story was correct in its entirety so far as the naming of the horse was concerned, and how it all happened, but it was very incorrect about the owner and the man naming it.

Your author had Col. J. C. Winfrey of Kentucky owning the horse and naming it, when in truth and in fact it was not a Kentucky Colonel or breeder that named the



horse at all, but Col. J. E. Winfree of Texas who named the horse, a member of the Legislature of Texas, who fought single handed and alone last year against the onslaught of Governor Allred to have racing repealed. And that same Col. J. E. Winfree will be very much in favor of legalizing horse racing again when Legislature meets in January, 1939.

The story itself is absolutely correct, but we native Texans don't like to be called Kentuckians. And we believe that we raise better horses and cows in Texas than they do in Kentucky. I can readily see how the name bothered your author because there is a prominent turf man, Mr. J. C. Winfrey in Kentucky. But my boys do pretty well racing a string of horses and running

their breeding farm down here in Texas by the name of Winfree Bros.

We just don't like the idea of Mr. J. C. Winfrey getting the credit of something *Mr. J. C. Winfrey* did not do.

Yours very truly,
Houston, Texas COL. J. E. WINFREE

SERENADE TO ESQ

A brisk open-fire, my priceless ESQUIRE,
I'm mindfully set for a binge
While checking the fashions of man in
his passions

Depicted in variant tinge.
Is the brow feeling high—there's plenty
to try:

The theatre, arts and the books;
Is the brow feeling low—I'm in on the
know

For the pages that call but for looks.
If mentally fretty, I look for my
"Petty"—

A cure-all for ev'ry thing blue.
If wishfully frisky, I turn to some "risky"
Assortment of satire new.

The feature pictorials—I clip as me-
morials

Of minutes most happily spent.
The wife would disown me, but trials
have shown me

These "never come back" when
they're lent!

Any fault that I find? There's one
comes to mind;

But don't let it go to your head:
Cut out the gestation by schedule
lunation—

Why not "conceive" weekly, instead?
Hallowell, Maine JIM MARSTON

Continued on page 110



“—And Daniel wasn’t ’fraid of dem lions!”

“—An’ dem lions wasn’t ’fraid of Daniel neither.”

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-12-108

AND STILL THEY COME

Mr. McCoy's snow plow problem does, as he indicates, require some ingenuity. It also requires a good deal of perspiration in getting the nearest second. Following is what I hope is a numerically correct solution. I believe the method is alright.

The problem states that the rate of snowfall is constant, and that the capacity of the plow is also constant. In the figure, y is used to represent the depth of the snow, and x the horizontal distance traveled by the snow plow. These quantities, when plotted as functions of the time, t , will give a curve of the nature enclosed. Let y_1 , y_2 and x_1 , x_2 represent the depth of the snow and the distances traveled after one hour and two hours respectively. Since the plow operates always at full capacity and since the volume of snow cleared in any time will be given by the product of the area under the curve and the width of the road, it follows that the rate of change of the area under the curve with respect to time will be some constant, b . The plow travels $1\frac{1}{2}$ times as far in the first hour as in the second, so $x_1 - x_0 = 3(x_2 - x_1)/2$; and since the rate of falling of the snow is constant, $y_1 - y_0 = y_2 - y_1$. Both x and y will be functions of t , say $f(t)$ and $g(t)$, respectively. Expressing the constant rate of change of the area under the curve and of the snowfall with respect to time:

$\frac{dy}{dt} = a$ and $\frac{dA}{dt} = b$. But A is the integral of $y \, dx$, and since $\frac{dx}{dt} = f'(t)$,

$$\frac{dA}{dt} = \frac{d}{dt} \int y \, dx = \frac{d}{dt} \int g(t)f'(t) \, dt = g(t)f'(t) = g(t) \frac{dx}{dt}$$

$dx = \frac{b \, dt}{g(t)} = \frac{b \, dt}{at + y_0}$, since $y = g(t) = at + y_0$, by integrating $\frac{dy}{dt} = a$.

By integration and setting $x_0 = 0$, corresponding to $t = 0$, and setting $\frac{b}{a} =$

k , $x = k \log \frac{y}{y_0}$ whence $y = y_0 e^{kx}$. Applying the various equalities stated above, it follows that $y^5 - 2y^3 + 1 = 0$, where w is written for $e^{kx_1/3}$. Solving this equation for w and cubing gives as a value for e^{kx_1} and hence for y_1 , 1.63760762. Now the ratio y_1/y_0 will

be the ratio of the amount of snow which had fallen by noon to the amount which fell in the hour immediately following noon. This value is 1.568347, which, being interpreted, means that snow began to fall at 10:25:54 a. m.

Mr. McCoy's criticism of both the problem and the tone of the letter appearing over my signature are more than justified. As a matter of fact, that letter was written by a friend(?) of mine, who, unknown to me, affixed my name thereto. I've been living it down ever since.

Perhaps the puzzle proposition is becoming rather monotonous, but the following, requiring only a little clear thinking, may prove of more general interest than any published recently:

A man who is out camping decides to go hunting. He first travels five miles due south and kills a bear. After selecting the more choice portions, he goes on, this time, however, going eight miles due east. He finds that he is now exactly five miles from his starting place. What color was the bear?

Very truly yours,

F. HOWARD REXROAD
Marietta, Ohio

THE FLIT FOR FICKE

I have been a reader of *ESQUIRE* for a good many years, but shall have to let my subscription go, if you continue to let guys like this Ficke write arti-

cles for you. His head is just as empty as a bass drum and probably as big.

I refer to that rubbish under the heading of, *Dog Owners Are Crazy*.

I for one am sorry those Sheep Dogs didn't finish him, when he was on his dopey walk around the world, or wherever he was going.

The only thing he had right in his scribbling was the fact that dogs should not be kept in the city.

If he or anyone else cares to see a well trained dog, just tell them to drop in at the address below and I shall be glad to show them a beautiful English Setter, and I will wager this Setter will not soil anyone's lily white pants, nor will the visitor step in any so called dog leavings.

I don't suppose you will publish this letter but I feel better already, since getting this off my chest.

Sincerely,

RALPH E. ROOKS
R.D. 2, New Hartford, N. Y.
P.S.—I live in the city.

HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS AND ALIENATE PEOPLE

I am surprised that an Editor, would publish so scandalous an article as you published in February "*ESQUIRE*."

To begin with, that asinine writer, Ficke, makes a liar out of himself, in the beginning of his balderdash. He tells the public that a half-dozen savage sheep dogs in the mountains of Greece were about to attack him, then he goes on saying, he never met a dog with whom he could not instantly become friends. Why in H— did he not make friends with those terrible sheep dogs? The damn idiot is not aware that sheep dogs are gentle, therefore are called sheep dogs.

I'll bet, that, that idiot Ficke, never saw Greece, and the only mountain he ever saw, is a hill in Lincoln Park. A friend called my attention to the article, and both this lady Mrs. Tyson and myself notified our newsstand, that we no longer will take your contemptible magazine.

I called up Mr. James H. Cruikshank, and advised him to do likewise, and we shall call the attention of the members of various Dog Clubs to do as we did.

Sincerely yours,

New York City GUSTAV STRYKER

MAN LIKES DOGS

As a subscriber to *ESQUIRE*, I read your article entitled *Dog Owners Are Crazy*, which was published in the February issue.

I know dozens of families owning dogs in this city who are as fond of them as if they were their own children and their dogs appear to be as happy as they are. The dog population in this city is growing every year. It is not the fault of the dog or his owner that certain acts of playfulness, friendliness, etc., are nuisances to the likes of Ficke. It is more his obvious lack of understanding what it is to have a pet, regardless of where you live. If a person is not blind, he can easily avoid being dirtied by some dog's natural behavior.

Personally, I think he is a nitwit and probably as crazy as his articles call dog-owners.

If your magazine can publish this sort of article, I want nothing more to do with it.

Kindly consider this letter an abrupt termination of my subscription to same and you can rest assured I can well do without it, and not buy it on a newsstand.

Yours truly,

JAMES H. CRUIKSHANK
New York City

Member of:

Animal Protective Association
Animal Rescue League of Boston
Animal Rescue League of Palm Beaches, Inc.
Anti-Cruelty Society
Bucks County Society for P.C.A.

Chicago Humane Education Society
Chester County S.P.C.A.

Delaware County S.P.C.A.

Decatur County Humane Society

Erie County S.P.C.A.

Escondido Humane Society

Gloucester County S.P.C.A.

Humane Society of Evanston

Humane Society of Bergen County

Humane Society of Rochester, N. Y.

Humane Society of Kansas City

Montclair Animal Welfare League

Marvin County Humane Society

Niagara County S.P.C.A.

New York Women's League for

Animals

Ottawa Humane Society

Orphans of the Storm

Our Dumb Friends League

Passaic County District S.P.C.A.

Pennsylvania S.P.C.A.

Rockland County S.P.C.A.

Sullivan County S.P.C.A.

Susquehanna County Humane

Society

Seeing Eye

Toledo Animal Shelter Association

Women's Pennsylvania S.P.C.A.

Western Pennsylvania S.P.C.A.

Westchester County S.P.C.A., Inc.

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE PRE-

VENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

(LIFE MEMBER)

HUMANE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

(LIFE MEMBER)

HUNTINGTON DOG CLUB

THE NASSAU COUNTY DOG OWNERS

ASSOCIATION

American Anti-Vivisection Society

Anti-Vivisection Society of Portland,

Oregon

Erie County Anti-Vivisection Society

Maryland Anti-Vivisection Society

New England Anti-Vivisection

Society

North Dakota Anti-Vivisection and

Humane Education Society

Rochester Anti-Vivisection Society

WOULD ANYBODY KNOW?

I have a solution to Mr. E. T. Theiner's problem—but I have a hard time convincing myself that it is correct—my solution is as follows:

John was born in November which has 30 days.

When one month old he is 31 days old—from one day of November to same date in December, inclusive.

When 2 months old he is 62 days old—from one day of November to same date in January, inclusive.

Etc.—days exceed months by an even number.

However—

10 times present age = 12 { 1 year ago
(age in mo.) times age { 2 years ago
etc.

On solving—let present

age = X

then—

$10 \times X = 12 \times (X - 1)$ or $10 \times X = 12 \times (X - 2)$ etc.

but first equation gives—

$10X = 12X - 12$

or $X = 6$. The others give answers over 8.

From our solution—John is exactly 6 years old on the same day Mary is 8—which would make her birthday on a Friday—if no leap year was in between. I am curious to know if this is close.

Yours very truly,

Chicago, Ill. ALFRED POLLACK
P. S.—John was an "awful" bright boy for 6 years old.

BRODY WILL OBLIGE

Your article *Hungary: Horseman's Heaven* delighted me more than all of Petty's nude dames possibly could.

I have read *ESQUIRE* for five years and have found very little in it of interest to the horseman and that is what I am. I spend more money and time on and with horses than I do women and wine—so how about getting a little more horsy for the sake of us horsy people.

We're waiting—Yours,

Erie, Pa. DAVID E. BOYCE

THE INSIDE DOPE ON SPAIN AT LAST

I've paged through a number of *ESQUIRES* lately trying to find at least one article favorable to Insurgent Spain. Naturally I didn't find any.

Because the Fourth Estate reserves the right to publish what it wants, magazines and newspapers publish pretty much their editor's personal belief. This country has been very much misled as to the causes of the Spanish Civil War.

For some reason or other the defenders of Madrid, Valencia, and Barcelona are called Loyalists. Why? Are they loyal to Spain? No. Are they loyal to Red Russia? Ah, that's something else again. Yes, they are loyal to Russia. Spain is now and was since it became a Republic, divided into two political groups, the rightist and the leftists. The rightist believed in free enterprise, freedom of worship, and for the right of man to do and practice as he pleased. The leftists were made up of communists and anarchists, atheists, and the like, drawn up in true principle to the dictates of Stalin. There are those, of course, that will say that majority rules, that if the majority of the Spaniards wanted that type of rule then let them have it. That is the catch. Here is some information that you would never find in *ESQUIRE* even though you, as editor, undoubtedly know them: The last three elections held in Spain, in the years of 1932, 1934, and 1936, showed a clean cut majority of the people of Spain were tired of being ruled by Red Russia and wanted to be ruled by Spaniards as Spaniards. After losing the 1932 election, the leftists or red faction, merely overthrew the elected government and started from scratch again. Two years later, in 1934, they were again defeated at the polls and again they overthrew the elected government and again set up a government ruled by Red Russians. We now come to the 1936 elections and the leftists were positive that they weren't going to lose this time. They started one of the biggest terrorists campaigns ever seen by the world to intimidate and to coerce the Spanish people to vote for the leftists' party. In spite of all this, the leftists again came out on the short end of the popular vote. Is it any wonder, that after having won the last three elections and still being deprived of the right to rule that the people of Spain finally revolted.

Now then, why does *ESQUIRE* take it upon its shoulders to champion the cause of red Spain?

This country has recently risen with moral indignation, and rightly so, at the persecution of Jews in Germany. Where, though, was this moral indignation in 1936 and 1937? What has happened in Germany in the last few years is nothing to be compared with what goes on in Loyalist Spain.

Ernest Hemingway is an out and out red and is apparently your favorite author as his stories invariably draw the number one spot.

No, Mr. Gingrich, we, the people are getting fed up on this constant spread of red propaganda. Outside of *ESQUIRE*'s insistence in trying to form our opinion on foreign affairs, the magazine on a whole is good. The cartoons are good and I like very much its ads. However I believe its stories have fallen off some.

I'd like to see this story in *Sound and Fury* for this letter has them both.

As ever,

Warren, Ohio FRANK J. KREIDLER
P. S.—Don't kick too loudly on the Insurgents' use of Italian troops. If it hadn't been for German troops on the Union's side in the Civil War the South would have walloped the North and there wouldn't be any United States of America.



"Seems as if you could reach out and pick each flower"



A BREATH-TAKING EXPERIENCE—to see your first Kodachrome color movie on the screen.

It's not only the beauty, but the extraordinary reality of Kodachrome color movies that makes them so wonderful. There's the world, just as it looks when you step out into it—bathed in light, glowing with rich, radiant color.

Every flower has its own tint, every face its individual coloring. Your film catches all the subtle variations of changing light and motion—the very tone of the weather, the way shadows look at a certain hour of the day.

If you haven't yet taken movies in Kodachrome color—get started now. There's a thrill and a fascination about it unlike anything else you've ever done.

Ask your dealer today to show you some movies taken on Kodachrome Film. Only actually seeing them will give you any idea.

ALL THESE MOVIE CAMERAS TAKE PICTURES IN KODACHROME AS WELL AS BLACK-AND-WHITE . . .

You can use Kodachrome Film with any of the following home movie cameras: Ciné-Kodak Eight, the "economy movie maker," Model 20, at the new low price of \$29.50; Model 25, at \$42; Model 60, at \$67.50. Ciné-Kodak "E," the low-priced "sixteen" that has so many high-priced camera features, \$39.50. Ciné-Kodak "K," the world's most widely used 16 mm. home movie camera, \$80—the new low price. Magazine Ciné-Kodak, 3-second magazine loading, \$117.50 . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Kodachrome
Film EASTMAN'S FULL-COLOR HOME MOVIE FILM



FROM A KODACHROME ORIGINAL

GOING TO THE NEW YORK FAIR? . . . Be sure to take your Ciné-Kodak. Stop at the Kodak Building, where Eastman experts will advise you what to take and how to take it. And there you'll see the unique and gorgeous Cavalcade of Color—the Greatest Photographic Show on Earth. Nothing like it has ever been seen before. Don't miss it.



What the well-dressed foot will wear *and why* ❄

DRAKE Last
425 Genuine White
Buck and Tan
Calf



SAVOY Last
478 White Calf and
Tan Calf



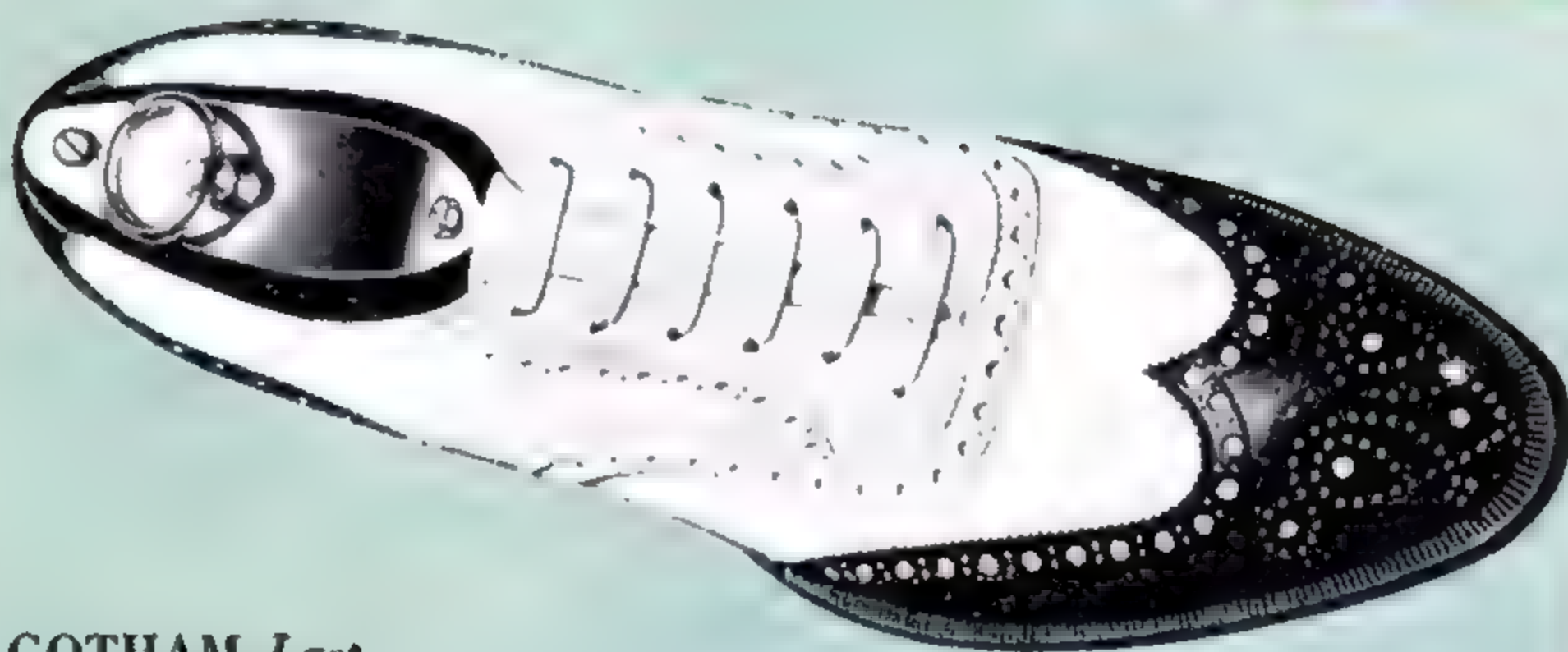
WALTON Last
150 Genuine White
Buck



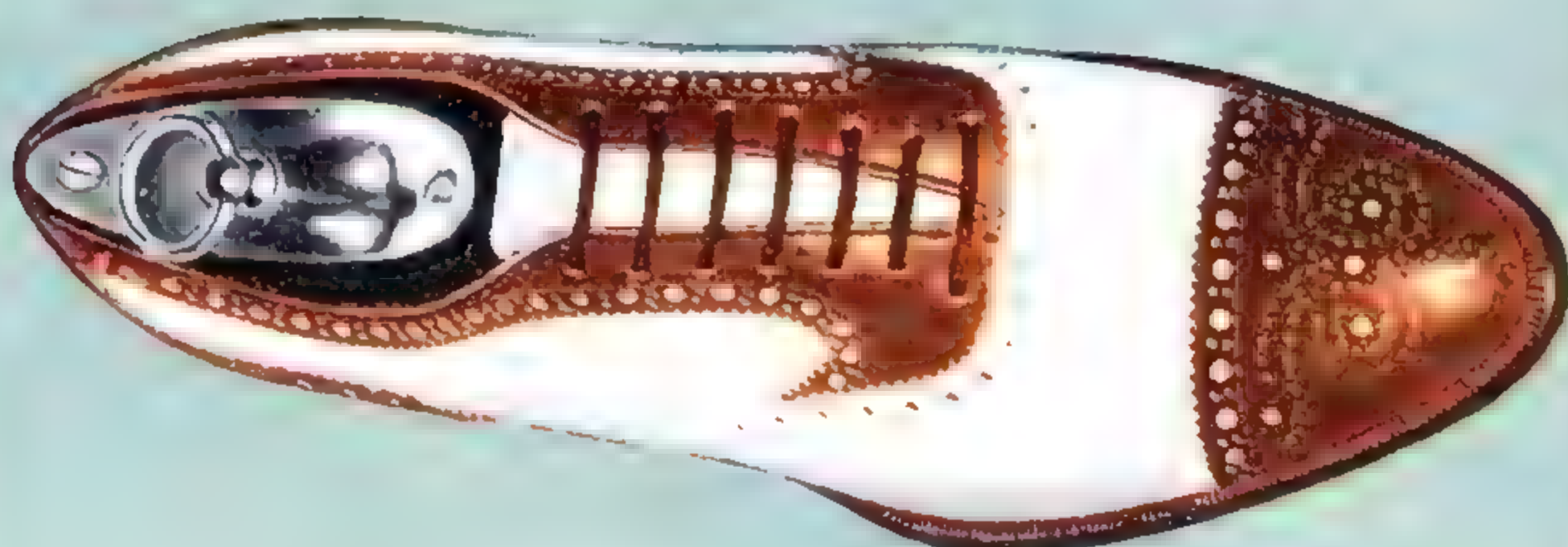
WALTON Last
221 Cork Calf and
Tan Calf



GOTHAM Last
338 Genuine White
Buck and Black
Ebony Calf



GOTHAM Last
442 Genuine White
Buck and Tan
Cretan Calf





** These smarter shoes by
NUNN-BUSH are ankle-fashioned
for lasting fit and style*

Build your wardrobe from the ground up . . . start with Nunn-Bush Oxfords for men. Over the months you will be convinced that there is no wiser choice for fit, for comfort, for wear, for enduring style. The reason is Ankle-Fashioning . . . a special Nunn-Bush feature to make the *style* of Nunn-Bush shoes last longer. Ankle-

Fashioning gives the trim lines essential to a well-dressed appearance. And Ankle-Fashioning retards and minimizes the gapping and bulging that ages shoes. As a result Nunn-Bush shoes retain their youthful smartness . . . stay *like new* for a longer time. Better dealers everywhere carry Nunn-Bush shoes.

MOST STYLES \$7.75 to \$10.50 A FEW HIGHER

Nunn-Bush Shoe Company, New York, Milwaukee, San Francisco

Nunn-Bush
*Ankle fashioned
Oxfords*

Made by Salaried Craftsmen—Not by Pieceworkers

ANKLE - FASHIONED TO RETAIN STYLE LONGER





As fine a Scotch whisky
as ever crossed the ocean.

OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH

"Gentle as a Lamb"

Next time you have a Scotch-and-soda, try Old Angus, the genial, gentle whisky everybody's talking about. See how it gives life to a highball! Experience for yourself its smooth, liqueur quality . . . its fine taste. We think you'll agree it is as fine a Scotch whisky as ever crossed the ocean. Try it today.



86 PROOF



Swing Is From the Heart

Continued from page 43

to appreciate and enjoy swing.

If, then, you know in advance that my words can only help you understand what a swing musician tries to do and how he goes about it, and cannot substitute for the musician himself, you will not be disappointed. Swing is an art, and there is no short cut to the appreciation of any art.

Let us begin by considering the word itself. Where does "swing" come from and why has it become a synonym for jazz? I have heard several interpretations. One points out that it was a call to execute a certain movement or action in the quadrille, a popular dance of the last century. Another says that it refers to the rhythmic swaying of the body which is characteristic of Negro dancing. A third says that it came to be used in connection with hot music through the habit of some Negro musicians (especially trumpet players) of shaking their instruments while playing them in order to get a more intense vibrato. A fourth says its use arose from the idea that when a musician plays an improvised melody against the rhythmic performance of the rest of his band, he swings out—departs from the original structure of the music. A fifth—and this is the one that makes the most sense to me—is that it is ordinary vernacular for any music (primarily the military march) which has irresistible movement or compelling rhythm.

In the last case it is easy to see how the word came to be used in talking about jazz, for there is no music like it for rhythms that stir you. It is also easy to see why it became a synonym for jazz. The latter word was so widely misused that musicians were forced to find another word to describe the real thing. "Swing" is a perfect word, for it expresses a vital difference between the genuine music and the fashionable dance music that some people still think is jazz. The commercial stuff hasn't got the exciting rhythmic qualities that make jazz the only music that can sweep you off your feet.

The word is not new. There are such jazz compositions as *Rug Cutter's Swing*, *Swing It, Louisiana Swing*, and *Saratoga Swing*, all of which were published long before the word "jitterbug" was ever heard of. That should dispose immediately of the fantastic notion that the word was invented no more than a couple of years ago to describe some new kind of music, or that it was invented by Benny Goodman (although Benny undoubtedly popularized it). We can go back earlier. In the early 1920's it was a common exhortation among Negro performers: "Swing it!" a singer would exclaim to the band leader on completing the vocal passage. "Swing it!" the band leader would shout to his men on starting a hot chorus. Even in more respectable circles the word was being used as a

musical term: in his Introduction to the *Book of American Negro Spirituals*, published in 1925, James Weldon Johnson spoke not only of "the swing of the Spirituals" but also of the swing of Negro music generally.

But what does the word mean? After all, swing, like jazz, doesn't mean merely an emphatic and powerful rhythm. It means that and more. The "more" is the relationship between the rhythm and the melody of the composition, plus the tones achieved by the performers on the melodic instruments, plus the manner of playing the notes, plus the effects created by pauses, "breaks," etc. The result is an intoxicating sensation—a sense of dancing breathlessly through space—which may be felt by any willing listener.

Now we're down to brass tacks. What, in musical terms, does the listener hear?

The basis of swing is syncopated music in 4/4 time. In ordinary 4/4 time—that is, in folk and classical music—the accent is on the first and third of the four beats which make up the measure. In syncopation the accent is on the second and fourth beats (the offbeats). This has a curious effect on the listener. James Moynahan has described it excellently: "Try beating one-two-three-four with your finger and repeating aloud only the 'two' and 'four' counts. Now beat-and-count just the 'two' and 'four' counts. If you're a musician you may not find this difficult. If you are not, you will probably tend to get mixed up. You are accustomed to accenting the 'one' and 'three' beats, and all your rhythmic training tends to pull you back to doing just that. . . . It is all you can do to keep your rhythmic balance. All you can do is not to surrender to the overpowering emphasis of that beat on the wrong count and lose your place, get off the beat, or, as they say in marching, out of step." The result is a feeling of exhilaration.

Moynahan's point is that the best jazz has the greatest amount of syncopation, while in commercial dance music the syncopation is weakened and subdued. He is right, although there is more to the story than that. It is possible to get strongly syncopated dance music which is not particularly good jazz. The question is what is happening on top of the syncopated 4/4 measure.

Above the base—the unchanging, ever-recurring meter with its strangely upsetting offbeats—which is maintained by the rhythm section of the band, the melodic section plays music which is rhythmically contrapuntal to it. This means simply that the wind and reed instruments (trumpet, trombone, clarinet, sax) are creating a rhythm which is startlingly different from the one laid down by the percussion group (drums, piano, guitar, string bass). The former are playing not just one

but a whole sequence of different rhythms—an almost infinite variety of them in a single piece—which oppose or contrast with the base rhythm, yet correspond with it at certain definite points.

Now you should be aware of one of the most striking distinctions between jazz and the Guy Lombardo type of music. In Lombardo's band the melodic and rhythm sections usually play in exactly the same rhythm. Now, too, you should realize how jazz is distinguished from a piece of classical music which has contrapuntal rhythms. In jazz there is always an insistent rhythm, a rigid base, against which the varying rhythms are played. But when there are contrapuntal rhythms in classical music, all the rhythms are varying: none of them persists unchanged throughout the composition. (I know there are exceptions to this rule.)

Producing the insistent rhythm is not as simple as it may sound. Obviously, it depends upon the performers having a perfect time-sense and a keen feeling for syncopation. But a really first-rate rhythm section—for example Benny Goodman's, including Dave Tough on drums and Jess Stacey on piano, or Fats Waller's group, consisting of Slick Jones on drums, Al Casey on guitar, Charles Turner on the bull fiddle, and Waller himself on piano—does more than beat out the base. It makes the base rich, full, and complex; it fills in the "breaks" in the melodic line with effects and passages that are interesting in their own right; it gives the performance color and arresting tone at appropriate moments. All of this is known to everyone so far as the piano is concerned, for the piano makes itself felt by its melodic as well as its rhythmic qualities. Until recently, however, most people did not appreciate what the drums can do for jazz. In commercial performance the drummer is more or less suppressed: he marks the meter and does very little else but deliver a few sound effects with his bells, fly-swatter, brush, etc. But with the rise of swing bands people began to see that the drummer is the dynamo of the plant. Anyone who has heard Gene Krupa or the great Chick Webb or Bob Crosby's man, Ray Bauduc, knows what I mean. Such men put drive power into a band; they charge the performance with a rhythmic momentum that keeps you going even after the music has stopped; and with their exotic figures on the cymbal and snares they smash the hypnotic state which they themselves tend to induce in the listener.

Now it is to be hoped that the public will begin to appreciate the guitar and string bass. Primarily they are used to enrich the base, make its rhythm pervasive and solid, yet they can also impart delicate coloring and tonal interest to the performance because

of the possibilities they offer for subtle variations in the chords strummed or slapped out of them. Unfortunately, their work doesn't come through over the radio or on the ordinary recording. To appreciate them you have to stand right next to the band. Next best is to hear recordings of pieces which have been scored to give either or both of them an opportunity to swing out. The best, in the case of the guitar, are the jobs done by Eddie Lang, now deceased, who worked with Joe Venuti (Columbia and Vocalion recordings). For the string bass you don't have to go that far back: listen to John Kirby's work with his own orchestra. If you live in or near New York you must have heard his broadcasts from the Onyx Club (winter of 1937-8). Since he has his own band, he can give himself plenty of solos—and he deserves them, for he is one of the really outstanding hot musicians.

So much for the playing of the instrumentalists who maintain the insistent rhythm. Their importance can't be overemphasized, for, as I have suggested, the forceful syncopation on which swing music is founded comes to a large degree from them. But they alone, as I have also suggested, don't by any means make jazz. It is the work of the melodic section that really determines whether a band is swinging or not—in other words, whether it is playing hot music or mere ting-a-ling.

I spoke before of rhythms being created by the wind and reed instruments. The word "created" is the clue. The men performing on the melodic instruments are improvising. They are inventing rhythms as they go along. Moreover, they are developing an original melodic line. Each man in a small band—each group in a big one—is creating his own melodic line. But these melodic lines are not only rhythmically contrapuntal to the base rhythm; they are contrapuntal, both rhythmically and melodically, to each other. So now you know what a musician thinks of when he hears that phrase, "collective improvisation," which has been so glibly bandied about by people who haven't the slightest idea what it actually means.

Let's break it down. A six-piece band begins to play *Sweet Sue* or *Ida*. The rhythm section of three pieces (piano, drums, and string bass) does its definite, set job while the melodic section (trumpet, clarinet, and tenor sax) plays the tune as written for one chorus, or maybe two. Then, with the rhythm instruments continuing as before, one of the melodists takes a solo chorus in which he improvises. That is to say, he changes the tune, re-phrases it, introduces new figures ("licks"), and injects ornamentation and pauses which were not there before, sometimes riding out into a melodic line which

Continued on page 118



“You say he’s worse—I wonder can it be the ice cream, cake and candy I gave him for taking his medicine”

OLD CROW

BOTTLED-IN-BOND.

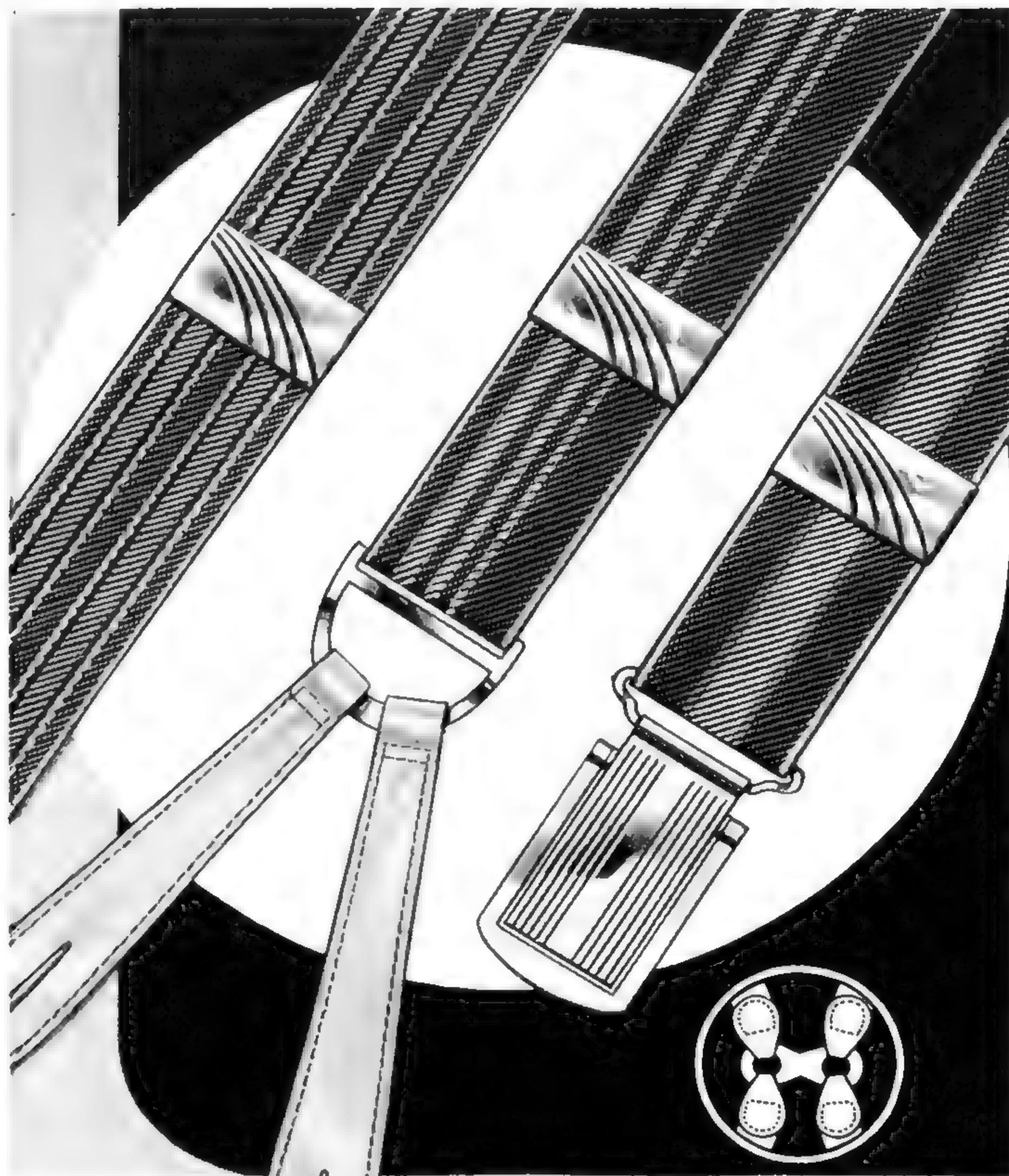


*Rye or
Bourbon*

A TRULY GREAT NAME

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

*No roster of great American whiskies
is complete without mention of Old Crow; no experience of fine whiskies
complete without tasting Old Crow.*



The patented "Free-Swing"
leather-link swivel action back

Color IS KING!

● In addition to "Free-Swing"... the widely-imitated but never duplicated "Can't skid off your shoulders" feature... Paris brings you the season's style sensation in three new colors... BURGUNDY Reds... CARIBBEAN Blues... FOREST Greens... to blend with the smart hues that lead the "Hit Parade" in your other well-styled apparel. See these new colors and the new Paris patterns at your dealer's... you want several pairs... one for each suit... in either the perfect Paristrap leather ends that trouser buttons won't mar, or the new, jewel-crafted "Klixon" fingertip-control grip... automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of trouser-top and stays set until you say otherwise... they're ready now. Most styles \$1.

A. STEIN & COMPANY

Chicago • New York • Los Angeles
Toronto • Buenos Aires

PARIS
Free-Swing
SUSPENDERS
Can't skid off your shoulders

Swing Is From the Heart

Continued from pages 43-115

barely resembles the original tune. Then the second melodist and, after him, the third take their choruses in solo, each improvising a melodic line of his own—one which fits the character of his particular instrument—and at the same time changing the rhythms. Perhaps there is also a passage for piano. In the last chorus they swing together, each melodist improvising while the rhythm section beats it out with fury. The collective improvisation will be noise and confusion if the musicians are incompetent; if they are able and inspired, it will be a thrilling piece of business.

Think of what the improviser is doing. At the same time that he is creating an original melodic line, inventing or adapting hot licks to the mood and tempo of the piece he is playing, he must keep in mind the tune he started out with as a harmonic background, for his improvisation is within the outline of the piece as written. His chords are developments of the written chords. If they aren't, they don't belong; they are forced, artificial, corny. In *collective* improvisation—where there are several improvisers performing simultaneously (a jam session)—he is not only listening to the base rhythm and remembering the written chordal structure, but is also subconsciously listening to the improvisations of the performers beside him. There must, after all, be some relationship between the various melodic lines; there must be agreements as well as contrasts in rhythm and melody.

The crucial factor in the last chorus or jam session is the quality of the clash, known in music as cacophony. The melodic lines do conflict in places—not because the players deliberately decide that that is what they want, but because that is the nature of the music. That is hot music. If you were to write a score which includes all the melodic lines, you would realize that its texture is genuinely polymelodic. Polymelody is music in which each of the parts being simultaneously played has a melodic significance, as distinguished from a homophonic treatment of music (a sonata, for example), where one part stands out as the prominent melody while the others are merely support or accompaniment. Now, in all polymelody there is cacophony, clash, discordant sound—call it what you will. Isn't it curious, then, that critics should take cacophony for granted in, say, the music of Bach but object to it in jazz? Is it because in jazz they have no discrimination—don't know how to tell cacophony that is valid from that which is not? The question is plainly whether the discords are exciting, stirring, or merely disagreeable. Any critic who would like to study cacophony in jazz is advised to start with the following very simple examples of it, which happen also to be among

the best produced in recent years: the recordings of the Goodman trio (Goodman, Teddy Wilson, and Krupa) in *Tiger Rag* (Victor 25481-B) and *China Boy* (Victor 25333-A) and of the quartet (same, with Lionel Hampton on vibraphone) in *Runnin' Wild* (Victor 25529-A) and *Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider* (Victor 25531-B). If the critic will be kind enough to listen carefully, especially to the choruses in which all the instruments appear, he will hear wonderful music making, with frequent discords to which he ought to react pleasurably after he gets used to them. Above all, the recording of *China Boy*, a swing performance that comes close to being immortal, should give him plenty to think about.

Improvisation is the soul of jazz. Without it there is a body but no personality. Listen to a performance which hasn't got it (and what you're listening to is probably routine dance music), and you take nothing away: no emotion, no feeling of energy, no impression of character. It isn't necessary—in fact, it's impossible—for every man in a large band to improvise. Sometimes one man does it against the normal rhythmic background, while the other melodic instruments quietly support the rhythm section. Sometimes an entire group does it: the saxes, perhaps, while the brass ensembles provide a harmonic accompaniment. No matter how it's done, the music called jazz—its surprising, shocking rhythms, its colors and fascinating contrapuntal effects—is produced by improvisation. Without it the music is dull, flat, nerveless. It isn't jazz.

At its best the improvisation is ephemeral. Take a man with a fertile imagination and great skill who is working with a congenial band, and after a while, when the atmosphere that is generated is truly hot, when they are all playing with passion and each is stimulating the other not only by his own invention but also by his elaboration of the other's rhythms and melodic figures, he will swing out in a burst of inspiration which comes straight from the heart. You must not be afraid of that sugary phrase. From the heart is precisely the way they play. Their emotions are intense in such a moment; they are feeling. You may say that they are simple people, that at least they are not very cultivated if they can be so moved by such music. Quite right. Jazz wasn't created by intellectuals. It was created by common folk. You can trace its origins back through the Negro slaves in America to the African primitives. They were unquestionably simple, ignorant, uncultivated people. The great Negro instrumentalists—Oliver, Armstrong, Joe Smith, Bubber Miley, Buster Bailey, Johnny Hodges, and a dozen others—are also uncultivated people. And doubtless the

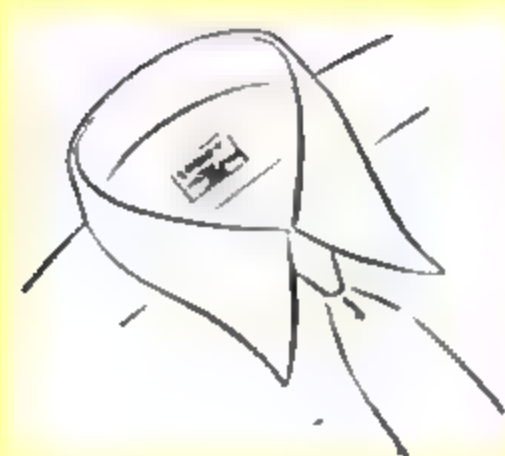
Continued at top of page 120

THE WORLD OF TOMORROW IS HERE TODAY



The EVERNESS COLLAR *is here*
IT OUTWEARS THE SHIRT

*For the First time . . . and Exclusive with ESSLEY
SHIRTS . . . a full variety of Fashionable patterns
in a COLLAR THAT OUTWEARS THE SHIRT!*



The shirt always outwore the collar. That was yesterday. Now there's a collar that *outwears* the shirt. It's a piece of textile magic that we call Everness. As far as we know, this is the first time in shirt history in which a super-wearing collar has been perfected to match the shirt flawlessly in a complete variety of fashionable patterns. Now you can select Essley Shirts, which are well-known for their "precision fit" and their studied tailoring, with the new Everness Collar; and you may choose from an exclusive variety of checks, plaids, stripes, woven figures and white-on-white effects—as well as solid whites, of course! From \$1.65 to \$2.50. To textile experts Everness is a technically astonishing achievement, one that offers you a beautiful shirt with longevity increased by many months.

ESSLEY SHIRTS
WITH EVERNESS-TRUBENIZED COLLARS

ESSLEY SHIRT COMPANY • EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • NEW YORK CITY



TAKE A SHORT CUT TO COMFORT!

SWITCH TO **Jockey** UNDERWEAR
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

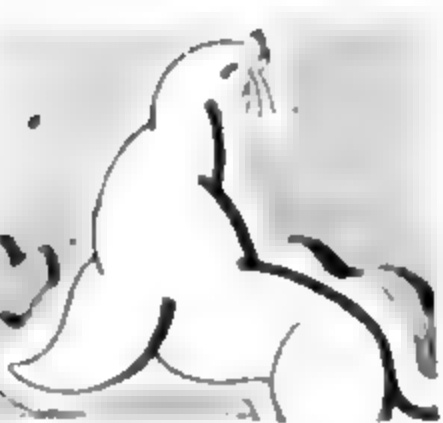
Eliminate that urge to squirm. You can sit still and like it!

■ Jockey, America's sensational squirm-free underwear, does away with bulking, climbing, sawing. Masculinized to fit like a glove everywhere—not just around the waist. Patented Y-front construction affords mild, restful support. Increased freedom for the active man. Convenient, angled opening won't gap. Not a button anywhere—wearing keeps it closed. Start your Jockey Underwardrobe now! Various leg lengths in cotton, in rayon, and in linen-cotton mixtures. Contoured shirts to match. 50c up, per garment. For children, Jockey in sizes down to 6 years. It's not Jockey without the Jockey label. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.



Copyright 1939
by Coopers, Inc.

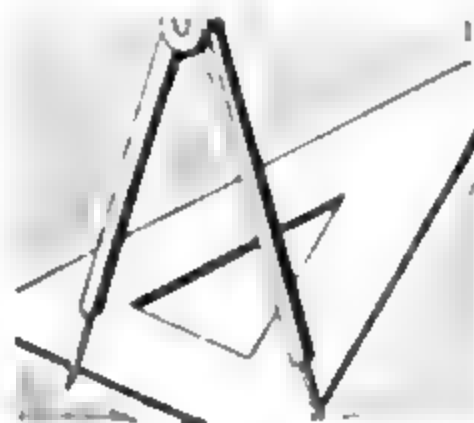
Illustrating Jockey in the
Midway length. Modern
two-piece underwear



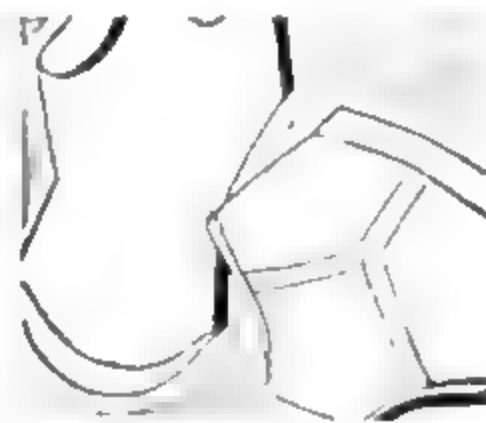
■ SLEEK FIT
—elastic knit for
comfort



■ STYLE —
smooth founda-
tion for suits



■ SCIENTIFIC
DESIGN —
precision tailored



■ TWO-PIECE
—can be replaced
separately

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE

Made and Distributed

In Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; In Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills,
Sydney; In British Isles by Lyle and Scott, Ideal House, London

Swing Is From the Heart

Continued from pages 43-115-118

white men who were influenced by them—the Original Dixieland Five (La Rocca, Edwards, Shields, Spargo and Ragas), Bix, Teagarden, Frank Teschmaker, Trumbauer, Mezzrow, right on up to Goodman, Krupa, Bunny Berigan, and Tommy Dorsey—never learned about Picasso and Proust. What of it? Jazz is folk music, created by a folk and speaking a folk language. It can be played by an intellectual only if he enters into its spirit freely, surrenders himself, and speaks its language naturally and without condescension—and that, of course, is so rare an event that it isn't worth talking about. But since an appreciation of Mozart doesn't preclude an appre-

ciation of jazz, intelligent people can and do enjoy it. They do so not in a spirit of slumming but because no matter how cultivated you may be you are also capable of unsophisticated emotions—of raw tempers, simple melancholy, violent passion, and slapstick comedy, and even moments of vulgarity. And surely you are capable of being delighted and moved by fantastic musical colors and extremely complex yet basically savage rhythms—colors and rhythms which go far beyond the trickiest schemes of the most sophisticated of modern composers. If you aren't you are too refined to live in this world. ‡

(Part II will appear in next issue.)

The System Again

Continued from page 69

profit in view of the low percentage of winners.

But I cannot detect and do not believe—and it would be presumptuous on my part to claim—that so large a proportion of the betting public is selecting plays by my methods as to ruin prices through weight of money in the mutuels and with handbooks at the New York tracks. Nor can I detect and, therefore, believe that the shortening of prices on ultra-consistent horses caused by publication of my methods of selection of plays has been of any material weight in inducing owners and trainers of consistent animals not to try too hard when the prices are short.

Despite the babble about smart tactics, angles and crookedness that always is foaming about the barns and tracks, it always has been my belief, in the light of experience, that racing is basically straight and that most horses with a figurable chance are really trying for a purse if not for a bet. If racing were not straight it would be impossible to make money over periods of time through betting on cold figures of horse-quality derived from the past performances—yet many handicappers do operate successfully while avoiding rather than seeking inside information from owners, trainers, jockeys, work-watchers and others. The average small owner-trainer is under a definite economic pressure tending to keep him straight and trying with his horses; he has feed bills, living expenses and shipping expenses to pay; and he is not financed to wait week after week, having his horses pulled or otherwise stiffened, thus passing up chance after chance at good purses, just to make the animals look bad and thus improve their odds when he finally is ready to bet and "shoot."

I may mention that play by the consistency system discussed here would have shown a fair profit if continued as one series between the dates indicated in 1936, 1937 and 1938. But a method which will show a net loss for a whole year, or the greater part of it, offers no

inducement to the better for income even though the losses incurred were substantially less than those suffered in like time by an average player hanging aimlessly around on newspaper selections, fake tips and his own careless and amateurish handicapping. In the late spring and early summer of 1937 my method showed a prolonged losing streak, but it was losing back only about twenty-five per cent of the profits made earlier in the year and later much more than made the losses up. But in 1938 it just made a long slide downhill, with occasional trifling spurts of recovery that speedily petered out.

On the theory that history repeats itself and that averages maintained over a period are apt to continue, the chronic system-player adopts a method of selecting plays and then proceeds to check it on paper, either in old files of racing-sheets or currently. If it works out to a satisfactory paper-profit he begins to bet it—and just then his griefs begin. The averages may reverse themselves and result in a loss. That happened to me in 1938. Or, if he employs a progression, the one he uses may be so steep and run his bets up so high after a few losses that he will be unable to raise and bet the large amount called for by his next horse and probable winner. Again, when he is on the progression-elevator operated by losses, he may lack the nerve to make the next large bet even if he has the money. If he makes money and spends it as it comes in he will lack any reserve to carry him through subsequent losing periods. All in all the horse-player's lot from the straight financial angle is not a happy one. He may have the soundest method in the world and yet lack resources to operate it or temperament and self-control to follow it literally and strictly.

But to return to the consistency system of selection and betting. The fact that it made money in 1936 and 1937 and that it lost back less in 1938 are sufficient to prove there is something in it, and it may

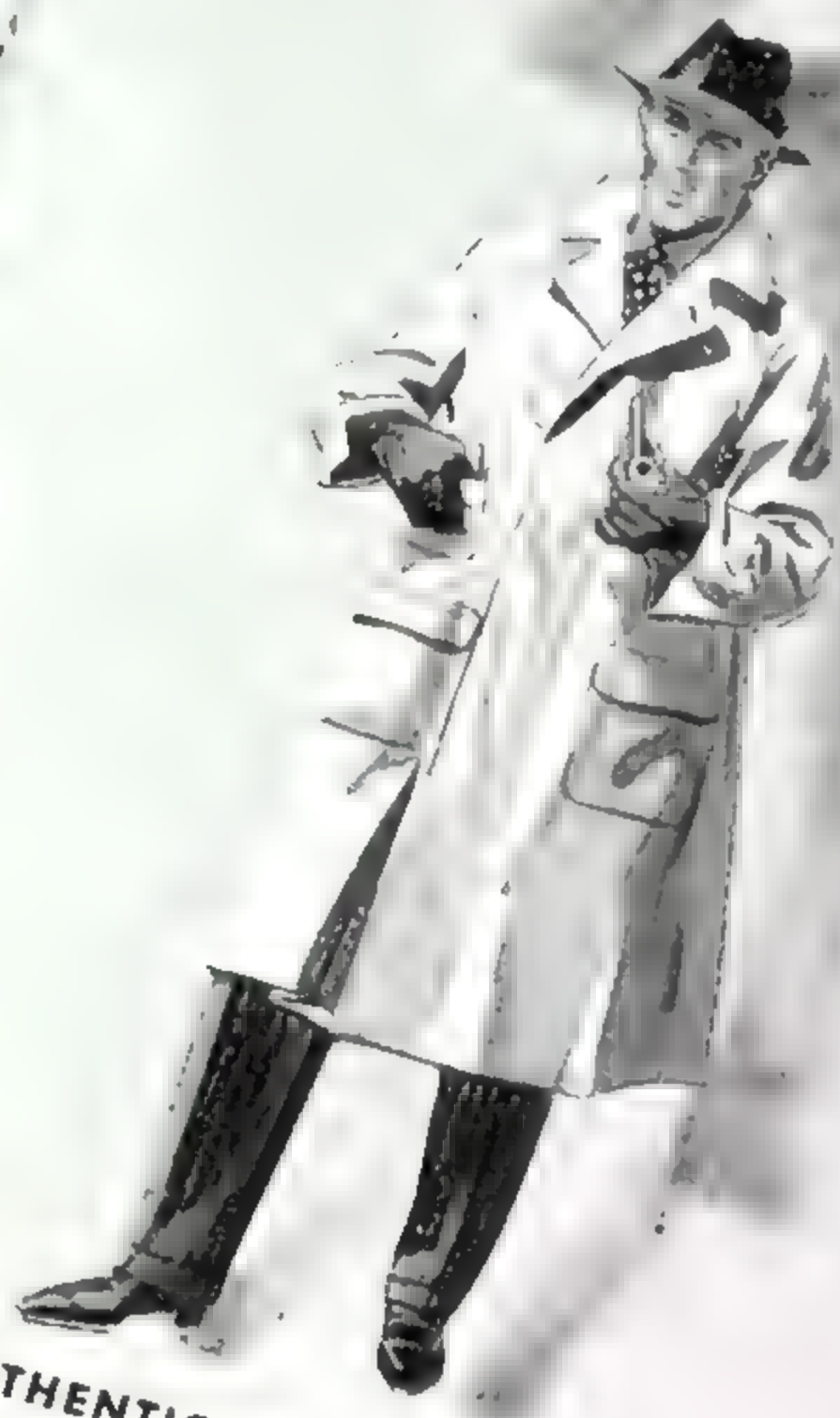
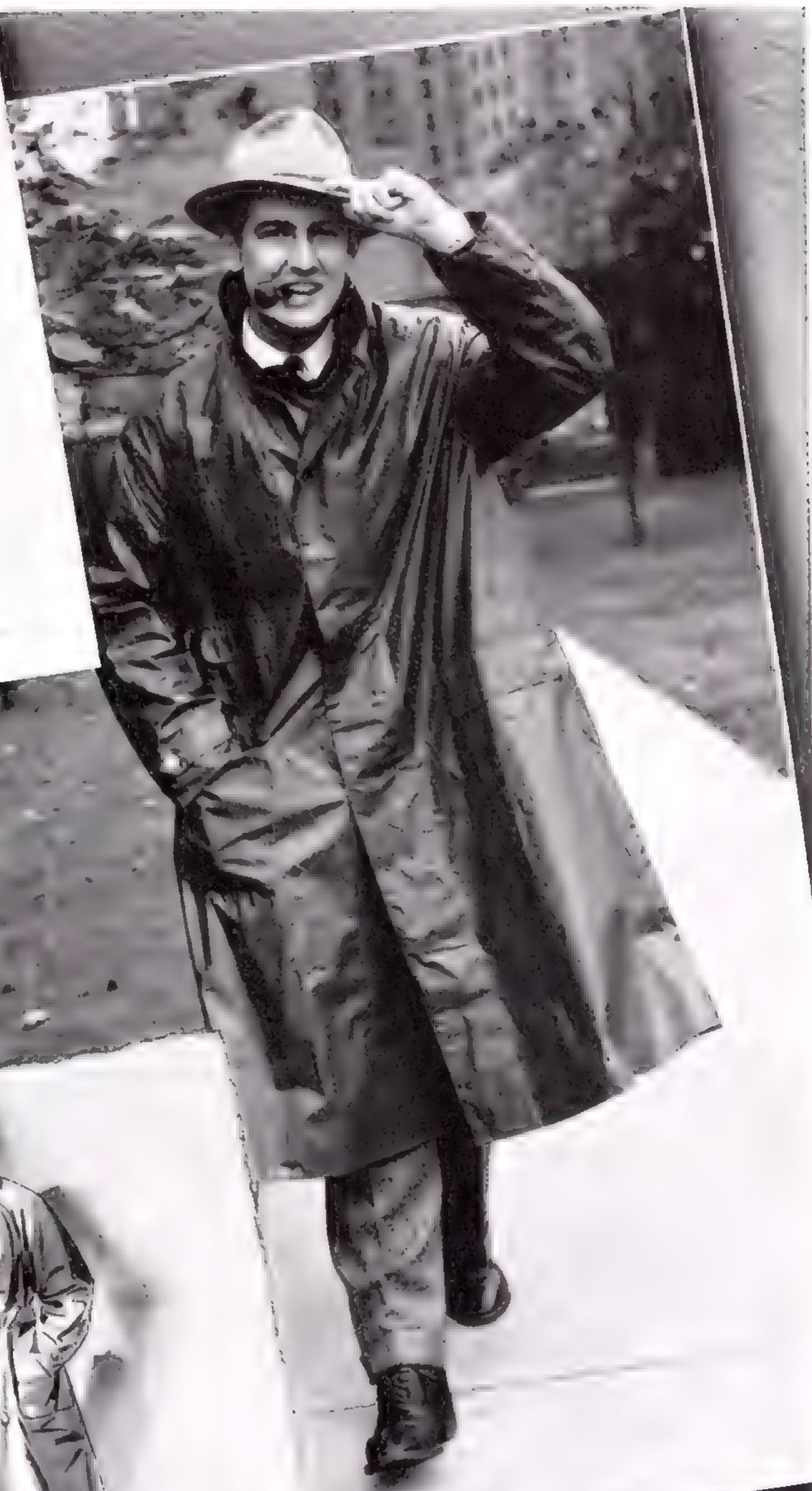
Continued on page 122

ALLIGATOR RAINCOATS AND GALECOATS

Score New Style Hits!

★ Gone are the days when you picked a raincoat just for the business of keeping you dry! Alligator Raincoats and Galecoats have style with a "wallop"—British-looking, thoroughbred lines that keep their swank through years of drenching. They're cut and tailored with that infinite care you expect to see only in the finest coats.

At Better Dealers Everywhere



AUTHENTIC GALECLOTH COACHER

There's not another raincoat like it. Smooth, water-repellent fabric—woven so close the wind can't get through. You'll like its sweeping lines, the roomy cut of the sleeves. The kind of coat that's right at home at the races, at the polo games—rain or shine. Oyster white or grey—

\$18.50



ALLIGATOR RAINCOATS . \$5.75 to \$15.75

Take your pick of this famous fabric in several light weights—every one proof against water, wind and dust. They come in all the classic styles for men, cut with a dash we'll bet you've never seen in raincoats before. Each one a real "buy" at the price.



GALECOATS by Alligator . \$15.75 to \$18.50

Galecloth has that nice worsted texture that gives these coats so much distinction. So light, so thoroughly water-repellent that you'll never have that heavy, water-logged feeling when you wear a Galecoat in the rain. Single or double-breasted—in a choice of styles.

UNIVERSITY COACHER by ALLIGATOR

Big pockets, a sporting collar and casual, carefree lines have made the University Coacher score a huge hit on campuses that set the styles. **WATERPROOF, WIND-PROOF AND DUSTPROOF!** Deep sea green, **\$7.50** yellow, black

ALLIGATOR Raincoats and Galecoats

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI
New York • Los Angeles



The System Again

Continued from pages 69-120

be interesting to apply a little abstract analysis in an effort to determine just what that something is.

In my own recent play, since I abandoned following the method as such, I have been confining all wagers to qualifying system horses, but I have refused to play any animal which has not satisfied me as a bet when scrutinized from every handicapping angle other than consistency. I have tried to make dead sure that every candidate is not stepped up in point of class of horses entered against in comparison with those he has been meeting and has made his record against, just as I have tried to make dead sure that he is not overweighted, in relation to his field, that he is not outfooted at the distance on the evidence of the times run to by all as given in the past-performance records, and that he is in good present racing condition as shown by recent races or late training gallops. Operating in this way on consistent horses I have got about forty per cent winners, but profits have not been satisfactory due to the short prices laid against animals which can pass so rigid a scrutiny. But even a slender profit is better than a loss, and it is possible to make money on horses of this type when subjected to a sharp scrutiny as to their chances apart from consistency.

The play I am referring to is daily play, involving one, two or three horses selected from among all major tracks operating. Better results can be secured by playing less frequently through awaiting real betting spots, "overlays," so called, where an eminently solid horse that really figures to win has been overlooked by selectors and public for some combination of reasons and is going to post at a price substantially longer than he should be at in view of his chances of winning as determined by a sound handicapping process.

If one interested in betting will take a week's racing sheets and carefully go over the result charts for one day in conjunction with the past performances set up for the races he will see that most favorites are installed as such on account of coming up to the contests off a last-out win or at least a conspicuously good last race. Most of the public selectors, and consequently most of the public who follow them, take as probable winner the horse in best apparent racing condition. For the selectors to do this, or for the public to do it, really means that the animal's last or late races and works are analyzed and graded, rather than the animal himself, off his whole record for a period of months. It is not sound handicapping to do this, because racing is so intrinsically full of hazard and accident that the nag may have been outlucked in an apparently poor late race rather than beaten on his merits. If the reverse process is applied, and a horse taken as at least a plausible

candidate for selection because he has won and run in the money in a high percentage of his starts for the preceding months of the year, the player is working along sound lines in that he is estimating and grading the animal as such and as a racing mechanism instead of merely rating his last or late races.

And there is more to it than that. Not only is an animal taken off his whole record a more solid selection to win than a mere present-form horse which normally may be very inconsistent; the consistent thoroughbred, the horse with the habit of winning, may be at a decent price if the race contains some apparently "hot" present-form entrant made favorite by the public's going for him hook, line and sinker.

The horse of the year or the horse of the century is rated as such because he took on the best that could be brought against him and beat them steadily when giving away weight. In other words the test of consistency and consistency only is constantly resorted to by horsemen when having an argument about great or high-class horses. They might have bet the weights, the times or apparent present form when the animals were racing each other, but when it comes to discussion they emphasize consistency and consequent money earnings.

The test of consistency against best company constantly applied to great stake and handicap-horses also can be applied to animals of much less class that fill most of the races programmed today, from cheap \$1500 platers entered in claiming-races at that valuation up through those entered at \$2000, \$3000, \$4000 or higher to performers in allowance-races, D, C, B and A handicaps, the great three-year-old stakes and richly endowed important handicaps for older horses. The winning habit is enormously important, and a horse which has been quite steadily successful in his own class, whether the class of \$1500 platers or that of real handicap-horses, normally is a most solid selection when entered against that class today.

I have no apologies to make for having inflicted my consistency system on the long-suffering racing public. It made money, net, over a period of three years, although it tailed off badly in the last. Whether the method of playing more or less mechanically one-third winning, one-half in-money horses can be continuously successful now seems to me open to serious question. But one thing is sure. The method is based on a principle which can be ignored by any player attempting to figure winners only at his peril.

One last word. During 1938 I have received from readers dozens and dozens of letters stating that they had been making money in that year by following my methods. How they did it I don't know. I didn't, that's the laugh. #



BOTANY SPECTRON

IN "MAN" BUILDING NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Dramatizing the Botany Wrinkle-Proof Tie...the neckwear that "hangs out"...fresh and smooth...overnight. At good dealers everywhere...\$1. If you can't locate Botany Ties...write us and we will direct you.

BOTANY WRINKLE TIES -PROOF TIES

Botany Worsted Mills, Passaic, N. J. • Botany Tie, Botany Robe, Botany Shirts, Botany Socks, Botany Mufflers, Men's and Women's Wear Fabrics, Top-Dyed Knitting Yarns

AT THE MIDOCEAN IT'S MALLORY MIDTONES

The refreshing new *in-between* hat colors for Spring in two lightweight Mallory Midtones—already high favorites with arrivals at the Midocean colony, Bermuda playground for America's smart families.



THE PEBBLE SHORE (left) looks like rough chamois, feels like soft suede... and fits your semi-sports wardrobe to a rakish T. Aircool-constructed to wreath your head in blissful ease. In a wide range of the new Midtone shades — blended to match a variety of suits. **\$5**

★ Rain *will not wilt* the trimness of Mallory Hats. They're the only hats weatherproofed the matchless "Cravenette" way.

THE LIGHTER (right) has a yacht-light sleekness to its crown, a rolling swell to its brim, a bowsprit grace to its slender welt edge. A sure touch of off-handed well-grooming for your workaday and holiday attire. A Mallory Stowaway—light as a chip, and lightweight lined. **\$5**

★ And don't forget—there's a whole host of new Mallory styles... \$4, \$5, \$7.50 & \$10... now on display at your Mallory dealer's.

EVERY DAY YOU SEE MORE HATS BY

MALLORY

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



EASTER PREVIEW

Upper left: Single breasted morning coat with grey cheviot striped trousers and double breasted waistcoat, matching coat. Note the coral color shirt, the white waistcoat slip, high white starched collar, bar shape black satin tie with pearl stick-pin, coral color carnation, silk top hat and white buckskin gloves.

Lower left: Double breasted oxford grey jacket, lapel rolled to the bottom button, blue striped broadcloth shirt with white starched collar, over-all blue and white silk tie, bowler hat, checked cheviot trousers, blue cornflowers.

Center: Single breasted peak lapel morning coat made without braid, worn with black worsted trousers with spaced white stripes, single breasted cream color linen waistcoat with notch collar, blue broadcloth shirt with white starched collar, grey check tie, black shoes with fawn color cloth tops, lightweight chamois gloves, silk top hat, yellow carnation, white pocket handkerchief.

Upper right: Single breasted three-button notch lapel jacket with the top two buttons closed, light grey shirt with white starched collar, maroon check tie, grey cheviot trousers, clove carnation, black Lord's hat.

Correct Easter boutonnières: blue cornflowers; white gardenia; coral, yellow or red carnation.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

What new name in shoes puts more cents in your shoe dollar?

the answer is

Roblee



"BET AH'LL BE SHINING UP LOTS OF THESE SHOES 'FORE LONG!"



FEATURES *never before at these prices*

\$5.00 to \$6.50

WHAT FEATURES?

Here's Feature No. 1—Helps make you walk like a West Pointer—toes straight ahead—feel a half-inch taller....It's the Tread Straight feature in the \$5.00 Roblee, a special construction in heel and shank does the job.

Here's Feature No. 2—Patented cushion takes out the bump, adds the bounce to walking... ventilates the sole yet insulates against hot pavements or cold....It's the Air Step feature now yours in the \$6.50 Roblee!

Style?—Authentic—always on the Newport side, never Coney Island.

Fit?—Like a friendly handshake. Every pair registered.

But How About Wear?—Probably a dollar's worth more than you've been getting for the same money.... Because a company that's made 300,000,000 pairs knows how to build in wear.

Where Can I Get Roblees?—Wherever you see the sparkling new red-and-blue Roblee sign on a dealer's window.... Made by United Men's Division, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, St. Louis.



You'll be proud of your feet in these new Roblee Windsors for Spring—with the Air Step feature . . . \$6.50

Jayson



The JAYSON Whitehall shirt, illustrated, \$2... Also available Jayson Whitehall pajamas \$2.

WHITEHALL by JAYSON

...ultimate in white shirts, heads a long list of the right Troy-tailored shirts for Spring better stores are featuring. To see them, ask for JAYSON by name...and enjoy the style and quality standards which have made millions prefer JAYSON shirts.

JAYSON shirts are guaranteed, without qualification, to give complete satisfaction. Will not shrink below marked size.

F. JACOBSON & SONS, INC., 1115 BROADWAY, N. Y.

**JAYSON SHIRTS
PAJAMAS
SPORTSWEAR**

Shirts illustrated below, \$2 each in a variety of soft collar models or the "Jaysonized" no starch, no-wrinkle collar. Other JAYSON shirts \$2.50 and up. JAYSON pajamas \$2 to \$10. JAYSON sportswear \$2 to \$7.50. *Made under Celanese patents



The Cult of the Woodchuck

Continued from page 74

if you like to bet on a practically sure thing, you might take him for four-bits or so.) Put up your hat at three hundred yards and invite him to shoot ten shots at it with his old reliable .30-.30, or whatever he uses. Don't worry about your hat—it will take an object the size of a garage door to catch all of the bullets he'll sprinkle around it, and the odds are enormously in your favor. There are three reasons for this, any one of which will protect your interests: the sights of his deadly old Deer-slayer won't permit accurate aim at anything so small; the relative inaccuracy of his rifle, coupled with the high trajectory of the average deer cartridge, would make a hit unlikely, regardless of the sights; and, unless your friend is a much better shot than the average hunter, he couldn't hit your hat at that range with any equipment.

The size of the ten-ring of the standard two-hundred-yard target is four inches, and a hit anywhere in that four-inch circle gets the target shooter a ten. But that is not good enough for you if you take your chuck hunting seriously. Your standard of accuracy must be about twice that high, for an error of two inches at any range can mean a complete miss. And you must be able to shoot within this limit on any occasion, as the shot presents itself, without fussing around. There are no trial shots in chuck hunting.

With the exception of the piffling little .22 long rifle cartridge used by target shooters at close range, there is no commercial rifle or ammunition capable of the accuracy required for this work. Factories can't give attention to the endless number of details that make for superlative accuracy, nor can they spend thousands of dollars developing new arms for the use of a limited number of specialists. Consequently, chuck hunters do not use standard factory-built arms. They have had to develop their own to meet their exacting requirements. They have done just this; as a matter of fact the only improvements in firearms in the last thirty years have been due to the efforts of a handful of men who were interested, primarily, in shooting woodchucks at still longer and longer ranges.

The .22 Hornet, the .22-3000 Lovell, the various .22 magnums, the .220 Swift, and the .257 Roberts, to mention some of the most popular modern chuck rifles, have all been developed by hunters, and in them, riflemen have the most accurate and deadly small-game rifles in the world. The last two named have slapped down moose with one shot. Three of them are now available in commercial arms, but not in a form acceptable to the serious chuck hunter. Take the case of the .220 Swift, developed by Captain Grosvenor Wotkins and John B. Sweany into a marvel of accuracy and long-range power,

with a tremendous muzzle velocity of 4100 feet per second. The great arms company that placed this cartridge on the market and chambered a rifle to shoot it in, shocked the knowing chuck hunters of the land by loading it with a snub-nosed bullet perfectly designed to offer a maximum of wind resistance. As a result of this effort at originality on the part of the arms company, the velocity of the bullet falls off so rapidly that its wonderful potentialities for long-range shooting are nullified. The chuck hunter corrects this blunder by loading his own .220 cartridges with a properly-pointed bullet, and gets his chucks at unbelievably long ranges.

Suppose that you've decided to try your hand at chuck hunting. Say you decide to get a rifle in the new and brilliant .22-3000 caliber designed by Hervey Lovell, a chuck hunter who also makes barrels for discriminating colleagues. This caliber is not available in any commercial arm as yet, though there are rumbles on the horizon that it may be soon. How do you go about getting one? Chances are that it's not convenient to make a personal call on any of the custom gunsmiths who are tooled up for the job. Fine. You'll have to rely on correspondence, and correspondence with a gunsmith is a pleasure that no man should deny himself.

Gravely you'll discuss such esoteric matters as the precise bore and groove diameter of your barrel, to one ten-thousandth of an inch; the pitch of the rifling; the number of grooves; the dimensions of the chamber; and the fitting of the firing pin so it won't fly back in your face. Of course you'll have to furnish the action of the rifle yourself. It may be any of several obsolete actions—an old Winchester single shot, a Stevens, a Ballard, a Remington-Heppburn, or a Sharps-Borchardt—and it'll have a charm of its own because of its history. (The action of my favorite chuck rifle once stalked the plains with a buffalo hunter, a fact not repugnant to me.) If you want something finer, and don't mind spending four or five hundred dollars on your rifle, you can do as John Garringer did and import a Farquarhson action from Gibbs of London and have it fitted with a Poldi barrel and stocked with a rare piece of Circassian walnut.

British gunmakers are unexcelled in decorative handwork and can turn out a superbly beautiful piece in anything from an air gun to a double cordite elephant rifle. But you'll do well to have it chambered and tuned up on this side. The Britisher doesn't know much about the type of shooting done by the American chuck hunter, or what he expects in the way of accuracy.

Six months pass and the finished rifle arrives. You admire the marks of handwork which dis-

Continued on page 128

SINCE 1510 . . . BENEDICTINE D.O.M* NOW ALSO . . . B AND B LIQUEUR!



"After Coffee . . . a BENEDICTINE"

"WE FIND IT IS EXPECTED,"
SAY BUTLERS OF FAMOUS HOSTS

Today this old-world social custom is America's favorite. All available figures . . . figures from every state publishing them . . . indicate that Bénédictine outsold the next most popular imported liqueur in a typical month last year by more than 2 to 1!

Is there a reason? Decidedly yes! Bénédictine's unique flavour pleases guests . . . its unique contribution to the dinner's success pleases hosts. And for a luxury, its cost is most reasonable . . . up

to 50 servings may be obtained from one regular size bottle!

**New! Bénédictine's Own
Bottled B AND B Liqueur**
(BENEDICTINE AND BRANDY)

A new taste sensation! B AND B is the famous Bénédictine combined with selected Cognacs. Perfectly blended in Bénédictine's centuries-old cellars at Fécamp, France, it is far superior to hurriedly mixed Bénédictine and Brandy.

THERE IS ONLY ONE BENEDICTINE. *Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. †Trademark Registration Applied For. Both 86° proof. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y. Sole U. S. Agents.



AMONG THE BUTLERS WHO SERVE "AFTER COFFEE . . . A BENEDICTINE"

Giles . . . butler to DOUGLAS MACKAY WHITNEY
Kostia . . . butler to PRINCE ALEXIS BOLENSKY
Fred . . . butler to GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM



It couldn't be done ...but we did it!



MAKE soft, pliant *light* hats with all the style assurance of the heavyweights? Impossible, everyone's always said. *But we've done it!*

With new ideas, new methods, we here at Emerson have found the way to produce durable hats—*fully amenable to the whole year's changing styles*—yet so light that they rest like a cloud on your brow.

They flaunt the proud Emerson crest, the special *Lite-Tex* stamp. And they come in *all* the reigning styles and colors. If you've already learned, from warmer months, the joys of light-hatted comfort—just let your Emerson dealer prove that *now* it's a joy you can relish the year around.

Emerson Hats range in price from **\$3.85 to \$5.00**

THE TOWN TOPIC (above)—an Emerson *Lite-Tex* for now with the executive correctness of a medium crown and moderately wide brim... a care-free new zigzag-stitch natural edge and special lightweight lining. The Emerson Hat Company, Fifth Avenue, New York.

EMERSON *Lite-Tex*

AMERICA'S NEWEST HAT HABIT

The Cult of the Woodchuck

Continued from pages 74-127

tinguish it from all other guns. You prize it because it's built the way you ordered it, and you know that there's not another exactly like it anywhere. And with it comes word from your gunsmith that in test firing it shot groups of one-half inch at one hundred yards. Of course you're itching to shoot it but you can't do that yet; they don't know where you can get cartridges for it, down at the store. Which is another point in its favor. What would be the sense in spending all of that money and thought on a rifle with a superlatively accurate barrel when commercial ammunition, even if obtainable, would not group in less than two or three inches at one hundred yards?

The answer is to make your own. And here you enter a field which can never be explored to the full limit of its possibilities. The chuck hunter loads his own ammunition as a matter of course, if for no other reason than to personalize his equipment still further. He would even if he could buy it as good. It gives him an excuse for delightful puttering in the basement, working with simple tools which, nevertheless, must be manipulated with care and skill. There's something vaguely but satisfyingly masculine about handling gunpowder, and the fact that his wife and friends shy away from the stuff doesn't dampen the pleasure of the nonchalant experimenter. And it's creative, like fly-tying, and even better exercise.

Given a good rifle and hand-loaded ammunition carefully fitted to it, you can, if you have normal nerves and a willingness to practice, learn to shoot groups on the target which show an extreme spread of an inch or less at one hundred yards. That kind of skill may take you far as a target shooter, but you need more than that in the hunting field, where conditions are seldom so favorable, and never so uniform from shot to shot.

And then a high-intensity rifle has a disturbing manner of changing its center of impact, or striking point, without reference to its sights or the plans of the marksman. Suppose you've struggled with your new rifle and got it, finally, to shooting exactly on the point of aim at one hundred yards, from the prone position with sling. Then drive out in the country and find a crow feeding peacefully in a cornfield, say at this same distance from you. This'll be murder, you mutter to yourself, as you rest the trusty piece on the window of the car and divide the crow into quarters with the crosshairs of your telescope sight. You fire, and what happens? Chances are, you miss him comfortably. Why? Your aim was perfect; the ammunition was right—you loaded it yourself—and you had just seen the outfit shoot into a circle the size of a quarter at that range.

Your rifle just shot differently,

that's all, and merely as a result of the fact that you rested it on the car window as you fired. High velocity rifles are like that—they shoot where they are aimed only when a certain set of factors remains constant, and one of the most important of these is the manner in which the barrel is supported. A tight sling, whether this seems to make sense or not, will bend a barrel an inch thick sufficiently to affect the flight of the bullet. If you're going to shoot chucks at chuckhunting ranges, you'll have to know where your rifle will hit, whether the barrel is resting on a rock, alongside a fencepost, or you're shooting in the prone position with a tight sling. You can't ignore these changes and hit with any regularity.

I mentioned the telescopic sight on your rifle. It's an absolute necessity in all small game shooting. With an ordinary bead or post front sight it is impossible to aim accurately at a chuck more than fifty yards away; at three hundred, the sight would hide a horse. The advantage of the scope lies in the fact that the fine crosshairs, exactly like the ones in a surveyor's transit, and the target (in this case the head of a chuck), are brought into focus in the same optical plane, or, in other words, at the same distance from your eye. Thus, you see the chuck magnified from two to eight or ten times, and, standing out sharply against him, the crosshairs dividing the whole field of view into quarters. At the intersection of the crosshairs the rifle will group its bullets at the range for which it is sighted. There's no bead to draw, no back sight to line up with the front. All you have to do is watch the intersection with reference to what you want to hit. Of course your wobble will be magnified too, but that's life for you.

A pair of high-grade binoculars are also indispensable. You'll use them constantly as you scan the hillsides and meadows for a glimpse of the telltale brown spot. With a good pair of glasses you can tell instantly whether that little grayish-brown object over there is a chuck or a rock. The glasses should be small and light enough to slip into a hip pocket on occasion, for, as a chuck hunter, there'll be times when you'll have to travel on your belly, and you can't tolerate a bulky pair of binoculars hanging from your neck or belt while you're trying to execute the crawl stroke through an alfalfa field. Unlike the rifle and scope, the binoculars will last a lifetime and can be used in other sports. An afternoon spent peering through a cheap pair will give you a headache that's no just reward for clean living.

Now that you've got a suitable rifle with a scope sight, and a pair of binoculars, where can you find a woodchuck? More specifically,

Continued at top of page 130

The most Revolutionary
wristwatch of all time—
sturdy, accurate and

AMAZINGLY
THIN

Priced where any man can own one—
now at **GRUEN** jewelers from \$29⁷⁵ up



See for yourself how thin it is—
lay your own watch beside this
life-size picture of the new

GRUEN
VERI-THIN*

MODEL ILLUSTRATED—VERI-THIN SHADOW, 17-JEWEL PRECISION, YELLOW GOLD FILLED, GUILDITE BACK—\$37.50



Henri Thiebaud, chief Gruen technical director, conceived the brilliant new Veri-Thin wristwatch. He is also famous for his invention of the Gruen Curvex and many other basic watch designs.

HERE'S HOW IT'S MADE



This life-size diagram shows how the full-size, rugged working parts of the Veri-Thin movements are brilliantly arranged to fit completely within the thin, curved case without sacrificing accuracy or dependability. By this ingenious arrangement of the wheel-train, it is possible to slope the case downward on both ends and sides for extreme thinness and stream-lined styling.

*REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE
PATENTS PENDING



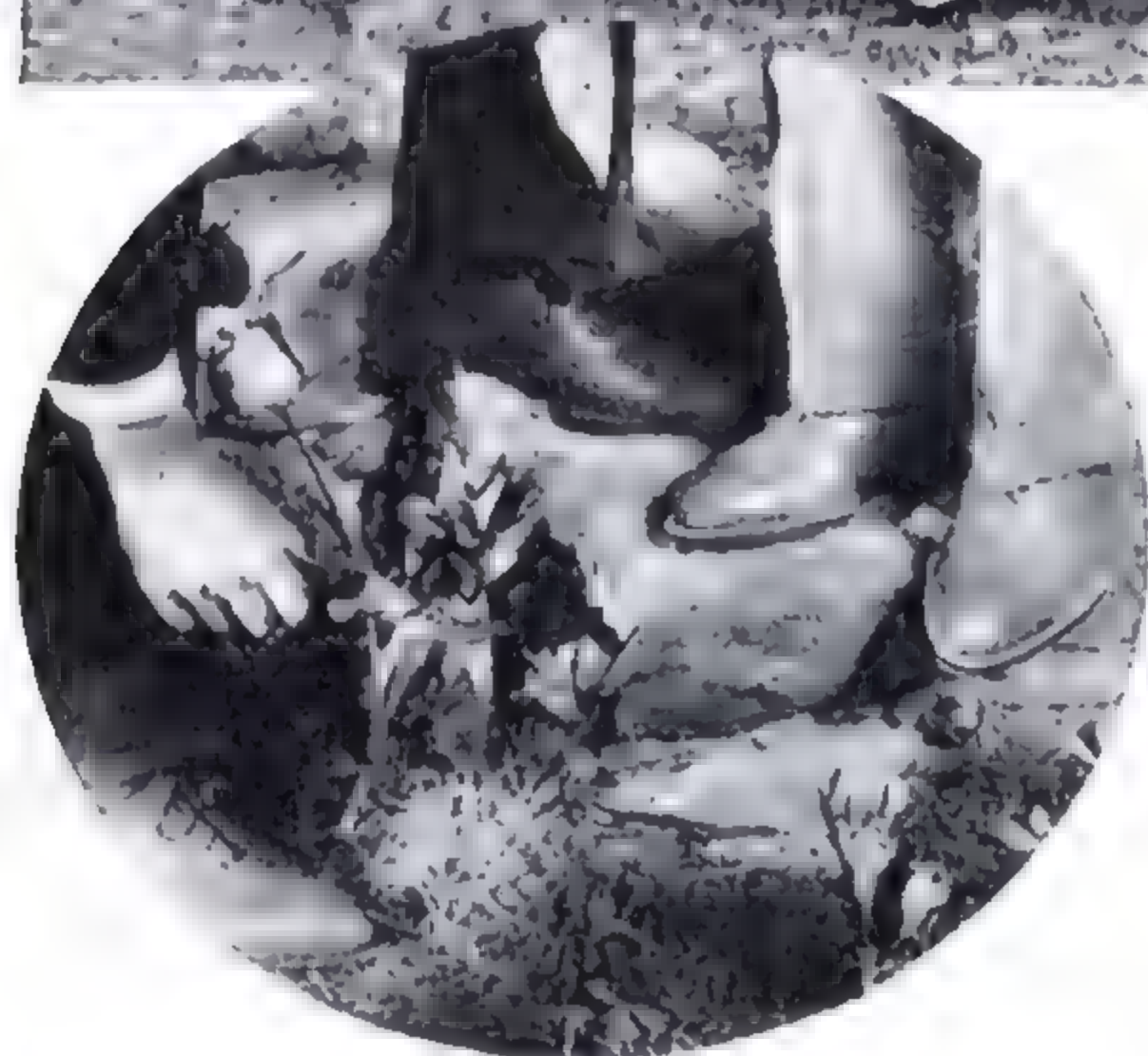
As you compare your watch with the new Gruen Veri-Thin above, you see instantly how altogether *different* this newest Gruen is from any watch you've ever worn. This new Gruen Veri-Thin is not only curved to hug snugly to your wrist, but so much *thinner*, so much *lighter*, that to strap it on is to want to wear it always. Beneath the difference you see in this new watch is a revolutionary new *movement*, the Gruen Veri-Thin. Working parts are *full-sized*, as they must be for true accuracy and ruggedness, yet brilliantly arranged for thinness and lightness heretofore called "impossible."

You can have the new Gruen Veri-Thin in either 15-Jewel or 17-Jewel Precision movements. At Gruen jewelers only from \$29.75 up. Other Gruen watches from \$24.75 to \$250; with precious stones, up to \$2,500. Write for folder.

The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A. In Canada: Toronto, Ont.

GIFTS FROM YOUR JEWELER ARE GIFTS AT THEIR BEST

Copyright 1939, The Gruen Watch Co.



To Please Your Eyes as well as your feet. Left, above; Ridgewood, famous-fitting Bostonian wing-tip. Right, Cornwall, favorite custom last for well-dressed occasions.

● This Spring step ahead in shoes that not only look like a million but fit and feel like a million . . . shoes that put life in your stride and youth in your step . . . Bostonians!

Over a million men swear by Bostonians because they're *Walk-Fitted* . . . fitted to your feet in action! Their special inner-soles are shaped to match your active feet . . . cushion and support every moving part . . . carry you in comfort . . . deliver you fit, from heel to toe!

Put your best feet forward today—in *Walk-Fitted* Bostonians.

Bostonian Shoes . . . Whitman, Mass.

\$7.50 to \$11.00

Best in Show! Below, first, Bostonian's *Andover*—new and novel Mon-Dac blucher. Runner-up: *Marvin*, popular plain-toe for semi-sports wear.



Three Pairs to Remember: Above, on left; *Pride*; casual, comfortable, correct. In center; *Balance*, handsome white and tan that feels as good as it looks. At right; *Plateau*, favorite Bostonian of active feet.



The Cult of the Woodchuck

Continued from pages 74-127-128

where can you find one so situated that he will offer an acceptable target, say at about seventy-five yards for a start? Here's where, unless you're a man of relentless perseverance, you may get discouraged. After several days' scouting, I located my first chuck in the side of a ravine about thirty feet across at the widest point, and this measurement also indicates the distance from the chuck to the most remote point from which he could be seen and shot at. A hell of a start for a chuck hunter schooled under John Garinger and interested only in precision work at long range! But over the hill from this ravine lay a broad alfalfa field, the edge of which was scalloped with washed-out holes and dotted with new ones. From a vantage point on a hill I commanded a view of the entire field, and could take my ease under the shade of an elm while scanning the field for a victim. It was, still is, an ideal spot.

Ask any farmer. If there are chucks on his place, he'll know it—he'll probably have a horse who's stepped in a hole—and he'll gladly show you where to hunt. In your scouting, which is really one of the most delightful parts of the sport, stick to abandoned farms, and old, grown-up country roads. High pastures and grain fields are good places to investi-

gate. Look sharply to all stone fences and rocky hillsides. Clover and alfalfa fields, too, are favorite haunts of the woodchuck, and, if you can find one of these bordering an orchard, mark it down for special study.

There are men who enjoy precision work with the rifle but have no taste for competition or the formalized routines of target shooting; who have in them also a deep feeling for the outdoors, but care little for the slapdash of most field shooting. If you are one of these, try chuck hunting, for you can shoot with all the hair-splitting accuracy you can develop and find it not too good, and you can hunt during Nature's softer moods—from spring to early fall.

I'm not offering the woodchuck as a substitute for deer, sheep or grizzly bear. In hunting him there will be no supreme thrill comparable to the securing of a fine trophy after weeks of hardship and back-breaking toil. There will be no trophy to mount and display to your admiring friends. In fact, your friends may think you're a little screwy to spend your time hunting such worthless game. But you'll be led into quiet places, which will be good for you, and you'll find a peculiar satisfaction in living up to the motto of the chuck hunter: "*The shot's the thing!*" #

Flying As a Hobby

Continued from page 45

this detracts from the strength of your spring. Some flyers have never learned to avoid these faults, and the result is sloppy take-offs. Most important of all, **STAND SO THAT THE WEIGHT IS EVENLY DISTRIBUTED ON BOTH FEET.** The importance of this cannot be over-emphasized. Many beginners tend to favor one leg, usually the right one, and the result is that they push off unevenly with disastrous results. Instead of going straight up, they go up on a slant (to the left if they push off too hard with the right leg) lose their balance in the air, and get a nasty spill which frequently damages the left wing. Watch good fliers taking off, and notice particularly their legs.

So much for the leg position. When this is taken, the arms should extend straight over the head so that the wings, parallel, are pointing upwards, at the apex of their swing. Do not bend the arms, because you want to get all the height you can. The arms should be twisted so that your palms are pointing outward, one to the left, the other to the right, but do not twist to the point where you feel a strain. You are now ready to push off, but before you do so, remember the following: Push quickly with the legs—sweep down **SLOWLY** with the arms. Do not get mixed up, do not reverse this. Better repeat to yourself a few times: "Fast with

the legs; slow with the arms." If you attempt to move your arms quickly, the sudden effort may cause injury to your muscular system, and it will get you nowhere. What is essential here is perfect timing. With a vigorous knee push, a very slow wing stroke will get you off the ground, which is all you want at first.

After this downward push of the legs, the legs, of course, will be out at full length, and it is now necessary to draw them up again, not so rapidly and violently that they hit the pit of your stomach, but slowly and gracefully—just fast enough so that they clear the ground. You must do this because you are not very far off the ground, and will have descended a little after you have completed your first wing-stroke.

Another stroke, however, and you will be well off the ground, and it is now permissible (and more comfortable) to let your legs dangle at full length. You should be a good eight feet off the ground now, but you will have noticed that these two wing-strokes have tired you. This is because you have been pushing directly down in an effort to lift your full weight vertically. Once up in the air, thanks to the discoveries of Dolsen, your task is easier because now you reach your wings forward and sweep them back somewhat after the fashion of the breast stroke in swimming. It seems in-

Continued on page 132

Bostonians

FIT RIGHT—FEEL RIGHT . . . they're *Walk-Fitted*

MEN TO WHOM CENSORSHIP IS A CHALLENGE

Censorship . . . fear of the truth . . . today has made gathering of the news but half the battle of foreign correspondents. For the transmission of news has become increasingly difficult. The rise of the dictatorships, the invasion and partition of weaker countries, and the wars and revolutions of recent years all have been accompanied by stringent regulations aimed to halt independent and factual reporting.

Staff members of The Chicago Daily News Foreign Service are fighting the present censorship as they always have fought censorship — with all the energy they possess.

In 1933, Pulitzer Prize-Winner Edgar Ansel Mowrer, now chief of the Paris Bureau and senior correspondent, was expelled from Germany after writing a penetrating series of articles concerning the Nazi regime.

In the spring of 1938, after Austria had been seized, M. W. Fodor, outstanding authority on Central and Southeastern Europe, was compelled to leave Vienna to escape reprisals for his dispatches concerning the Anschluss.

In November, 1938, for having continued, despite threats and pressure, in the practice of honest reporting, Frank Smothers, Rome correspondent, was ordered to leave Italy.

But this newspaper will persist in its efforts to gather and print news that is accurate. For The Chicago Daily News was built on the premise that a newspaper which

lives up to its responsibilities to readers will endure not for a day but for all time.

Its policy of accurate and fearless news reporting was laid down sixty-three years ago. The soundness of this policy is indicated by the growth of this newspaper in the years that have followed. Today, The Chicago Daily News has *greater* Home Coverage and reaches *more* Able-to-Buy families than any other daily newspaper in Chicago. Its circulation, penetrating every section of the city, exactly parallels Chicago's buying power. And because of the results delivered to advertisers, The Chicago Daily News has carried *more* Total Display and *more* Retail Advertising than any other newspaper in Chicago — morning, evening or Sunday, *as far back as the records go.** It is a medium perfectly balanced to produce for your advertising campaign.

* Sources: Advertising Record Co., Media Records, Inc.



EDGAR ANSEL
MOWRER
*now chief of
the Paris
Bureau*



M. W. FODOR
*now writing from Zurich,
Switzerland*



FRANK SMOTHERS
*now roving correspondent
in Europe*

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

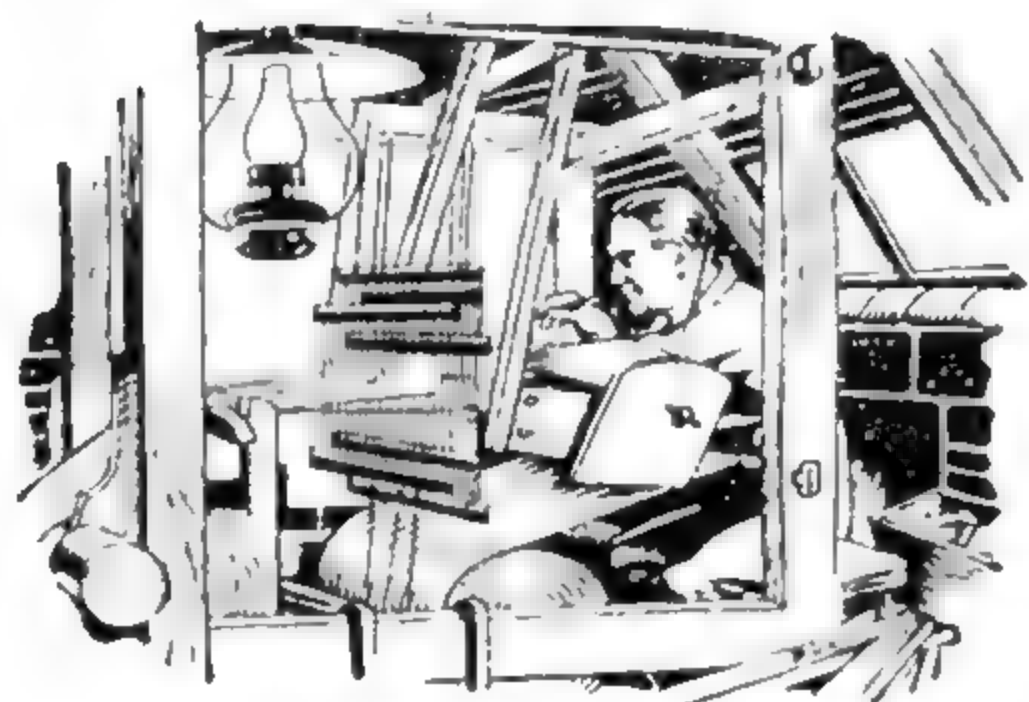
Chicago's HOME Newspaper

WITH THE MOST VALUABLE CIRCULATION IN THE CITY

DAILY NEWS PLAZA, 400 West Madison Street • CHICAGO

NEW YORK OFFICE: 9 Rockefeller Plaza • DETROIT OFFICE: 4-119 General Motors Building • SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: Hobart Building

More Character.....



EVERY YARD OF HARRIS TWEED IS WOVEN BY HAND!

GENUINE Harris Tweed has never been woven any way but by hand. For generations the skilled crofters of the Outer Hebrides have placed the imprint of their unexcelled handicraft on each piece of Harris Tweed. Unfortunately, as with so many other things of merit, there have been unscrupulous imitators. But, no copy could catch the islanders' inherited art of hand-weaving a fine fabric from pure virgin wool shorn from the famous Scottish sheep. The honest colors and distinctive patterns lend Harris Tweed a character of innate beauty that lasts throughout its long life.

Harris Tweed apparel is featured throughout the English-speaking world. Look for the Harris Tweed label in the garment. Look for the Harris Tweed registered trade mark stamped on the cloth itself. It may only be applied to tweed woven by hand at the homes of the crofters and made entirely in the Outer Hebrides.

Issued by the
Harris Tweed Association, Ltd.
5 Coleman Street,
London, E.C.2, England



Flying As a Hobby

Continued from pages 45-130

credible that in all the history of individual-flying this secret was never discovered before Dolson experimented, but such is the fact. Tests have shown that this technique decreases the muscle-strain by two-thirds, which means that it presents no difficulties to the average flyer.

As you pick up speed, you will notice that your body assumes a more and more horizontal position, the feet trailing in back, and you will be surprised at the distance you get on each sweep of the wings. By combining this backward sweep with the required amount of down-swing, you will soon find that you will gain altitude at the same time. The next problem to be faced, of course, is steering. When you took off, you took the precaution to face in the direction you wanted to go, but once in the air, there must, obviously, be some other method of control. Fortunately, it is very simple, and depends merely on applying more or less power to one of your wings—added power on your right wing and less on your left, for instance, if you desire to go to the left. This, after all, is only what your common sense would tell you, and common sense, in the last analysis, is ninety per cent of flying.

After you have gained sufficient altitude and have got the "feel" of straight-ahead propulsion, ascending and steering, you are now ready to practice gliding and banking. In gliding, we simply emulate the birds and keep our wings straight out horizontally. The back should be arched slightly, and the head well back to enable you to keep all possible altitude. To descend, simply bend the head forward, and you will be surprised how this simple maneuver will tend to make you dive. Do not, of course, bend the head too suddenly as beginners sometimes do, or you may plummet down more rapidly than you had bargained for. There is a very fine adjustment in the balance here, one that you will master with experience. In banking, simply move the "off" wing (the one opposite to the direction you intend to turn) a little bit ahead of the other wing which you draw back correspondingly.

Finally we come to landing, one of the most important of all the phases of this fascinating sport. Here you must be particularly vigilant and cautious. Do not attempt to land at full speed or even half speed! When your feet strike, you will topple over violently with possible serious injury, and will probably be dragged for some distance, your footwear being badly scuffed in the process. In fact one of the best ways to tell a good flyer is to look at the toes of his shoes. If they are badly scarred, it is a sure indication that he is a sloppy lander, too lazy to slow up properly before he alights. To slow up, bank sharply as you approach the ground, and keep on banking

until you have lost nearly all your speed. Time this so that it occurs when you are only a foot or two off the ground. Your feet, as you lose speed, have now lowered, so that you are in an upright or standing position. Now push your wings out in front of you, not *too* suddenly, so that they brake against the onrushing air, and you will feel yourself come to a full stop.

This takes a lot of practice, and is undoubtedly the most difficult maneuver in the entire field of flying, but when it is mastered perfectly, the flyer will be virtually motionless when his feet land on the ground. The experts do not need to take so much as a single step to avoid toppling over.

Here, then, are the essentials in flying as regards preparation, equipment, costume and tactics. Spend the money for adequate equipment, see that you are properly conditioned, master the maneuvers we have outlined, and you will enjoy a lifetime of flying. For your convenience there is appended a list of Don'ts that you will do well to memorize:

Don't stunt. Stick to the simple maneuvers unless you're an accredited expert.

Don't tease or annoy birds. Be decent! Remember they had the air first, and that they are one of man's firmest friends. Don't grimace or shout at them. Don't fly near their nests. Let them alone, and they'll let you alone.

Don't fly backwards even if you master the knack. Always look where you're going. The air is a big place, but remember there are other people flying.

Don't land in trees. Your wings may be damaged by the branches.

Don't land on strange rooftops unless you have permission. The laws against trespassing still apply.

Don't fly by or hover around windows unless the shades are drawn. You are only courting trouble.

If you find yourself tired, either glide or land on the ground. Do not grab on to other fliers in an effort to hitch-fly. This may cause serious accidents. Remember that other fliers may be tired too. Several states have already legislated against hitch-flying.

Don't fly through rain clouds unless you are dressed for it.

Don't land on crowded highways, and don't fly low over motorists or otherwise distract them.

Don't try to race airplanes.

Don't smoke in the vicinity of balloons or dirigibles or when you are flying low over munitions factories, or edifices of that sort. When you throw your butts away, make sure you know where they're going.

Don't fly with strangers, especially at night.

Don't fly near cattle or attempt to annoy them in any way.

If you are a lady, and are forced by emergency to fly without the proper costume, *don't fly low.* ##

Pleasure Bound?

**"LIGHT"
IS
RIGHT**



Americans are quick to adopt a smart idea. Most of them have decided that, in whiskey, "LIGHT" is RIGHT. You'll check with the majority when you try Schenley's Friendly* Red Label. You'll like its delicate flavor, its appealing softness. It is 90 proof, and it's "melded" smooth by an exclusive Schenley method. Try this light whiskey...you'll stay with it!

** Friendly to your taste.*

For a richer blended whiskey try Schenley's Black Label. It is full 90 proof, has a more pronounced flavor... costs slightly more than Schenley's Red Label. 60 per cent grain neutral spirits.

SCHENLEY'S *Light* **RED LABEL**

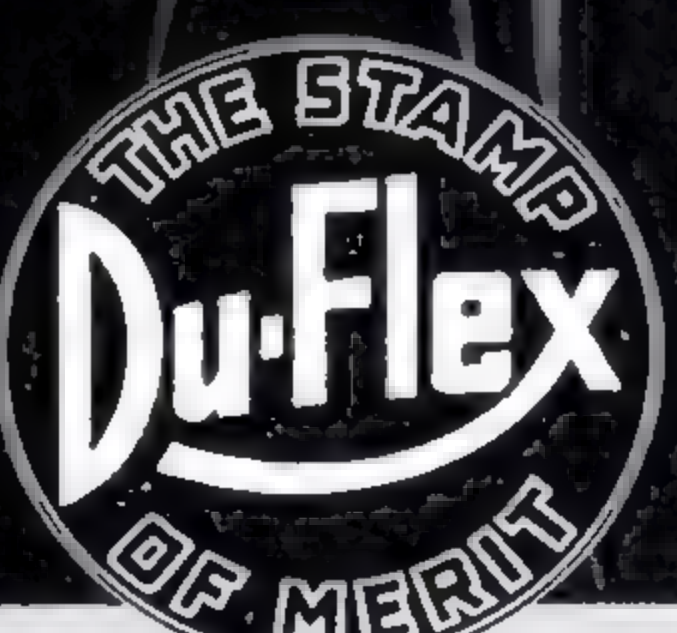
SEVENTY PER CENT GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—BLENDED WHISKEY—COPR. 1939, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

*Smart looking
foot-work*



THE
Ropee

DU-FLEX Rubber SOLES



THE DU-FLEX TRADE-MARK is right where you can see it — on the soles of the best sports shoes. "You can't go wrong on Du-Flex Soles" whether you are in the role of smart sportsman or spruce spectator. Avon offers many distinctive styles, all with a superior quality in the rubber.

Avon Sole Company
AVON, MASSACHUSETTS



We've Been Betrayed

Continued from page 65

corners together above. There is no middle ground. There is no compromise. You cannot have your diaper and pin it, too.

I think I might have made a successful campaign in my home for the old-fashioned triangular wrap had not the United States Department of Labor, with a fine flair (and a floy, floy) for gumming up other people's business, thrown its entire support to the square diaper. Under title of *Infant Care, Children's Bureau Publication No. 8*, the United States Department of Labor came out unequivocally for the square wrap. They didn't even give the triangular diaper an honorable or second mention.

The deed was done on Page 27 in a weasel-worded paragraph under the disarming subtitle: *How To Put on a Diaper*. Mind you, not *How WE THINK A Diaper Should Be Put On*, but boldly and confidently how to do it. They know, and they're telling us!

"For a small baby," the department says, "fold the diaper triple thickness. Then fold one end back about eight inches, so as to make a pad of six layers of cloth to go under the baby, while the part that passes between his legs is only three layers thick." (Do you get the significance of this? It means that when you bring the top corners of this wretched diaper together for pinning, you're going to have to run your safety pins through six layers in the bottom fold and three layers in the top fold, a total of nine layers altogether. You don't want safety pins for this job, you want a diamond-pointed drill.)

"The folded diaper is now 16 by 8 inches. Lay the baby on the folded diaper lengthwise with the thick part under the baby, so the fold reaches his waist at the back. Draw the other end up between the baby's legs over his abdomen, not too tight, and pin the front and back together at each side of the waistline."

It sounds simple, doesn't it? But what about the human factor? What about the baby? What is he doing all this time? Is he lying there like a peaceful little Democrat, all smiles and sweetness and understanding, co-operating like a New Deal congressman with a ten million-dollar project in his hip pocket? Well, apparently that is how the Department of Labor pictures him. But I know better. As a matter of fact, his legs are threshing about like piston rods, and he is acting for all the world like a renegade congressman with no ten million-dollar project in his hip pocket and no prospect of getting one, either. The Department of Labor is going to try to put a diaper on a baby one of these days, and is going to get kicked right in the face for its pains.

I could have told the Department of Labor, and any other American father could have told the Department of Labor, that you've got to hold baby's feet with one hand while you're sliding the

diaper under him and through his legs with the other. This two-handed diaper-changing looks sweet enough on paper, but it simply isn't practical.

I don't suppose Madam Perkins herself is to blame, despite the fact that the pamphlet bears the imprint of her name. I suppose one of the undersecretaries told her one morning that Mrs. Katherine F. Lenroot, chief of the Children's Bureau, had dashed off another whimsy on infant care, and would she care to read it. And I imagine Madam Perkins said well, maybe, and the book has lain on the back of her desk, unopened, ever since. But I can't be as charitable toward Katherine Lenroot. We taxpayers are paying her good money to know these things.

Instead of trying to regiment young America in square diapers, why doesn't the Department of Labor do something about the size of buttons on baby's rompers? Now here is a truly burning issue. The romper manufacturers of America have apparently entered into some unholy agreement to keep romper buttons and buttonholes at a size impossible for adult masculine fingers to manipulate. This was the state of affairs six years ago, and this is the state of affairs today. Long ago I gave up trying to button rompers or engage the fasteners on the backs of little girls' dresses. Rompers can hang and dresses remain unfastened, for all I care.

"Welch doesn't button up rompers," they say at my house.

There is a small group of us young fathers who gather every Saturday night in the neighborhood to discuss infant care and to try to fill an inside straight, and recently we drew up a list of a few things we bitterly resent. We resent the passing of the old-style gum-rubber panties and the substitution of oiled silk; we resent dehydrated cereals which have somewhat displaced cooked cereals; we resent the growing preference for cotton undershirts in the place of wool; we resent the fact that babies are now going on a three-meal schedule at the age of five and six months when formerly they didn't dream of drawing up their highchairs until they were at least nine months old. We resent the use of cheesecloth instead of flannelette and bird's-eye cloth for diapers. And in this, I am happy to say, Katherine Lenroot sees eye to eye with us. She says, in the same pamphlet: "*Cotton bird's-eye cloth is the best material for diapers.*" And she says it with a reassuring finality which brooks no contradiction.

Well, anyway, we fathers are watching this situation, and don't think you can push us much farther. Or one of these days resentment will flare into action, and we'll take over this whole mismanaged business of infant care and put it on a really sound basis. ##



OVERHEARD AT THE GOLDEN GATE EXPOSITION

“Pretend you’re not looking!”

JANET: Here come the cameramen!
They must think you boys
are distinguished international visitors.

PETE: Nice compliment, Janet. But
I get it—it must be our new Stetsons.

JANET: Ah-hah! So that’s how you suddenly
got that continental air!

BILL: Sure! It’s a trick Stetson does with their
new International Colors!

PETE: *Didn’t I tell you, Bill?* Faint hat never won fair lady!

STETSONS ARE PRICED \$5 to \$40

STETSONS MADE IN CANADA, FROM \$5.50 • JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN LONDON BY LESLIE SAALBURG

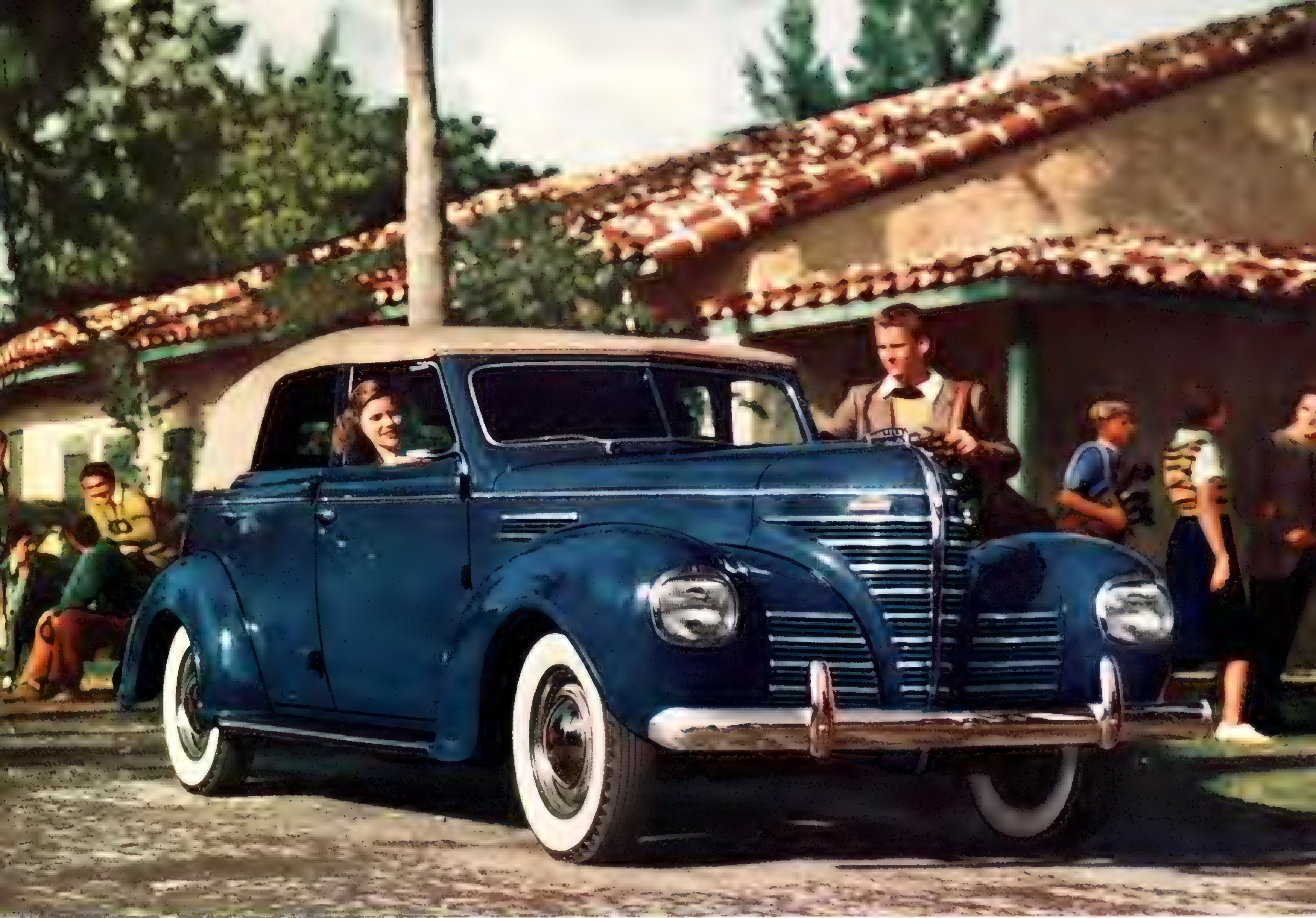
Burlington Arcade, in the West End of London, just off Bond St., is famous for the number and prominence of its fashionable men's shops. Its patrons probably constitute the best-dressed group of men in the world.

LONDON'S MOST FASHIONABLE STREET SCENE

SUCH is the high fashion potential of the Burlington Arcade that, even though the illustration encompasses only one and two-thirds men, it still qualifies as a significant picture of what's what for spring. The game laws compel us to throw back any man measuring two-thirds of himself or less, but we still have plenty to work on. The keynote of the remaining outfit is the rather sporting touch that is considered well worthy of emulation today. The

coat is natural color covert cloth, cut quite short, with outside cash pocket and flap on the breast pocket, as well as stitching at the cuff and bottom. The suit is a pin-checked Saxony with colored over-plaid (note the narrow trousers) and the brown pin check shirt is worn with a white starched collar. A woven silk tie with sporting figure stickpin, brown reverse calf shoes, red capeskin gauntlet gloves and bowler hat complete this smartly informal outfit.

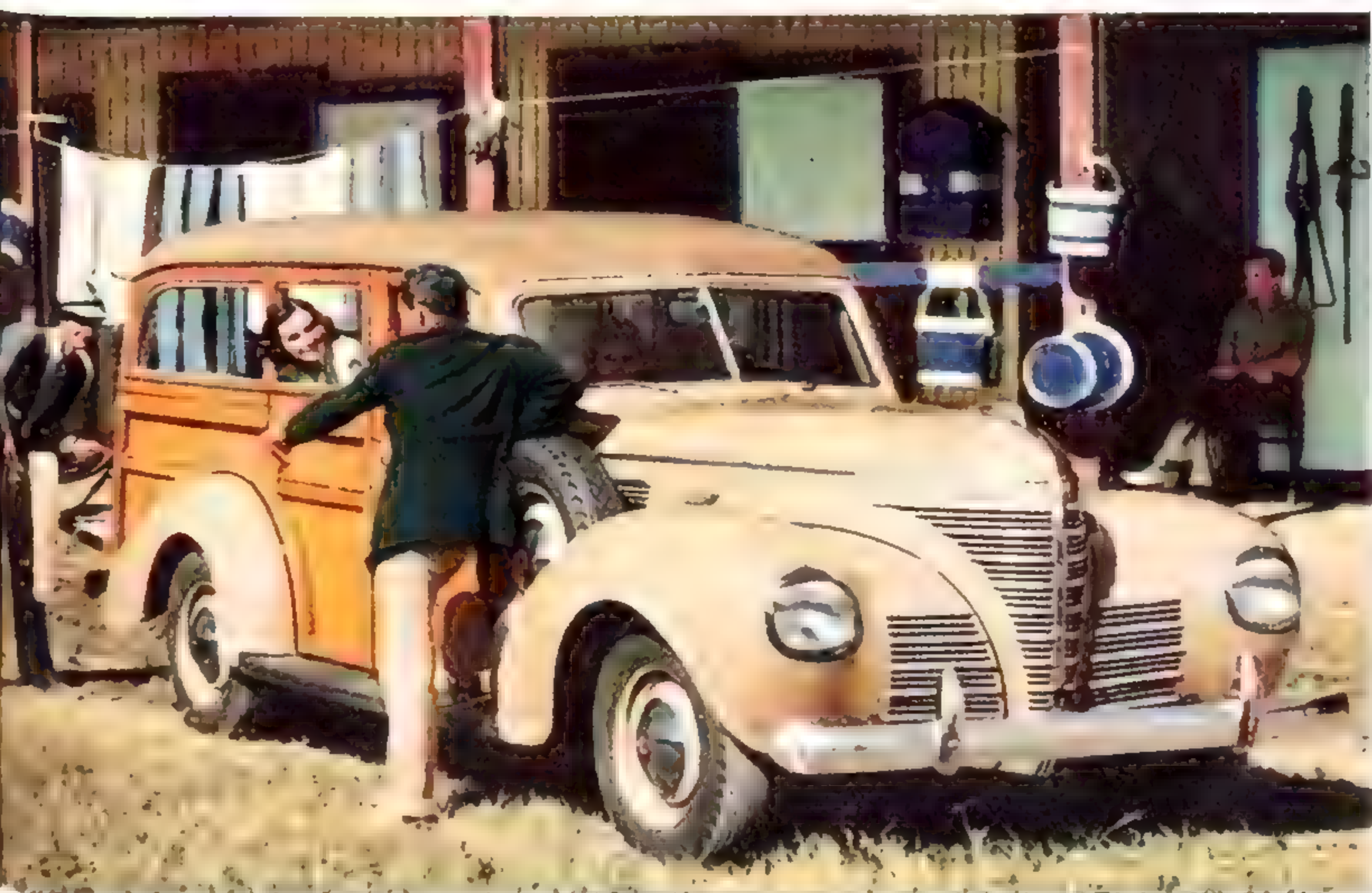
(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



Smart is the Word for these Plymouth "Sportsmen"

THEY'RE TOPS IN SMARTNESS, these brilliant new Plymouth sports cars...in size and luxury, too. Your eyes tell you that. What's hard to believe is that they're *low-priced* cars!

The big Convertible Sedan (117-inch wheelbase) will delight you with its extra room...its genuine leather upholstery...its superb riding and handling ease...its *thriftness*! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.



THIS BIG, HANDSOME STATION WAGON puts the keynote on smartness *and* utility. Built on the "De Luxe" Plymouth chassis, it is roomier, smoother riding, sturdier than ever! The two rear seats are quickly removable and *interchangeable*!



TURN A SWITCH AND THE TOP GOES UP OR DOWN—BY ITSELF!

1939's BIGGEST NEWS IN SPORTS CARS—Plymouth's new Convertible Coupe! The top is power-operated...raises or lowers itself at the turn of a switch! And this big beauty has the thrill of live, full-powered performance *plus* exceptional economy!

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

SMARTEST OF THE
LOWEST PRICED CARS

High time to try a Vermouth Highball

THE "RIGHT" DRINK FOR
A LONG EVENING —

*Mild-Delicious
-Continental*

Put 3 ounces of M&R in a small highball glass, add ice and fill up with soda—it's as simple as that. A spicy, subtle drink—a gentle, *tactful* drink—and the more you've been abroad the more you'll appreciate it.



MARTINI & ROSSI VERMOUTH

Alcohol by Vol. 15.95%

SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. A., W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK

3 MOODS IN 1 BOTTLE

1.  Be gay—have a Manhattan or Martini.
2.  Be moderate—have vermouth straight. Served chilled in cocktail glass.
3.  Be conservative—have vermouth and soda. Mixed like a highball, using vermouth instead of whiskey.

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 82

ty. Inasmuch, however, as they do not enjoy O'Neill's uncommon dramatic virtuosity, the results have often been quite as embarrassing to themselves as to the theatre.

Experiment is a valuable thing, but before you indulge yourself in it you must have a thorough grounding in the established principles of your craft. And any number of our present experimenters haven't. They present themselves in the light of avid laboratory workers minus only the apparatus and instruments. They give us the experiments but fail to give us the necessary and essential dramatic accompaniment. We thus get from them, at their worst, dramatic vacuums filigreed with such experimental nonsense as movie sound tracks; at their second-best, what would conventionally be third acts played as second acts; and, at their best, so to speak, old-time minstrel show interlocutors in white-face leisurely smoking pipes and telling the audience what the audience should tell itself.

Guess No. 3.—The turmoil in which the world presently finds itself has naturally and understandably troubled the psyche of our playwrights, as it has most of the rest of us. One of its effects has been to convert many formerly aloof and snooty craftsmen, here and there without their being fully conscious of the fact, into propagandists of one kind or another. Sometimes, true enough, this propaganda is cast in an oblique mold and sometimes it is concealed in the shadows of dramaturgy, but it is propaganda nonetheless and, whatever its intrinsic merits, as ill fits into the specific dramatists' art as a bugle into Lola's *Fior di giuggolo*.

It isn't that I argue against propaganda. It is simply that some dramatists are suited to it and others are not. And it is these others who currently essay it whose plays are sorely boggled by it. The plays, as a consequence, give the impression of having awkwardly swallowed a dose of bitter castor oil to purge the consciences of their authors of a feeling of guilt at having hitherto sat in ivory, or at least celluloid, towers.

There are, of course, two species of dramatic propaganda. One, directed against something or other, is frankly labeled as such. But the other, implying that what is opposite to that which the former attacks is automatically virtuous and desirable, often sneaks under the wire as something of sweeter and softer name. Yet both are in essence one and the same thing. Our lesser playwrights favor the first species; our better, the second. And it is these better playwrights—slyly trying to deceive us, no less than themselves, that they are not to be classified as propagandists—who succeed only in confecting exhibits that are

often neither the fish nor flesh of their antecedent plays but not even the good red Bismarck herring, however smelly, of the anti-Nazi dramatic claptrap.

We note in the case of a number of our better American playwrights the apparent credo that a play filled with a democratic fervor may be good dramatic art, whereas one presently written in Germany filled with a totalitarian fervor can only be contemptible propaganda. God knows, any such German play, judging from the two dozen or so samples I have read and allowing free play to perfectly fair and unbiased dramatic criticism, is junk all right; but no less junk, allowing free play to similarly fair and unbiased criticism, is the conviction of the American playwrights in question. What is more, if there is any doubt about it, all save one of their plays written in the last two years prove it.

Guess No. 4.—In recent years, we have observed a tendency on the part of playwrights to consider it a great idea to show the other, less well-known and theoretically surprising side of this or that celebrated historical or semi-legendary personage. The playwright with the great idea generally hits upon a figure who was and is still popularly regarded as something of a sonofabitch and then, smiling to himself over his sagacious originality, proceeds to show that the sonofabitch wasn't so bad after all, that he (or she) had some gold in his (or her) heart, and that even if he (or she) murdered people by the wholesale in the daytime, when night came it was home sweet home by the cozy, old fireside with the kids sitting on his (or her) lap and the family cat snoozing peacefully under the old armchair.

So far, maybe so good. But there's a practical dramatic hitch to the business. Any such celebrated sonofabitch is celebrated (and interesting) solely because he was a sonofabitch and when we are bidden to a play about him we don't want to see him depicted, albeit with a measure of truth and honesty, as a couple of other fellows from Syracuse. We don't want it any more, in fact, than we want to see a play devoted, on the other hand, to some saint like Florence Nightingale and showing, maybe also with a measure of truth and honesty, her frequently irascible and acidulous temper, her bad legs, her dislike of hair shampoos, and her inverted libido. What we want, whether for good or ill, are our illusions, embrace they saints or sons of bitches. For if the theatre can't preserve them to us, what can? It is thus that when some foolish woman playwright gives us that good, old, riproaring, hell-shooting, cussing buzzard, Jesse James, and shows him to us as a cross between a Sunday School superintendent and a kleptomaniac at Woolworth's

Continued on page 140

make-up and... Click

Don't let a powder-smear and hair-strewn frock spoil your chances with the man in your life. Slip a Playtex* Make-up Cape over your shoulders when powdering and combing. It's a time and dress saver! Made of that amazing material, satiny liquid latex, sheer as lingerie, with a saucy swing pocket for puff, tissue, lipstick, and hairpins. In shell pink, heavenly blue, and gardenia white. Delightfully gift-packaged for bridge prizes, birthdays, and other gift occasions. A dressing table necessity that saves cleaning bills. \$1.00



INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPN
350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send ☐ Capes
Pink ☐ Blue ☐ White ☐
Cash ☐ Money order ☐ Check ☐

Name.....

Address.....

Copyright 1939 by Int'l Latex Corpn
*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.—Esquire 3

Playtex
MAKE-UP CAPE

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 82-139

that we give her the Bronx cheer and warn her that if ever she shows us—with a certain equal, relative factual justification—either Wild Bill Hickok mortally afraid of spiders or Mozart fond of the ocarina, we shall not be responsible for our actions.

Guess No. 5.—Let us skip the spirochete Hollywood, despite its unquestioned corruptive influence, as somewhat too old hat, pausing only briefly to entertain ourselves with still another recent example of what the esthetic dump does to the minds of writers. Challenging Theodore Dreiser's statement at an Authors' Club lunch out there that "I believe Hollywood is a world which authors should avoid, except as visitors; the author who lives for the kind of work he does—who strives for reality and sincerity—cannot remain too long in this atmosphere and retain his standards," Mr. Rupert Hughes launched forth as follows. "When Shakespeare lived, he and his associates were looked on as a lot of carousing bums who had to live on the wrong side of the river and were not allowed to present their plays on the right side!" exploded M. Hughes. "The literary critics of the day scorned them. I believe that three hundred years from

now students of drama will look back to this period, when a new method of bringing beauty and inspiration and thrill to millions of people throughout the world was discovered and made permanent, as one comparable to the Elizabethan era in literary history!"

Returning to civilization, it is my fifth guess that the increasingly high standards of present-day dramatic criticism have operated in an unfortunate manner in the case of many playwrights possessed of a relatively minor, though far from despicable, talent. These have been influenced by the pressure of criticism to try their small wings in flights too lofty for them, and have found themselves sorely crippled. Not content to do the little things which they formerly did well, they have allowed themselves to be persuaded by the more exalted critical standards to do bigger things extremely badly. The theatre has thus lost a lot of very good minor entertainment and has gained in its stead only a lot of very bad dramatic art.

The critics have insisted upon "imagination," and the Philip Barry of several amusing little light comedies has hearkened to them and turned out such defective flights of fancy as *Hotel Universe* and *Here Come The Clowns*.

The critics have emphasized "significance" and the Elmer Rice of such valid entertainment as *Street Scene* and *The Left Bank* has met their demand with such defective dramatic argumentation as *Between Two Worlds*, *We, The People* and *American Landscape*. The critics have proclaimed a desire for drama that Says Something, and the Ben Hecht of such gay and jolly stuff as *The Front Page* drives himself to confect such tinsel dialectic as *To Quito And Back*. Sidney Howard has been brought to abandon the satisfactory minor drama for such things as *The Ghost of Yankee Doodle*, which gets nowhere in any direction, critical or otherwise. A young Robert Ardrey has been made to abandon the promising frolic of *Star-Spangled* for the juvenile sociology of *How To Get Tough About It*. Lillian Hellman, after the admirable *The Children's Hour*, listened to the critics and manufactured the dull labor problem play, *Days To Come*. Robert Turney, after his first-rate classical paraphrase, *Daughters of Atreus*, was influenced to write a load of "modern significance" in *American Eagle*, so poor that no one, apparently, will produce it. And that is only a sliver of the thick catalogue.

Which is enough of guesses.

Herewith, in conclusion, a brief summary of various stage exhibits. Philip Barry's *Here Come The Clowns*, alluded to above, was a choice example of an imagination too big for its dramatic owner. An allegory of the conflict between God and Evil translated in terms of a troupe of vaudeville actors, it was first-rate in conception and second-rate in execution. Where a Pirandello might have made something memorable of it, Barry succeeded only in achieving a muddle. One or two scenes caught a bit of the sheen of the author's brave intention, but the play as a whole had all the attributes of a fascinatingly colored crazy quilt, minus only a crazy quilt's satisfactory warmth. M. J. Farrell's and John Perry's *Spring Meeting*, a great success with London audiences, was a trivial horsy comedy involving the attempts of two girls to get themselves husbands. So far as I am concerned, London audiences can have it with my compliments, plus a round of beers for good measure. *Dear Octopus*, by Dodie Smith, another London success, was a family comedy all to the dodie which, so far as I again am concerned, London audiences can also have with my compliments, plus three rounds of beers for even more considerate measure. *Michael Drops In*, by



PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

keeps your breath Sweeter for Critical Close-ups!

NO FOOLIN'...BAD BREATH ISN'T FUNNY!

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

keeps breath sweeter long after using!

● Will your breath stand a *critical close-up*? That's something you *don't know*, unless you're told . . . and it's one of the things you *don't like* to be told.

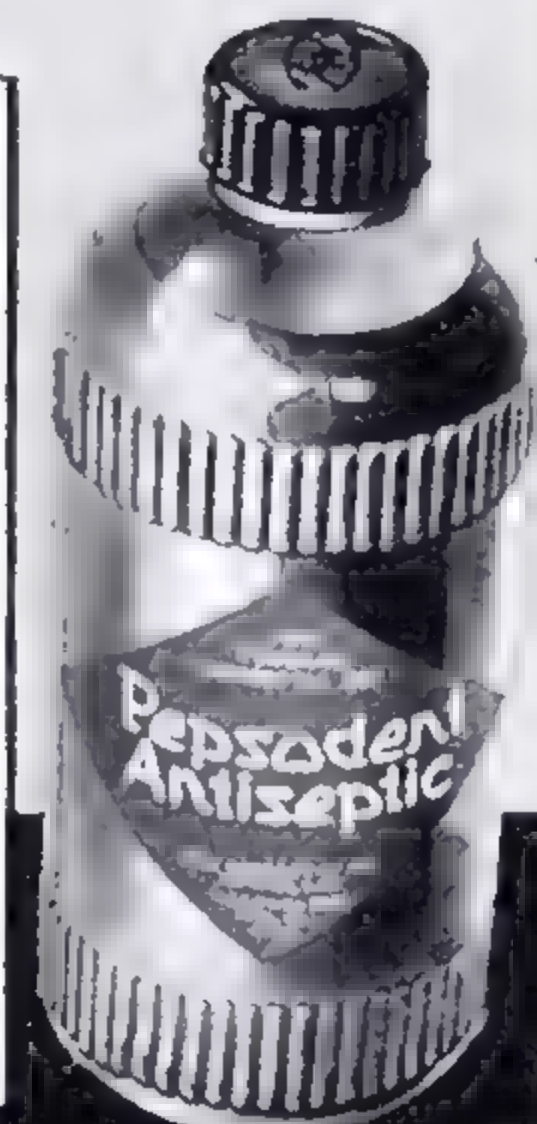
Now it's so easy to keep your breath sweeter and fresher the PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC WAY! Take just a moment, three times a day, to gargle and rinse your mouth with this golden, tangy tasting liquid. Just swirl it around . . . and presto! . . . enjoy a new spick-and-span freshness!

The best thing about PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is that you draw dividends from it *long after* you use it. Yes, PEPSODENT not only sweetens your breath . . . but, in addition, helps *keep it sweeter*! Buy PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC today!

1. BECAUSE OF CHLOR-THYMOL Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in seconds even when diluted with 2 parts of water. *No other leading advertised brand can truthfully say this!*

2. BECAUSE OF CHLOR-THYMOL tests show that gargling with Pepsodent Antiseptic diluted with 2 parts water immediately reduces the bacterial count in the mouth as much as 97%; that reduction still amounts in many cases to 80% after as long as 2 hours! *No other leading advertised brand can truthfully say this!*

3. BECAUSE OF CHLOR-THYMOL Pepsodent Antiseptic makes your money go 3 times as far. When diluted with 2 parts of water, it is as effective as other leading advertised brands used full strength. *No other leading advertised brand can truthfully say this!*



William Du Bois, was a summer stock spiel that didn't call for metropolitan critical exertion. In *American Landscape*, an attempt sympathetically to show the old American order's resistance to the incursion of present alien ideas, Elmer Rice failed signally. The incorporation into the play of several ghosts out of the American past, with Moll Flanders enigmatically horning in, only added to the evening's embarrassment.

Paul Vincent Carroll's *The White Steed* reviewed from manuscript in these pages four months ago, proved in production what had been written of it in advance. It is not only the best new play by a foreign author to have been shown in the American theatre thus far this season, but a play superior to any thus far in the same period from an American hand. Thornton Wilder's paraphrase of a hundred-year-old Nestroy farce, rebaptized *The Merchant of Yonkers*, was an overly arch and tedious attempt to woo a nostalgic laughter from 1939 customers with people hiding in wardrobes and under tables and mistaking each other for someone else. Periodically throughout the action the actors stepped to the footlights and indulged themselves in confidential communiqués to the audience, a device which seems to be increasingly tasty to Mr. Wilder. If he

doesn't watch out, one of these days an audience is going to step to the footlights and indulge itself in a confidential communiqué to his actors.

Everywhere I Roam, by Arnold Sundgaard and Marc Connelly, was a dramaturgic toboggan sled that began with a pretty shout, rapidly coasted downhill, and ended in wrecking itself against the rock of amateurishness. A parable of American farm life, high finance, despair and hope, it soon resolved itself into a pallid copy of the method of the Federal Theatre's Living Newspapers and vitiated its first half-hour's promise. The reviewers' chief praise was for several incidental dance numbers staged by Felicia Sorel. I fear that I was one to disagree, as my idea of the expression of ecstasy presently calls for something a little more terpsichoreanly novel than a group of men and women suddenly sticking out their right legs, abruptly contracting their abdominal muscles and simultaneously throwing forward their necks and giving conspicuous play to their Adam's apples. Dorothy and DuBose Heyward's *Mamba's Daughters*, with Ethel Waters excellent in the leading role, was a free and infrequently impressive dramatization of the latter's novel of the same name.

So much for the record. ##

Nomads of the Hardwood Floor

Continued from page 49

the cage sport was being held as an Olympic competition at Berlin for the first time.)

Disputing somewhat the claim for being the first to combine sightseeing with basket-shooting is Red Wing, Minnesota, which sponsored an aggregation at the turn of the century. This club also compiled some remarkable records, and took the first cross-country trip to California. Historians do not record whether the boys walked or used horse and buggy, but they got there and back, and won most of their games in so doing.

The Buffalo Germans, however, must have had a better press agent, because their exploits are more commonly known than those of the Minnesotans. Their technique resembled that of many of the leading college teams of the present day. They were the originators of the short pass and the pivot play and knew many other tricks, too. They were perfect in the art of grabbing an opponent's thumb and throwing him off stride. They had no equals in tripping, and could block so cleverly that the opposition was completely stopped. (If you think that's an exaggeration on college basketball as played today, go out and look at a game or two.)

In 1914, about a dozen years before the Germans passed out of the picture, a new traveling team came on the scene—the New York Celtics, a name now synonymous with basketball wherever it is played. Nat Holman, Joe Lop-

chick, Chris Leonard, "Dutch" Dehnert, Johnny Beckman, "Horse" Haggerty and Pete Barry were on the first squad. It is interesting to note, judging by the names, that there were more non-Celts than Celts on the team.

Like the Germans, the players go on and on. Holman is coaching at the College of the City of New York, and Lopchick at St. John's in Brooklyn, but the others were still active when this season began. Only Dehnert, however, is still with the team traveling under the name of the Original Celtics. There was a split several years ago and Pete Barry organized the rival New York Celtics, with whom he still plays.

The remainder of them perform on various professional teams in the East.

The Original Celtics average about one hundred twenty games a season. These take them into about thirty states with a speedometer reading of around twenty-five thousand miles—but they have never wound up a season without a winning record of ninety per cent or more.

Like other cagers who make a business of traveling, they take everything in stride. They seldom know what they'll run into next. They don't pick their own referees, nor do they quibble if the home team wants to use its own peculiar set of rules. Just so long as their feet and their tires hold out, they don't mind it much—particularly since it's a poor week during the season that each of the boys doesn't

Continued on page 142

Said little Red Riding Hood-



"How handsome you look, grandpa, since you got a Barbasol Face"

Why not resolve right now to break with old-fashioned shaving methods that tend to dry, tighten and wrinkle the skin?

Why not get yourself a smoother, softer, younger-looking Barbasol Face?

For Barbasol is a lot more than a wonderful beard-softener that gives the quickest, cleanest shave you ever had. Barbasol also contains certain beneficial oils that protect the skin from irritation while

you shave — that soothe the skin after you've shaved.

Try Barbasol for just ten days and we promise, you'll be pleased as Punch with the improvement in your skin—free from roughness and irritation, no half-cut stubble—a smoother, younger-looking face. Your druggist carries Barbasol in three sizes. Large tube, 25¢. Giant tube, 50¢. Family-size jar, 75¢. Scalpel-sharp Barbasol Blades, 5 for 15¢.

For modern shaving



No Brush—No Lather—No Rub in

The world said

"YES!"



.. to this enclosed

Ediphone for your desk

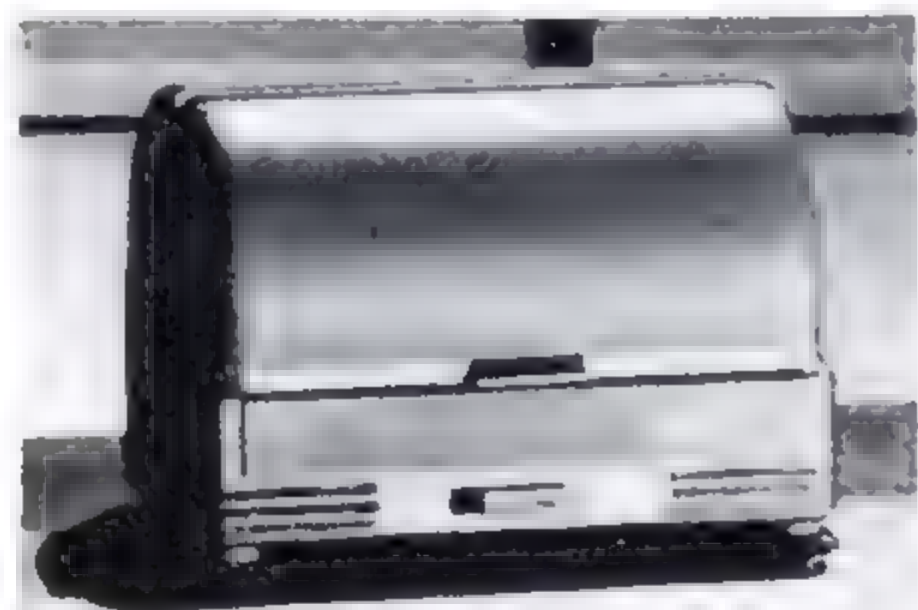
THE success was instantaneous. Certainly we knew the commercial world would welcome the perfected Ediphone Voicewriter for desk use. But we scarcely expected to be swamped with orders as we have been. The news traveled 'round like a flash—and when you see this new Ediphone you'll understand why.

It's a triumph in compact, modern design. Closed or open, its appearance on the desk is a declaration of real efficiency. It brings such new features as Truvox recording and a winking eye which notifies you if you're not using it prop-

erly. It's amazingly small—takes up no more room than a letterhead—yet is a giant for work.

The point is, you just pick up the Ediphone receiver and talk. Issue instructions. Register appointments. Answer correspondence. Make a record of telephone conversations before you have time to forget them. And, of course, you free your stenographer and give her more time to be your assistant. See this new Ediphone.

Phone the Ediphone (your city) or write Dept. E4, Thomas A. Edison, Inc., West Orange, New Jersey, for information.



Completely enclosed—a superior achievement in handsome desk design.

SAY IT TO THE

Ediphone

EDISON VOICEWRITER

Nomads of the Hardwood Floor

Continued from pages 49-141

wind up with at least two hundred dollars net to his credit.

Until a few years ago the Celtics traveled in one automobile, big and roomy, but not the most dependable conveyance in the world. Now they use two cars—lighter, but more likely to get where they're going.

Although not generally known, the Celtics now are a Southern team, suh! They are incorporated as the Original Celtics of Tennessee, and their bookings are handled by a shrewd young man named Tom Humphreys of Chattanooga, whose chief worry is picking out the most profitable dates among the three hundred or more offered to the team annually.

Humphreys was managing a team at Chattanooga in 1924 when he received a wire from the Celtics asking for a game and a small remuneration. It seems that they had overestimated themselves and had booked a trip to Florida where the intake wasn't quite equal to the outgo, and they needed help to get home. Humphreys, strange to say, had never heard of the Celtics, so he paid no attention to the wire for several days. Finally he asked W. C. Redd, then coach at the University of Chattanooga, who this team was. "It's the greatest in the world," replied Redd.

Humphreys was curious to see the world's greatest team for as low a guarantee as they asked, and wired them to come ahead. They came, bringing five men—Joe Lopchick, "Dutch" Dehnert, Johnny Beckman, Benny Borge-mann and Pete Barry—as great a quintet as ever stepped on a floor. So impressed was Humphreys that he brought them back the following season and booked additional contests in the South, until gradually he acquired all the managerial prerogatives and the franchise.

Of more recent vintage are the Harlem Globe Trotters, now in their thirteenth season. This is the outstanding group of Negro cage tourists. Their specialty is speedy passing and the players can handle a ball so proficiently that they throw crowds into an uproar by moving the sphere forwards, backwards, sideways, between their legs, and in every other conceivable manner with lightning rapidity. Each year they travel between twenty-four thousand and thirty thousand miles, playing on an average of seven games a week. The few off-days are made up by double-headers and matinee contests, but they also win nine out of ten against every type of competition, under all conditions of play.

No other group of athletes probably would endure the hardships which the Globe Trotters have undergone in filling their dates. Two years ago, for instance, due to a switch in schedule, the team found it necessary to go from Oliver, British Columbia, to Bell-

ingham, Washington—a distance of 404 miles. It was the dead of winter, with two snow-filled mountain passes to traverse. The team left Oliver at 8 a.m. and pulled into Bellingham at 8:30—just in time for its game with Eastern Washington Normal College.

On another occasion, the Globe Trotters were scheduled for an afternoon contest at Worthington, Minnesota, and an evening engagement at Appleton, Minnesota, 113 miles away. This would have been easy, but a blizzard entered the picture about 5 p.m., when the first game was finished. Half a dozen times on the trip the boys had to stop and dig their way through—but they made Appleton in time for the game.

One of the most momentous occasions in the lives of the young men who make up the team occurred several years ago when a game was booked at Shelby, Montana. Somehow or other the squad arrived in the afternoon and had time to spare. The players were sitting around with their manager, an energetic young man named Abe Saperstein, who books games for most of the country's Negro baseball teams, too. A hard-looking individual appeared and asked Abe to walk down the street with him to his office. Unwilling to argue, Saperstein agreed.

"I've got a lot of dough bet on this game against you fellows," said this new-found friend when he was finally seated. "I just want you to know what's going on."

"We can't throw a game," protested Saperstein.

"I don't care what you do, but I'm telling you," came the reply, and with a rather shaky feeling, Saperstein left, wondering what his next move would be.

He didn't have to wait long. Scarcely had he returned to the hotel when another caller burst on the scene—bigger and tougher-looking than the first. This one minced no words. He pulled out a couple of six-shooters and gathered the team close around him.

"I'm the sheriff of this here county," he began. "I don't know anything about what you boys are plannin' to do. But I do know that the odds has suddenly shifted since this guy"—he pointed one of the cannons at Abe—"was seen walking down the street with that tin-horn gambler. Now I'm warnin' you boys. There may not be any shootin', but if you fellers don't win that game, you're all goin' to jail tonight!"

Then he left. Most of the color also left the cheeks of the Globe Trotters—which is saying plenty. The team they were to play hadn't lost a game in three seasons and was reputed to be plenty hot. There wasn't any train out of town. The game had to go on, win or lose. But those pistols apparently were real inspiration, or perhaps it was the thought of jail. At any rate, the colored boys piled up a lead of 30 to 3 in the first half

before they ran out of breath. Then they coasted to the finish, winning easily. Gambler No. 1, strange to say, never returned.

This is one of the rare instances in which a basketball team has been asked to toss a game. Another occurred about 1915 when the great national championship Illinois Athletic Club outfit of Chicago took a trip to the Pacific Coast. It was scheduled to play a two-game series at Muscatine, Iowa, en route. Before the first game, a smooth stranger approached Bill Finn, the manager.

"I represent a syndicate that has bet a lot of money on this game," he said. "Just on the first one. It will be worth twelve hundred dollars for you boys to lose it. Then we don't care what you do in the second."

Finn, of course, was nonplussed by the offer and stalled by telling the visitor to return later while he took it up with the players. He gathered them in a hotel room and related the occurrence. There was a knock on the door. In walked an old Negro porter.

"Boys," he said, "Ah'm pullin' for you-all to win. 'Ah've bet every cent I got on you, so you just got to!"

That was enough. All thoughts of even considering that twelve hundred-dollar gift were tossed out of the window.

There is a sad sequel. Despite the fact that they played their hardest, the Illinois Athletic Club lost the first game anyhow to Muscatine. The next night they won by a handsome margin.

On this same trip, in a little town in Utah, the I.A.C. discovered itself scheduled to play on a floor that had a right-angle turn at one end. This was equaled, though, by the swimming pool at Harlem, Montana, in which the Globe Trotters found themselves one night. The pool was dry, and aside from a slight up-and-down effect, the players weren't in much danger—not nearly so much as they were in another contest later at Port Washington, Wisconsin. In this one, "Red" Dunn, a former Marquette University all-American, sidestepped one of the visiting tossers—who catapulted through an open door behind the basket and down two flights of stairs. Time was taken out while the errant athlete was hauled back into the game—which continued with the door locked and bolted.

The red-hot stove problem is one frequently encountered by these road teams. Until recent years gymnasiums weren't built to accommodate many spectators, nor to keep them warm.

Accordingly, many a playing floor from coast to coast has the natural hazard of a red-hot, pot-bellied stove which players must avoid as best they can. Most of them manage to escape serious burns, and occasionally a smart one will put the stove to excellent use.

Such was the case of Dena Schaper, some years ago one of Chicago's outstanding feminine

players. Miss Schaper was a marvelous dribbler and a left-handed shot as good as any man in the game. One night her team played on a floor which had one of these stoves almost directly under the basket. Dena would take the ball on the tip-off and dribble down the floor until she neared the goal, when she'd cut around to the right of the stove and pop the ball through the hoop with her left hand while the guards remained effectively blocked out by a red-hot heater. She scored twenty-four points before Manager Wilson—now her husband, by the way—took her out to keep the game from breaking up.

Possibly the greatest bane in the life of a traveling team is the officiating. Referees are employed by the home manager, and even though they may try to be equitable in their foul-calling, they usually remember that the home guy will still do the hiring next week while the visitor may be a thousand miles away.

One of these journeying aggregations was playing in a small Nebraska town one night when the referee suddenly chased its star player off the floor. Since he hadn't been involved in any mix-up with the other side, the visiting manager demanded to know the reason.

"Certainly he gets thrown out of the game," responded the official. "I saw malice in his eye!"

Even with their instinctive home-crowd leaning, referees don't always escape so easily. There is no group of spectators so partisan nor so rabid in its official-baiting as those who watch the cage sport, and likewise there is no crowd so vociferous in making its dislikes known.

The American professional league used to have a colorful referee named Salador, who one night was having a rough time of it in a game at Brooklyn. No matter what he did, the crowd razzed him. Finally half-time arrived and Salador left the floor with the players. When he returned to start the second period he had a bundle under his arm, which he carried around with him during all the action. The crowd wondered what it was, but that didn't keep it from resuming jeers and catcalls for the hapless whistle-blower. At last there came a time out. Salador walked up in front of the noisiest section of the stands. Carefully he unwrapped his parcel. Out came a couple of big, raw steaks, and with a quick motion he tossed them among the startled spectators.

"There, you wolves!" he shouted. "Chew on those for awhile!"

So far as anyone can ascertain, it was the first and only time that a rabid Brooklyn sport crowd was completely silenced. Some of the basketsteering tourists would like to use the same formula on crowds in other sections—but you know how expensive meat is in these days and how small the guarantee for visitors. Or you would know, if you had to live on them.##



RAMIE SPORTS SHIRT

LOOKS LIKE LINEN, *but it isn't!*

FEELS LIKE COTTON, *but it isn't!*

WEARS LIKE IRON, *but it isn't!*

IT'S RAMIE CLOTH, mystery fabric of 56 centuries!

The ancient Pharaohs knew the ramie plant; used its fibers to make ropes, beautiful mats, wall coverings, and mummy wrappings that have defied centuries of time.

Now, modern research has re-discovered the ramie plant . . . modern weaving has made it into a rich linen-textured fabric . . . and ROOS has the exclusive franchise from the mill for its use in the U. S. A. for sportswear!

An unusually light, strong and durable vegetable textile, Ramie Cloth is an ideal sports shirt material. The ROOS Ramie Shirt is porous and cool; launders easily! Natural light-tan color, similar to natural linen or wild silk.

Tailored with the exclusive ROOS "Polo-roll" Collar, to be worn either open, or loosely closed with necktie. Two Models: short sleeve slipover and long sleeve coat. Sizes: Small, Medium, Large. (Use coupon below for ordering by mail.) **\$2⁹⁵**



SAN FRANCISCO'S PALACE OF THE EXPOSITION—1939

ROOS invites you to use the facilities of this new San Francisco store when you visit the Golden Gate International Exposition. Our Carriage Entrance Lounge contains the telephone books of the world; our uniformed guides will answer your questions.

ROOS BROS., Market at Stockton, San Francisco, California

Send _____ **RAMIE SPORTS SHIRT** at \$2.95 each.
Enclosed find () check or () Money Order.

Size desired _____ Model _____
(Specify Small, Medium, Large) (Specify Slipover or Coat)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

The Eternal Hotfoot

Continued from page 66

taloon comedy it flourishes—but in these classic cases the victim is usually the pompous old amorist who stands between the young lovers, or the woman who is old enough to know better, trying to vamp a young man. No matter where you start, you return to the basic point: that the victim is the one who makes or breaks a practical joke.

He may be too arrogant or he may be too timid; in either case he is born to be victimized. He has created the framework for the joke before the joke is played. What happens afterward hardly matters.

The flatness and thinness of the hotfoot are the source of the general theory of "being a good sport and not getting sore." You do not catch a single glimpse of the same thought in other human affairs.

Perhaps Munich was an international hotfoot applied to Czechoslovakia—there were certain elements suggesting a mean form of humor in the negotiations. Nobody dared to suggest that Mr. Benes ought to clap his hands over the outcome. You play a dirty trick on the baseball diamond, spiking the third baseman, and you expect him to knock your teeth out. Sell a man some worthless stock, and ask him

to be a good sport about sending you to jail. He won't and nobody will ask him to. Only men in official life are supposed not to answer back when low accusations are made about their character. They do answer back, in fact; and some people grumble. But the principle that anyone may cause you uncalculated pain, without running the risk of getting a sock in the face, comes right out of the essentially blank nature of the practical joke. If it were funny, there'd be no occasion to insist that you laugh.

Civilized society has set apart a day each year for the joke: the first of April. It's rather a pity that this isn't a national holiday, because its customary jokes are good ones. The empty purse in the street vaguely mocks at our greed. The top hat with a brick under it, waiting to be kicked, is a complicated bit of work which a psychoanalyst might figure out. But even here the victim must be chosen. Tell the average man on April Fool's Day that he's got ashes all over his coat and he'll start automatically—and without any concern—to brush them away; so it's more entertaining to say that to a fop. The joke has to be tied to the character of the prospective victim.

Take the remark once credited

to Noel Coward that So-and-So was every other inch a gentleman. It's witty, regardless of the character of So-and-So; there's an idea behind it; the phrasing is excellent.

The hotfoot element in it was that So-and-So wrote stories about the most elaborate and sophisticated gentlemen since the time of Disraeli and Marie Corelli; and played the part of a noble gentleman in life. (I say So-and-So because I understand that Mr. Coward has repudiated the quip as applied to the particular victim. Why should I spread an old scandal on the record again?) Without that pretension, the jump at the end of the hotfoot would not be worth a damn. Take Mr. Dooley's answer when Hinnissy asked him what he thought of Divine Right Baer who indicated that he and God were partners in a coal mine. "Has he divided the profits?" asked Mr. Dooley. Darned good in itself; the legitimate hotfoot element lay in the peculiarly grasping and illiberal wage policy of Baer himself.

It is remarkable that very few caustic remarks come out of the great business circles. Every word spoken in Hollywood is recorded, sometimes before it is spoken. Yet I don't recall a single really searching, or searing, crack made by one

producer about another. Outsiders may note that X thinks he invented the airplane, a mild attempt to get inside a man's mind; the typical local criticism is limited to a discussion of anyone's relation to the horse: is he the front or the back end.

I can't take the "escape mechanism" theory at all in this respect. Maybe we, on the outside, would like to think that the grandees of business, in the East or the West, are bowed under the burden they carry; we rather hope they are worried. We cannot imagine spending a thousand dollars and they spend a couple of million. They ought to be worried. But I'm afraid they're not. Many of them are good businessmen; and the others know how to fail just at the right moment, so that the bankers take over the deficits. There are a couple of neurotics among them, usually in the generation which grew up rich, not in the founding fathers of the film industry or in the amalgamators of steel and oil.

The ones who do the work enjoy it. It isn't a release from pain that they seek when they give pain to others.

Maybe they just haven't enough to occupy their minds. Maybe that's the kind of minds they have. #

"Shocking about Sanders —wasn't it?"



WHAT—haven't you heard? Yes, Sanders—the old codger that you've seen here for fifteen years. He's gone completely gypsy.

I was here when it happened. The old coot was glancing out the window. "Look!" he suddenly yelled. I did. Down at the curb was a long silver bullet of a car . . . most exciting thing I've seen in years.

"It's that new Nash!" Sanders shouted. Before I could order a stimulant, he vanished; and that's all I knew—until yesterday. I hear a furious tooting outside. And there's the twin brother to that glorious new Nash—and Sanders in college-cut clothes—not a trace of his gout!

"Come on out, you old stuffed shirt," he shouts up. I go down and get in. Who-o-sh—and we're off! What a ride! We float along—the engine silent as a shadow. Then, in a stretch, Sanders nudges me.

"Watch," he says. "Here's that Nash

Power they're talking about." And at the touch of his toe, we fairly take wing. I sit there blinking. But at once I remember my sciatica. "Turn back," I shout. "I've got to get my muffler—I feel a chill."

Sanders only grins. He twiddles a dial. "This'll beat red flannels. It's the 'Weather Eye'* for winter driving." And presto—I get what he means. Suddenly it's like sum-

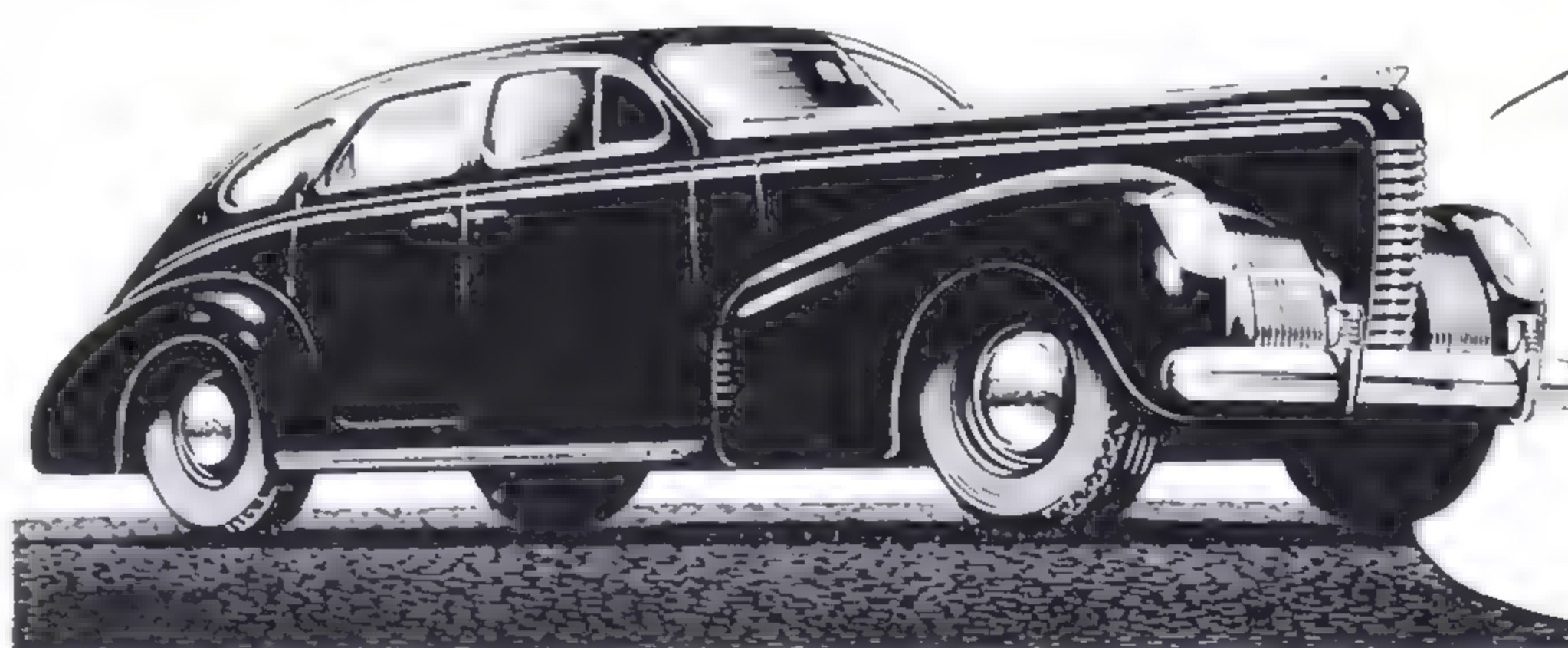
mer in the car—fresh, warm air!

We return, but before he leaves—this time for Placid—he tries to take me with him. "Feel alive again, old man! This Nash will take years off your back."

Come to think of it, he's right! That Nash *does* something to you. Hang it all, man—don't look for me tomorrow!

*Optional equipment . . . slight extra cost.

Car illustrated . . . 4-Door Sedan, 117" wheelbase . . . \$840 delivered at Factory . . . Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included.



NASH

Four series of Great Cars.
22 Beautiful Models As Low As

\$770

Delivered at Factory, Including
Standard Equipment and Federal
Taxes

On the Record

Continued from page 94

the things Miss Hess does best—that she has thrilled audiences wherever she has played it, that not only is her performance “heart warming, musically tasteful, temperamentally reliable . . . straightforward and honest,” but that even if it were not, thousands of Hessians everywhere would buy it simply because it vibrates with the tone that they love and enjoy—the tone of the world’s most colorful and vibrant woman pianist.

Why aren’t we offered her playing of the Schumann *Carneval*, which our English cousins have been enjoying since last June? What is the reason we have never been urged to buy the six volumes of the Hugo Wolf Society, which Ernest Newman said would do more for Wolf in five years than critics could do in a century? Is Wolf to be kept in storage and marked only for Europe? The other evening I heard *Wie Glänzt der Helle Mond*, sung simply and with deep understanding by Kipnis, in Volume Five of those albums—and there was the whole atmosphere of Heaven, expressed with a blend of naïveté and depth of feeling that only Wolf could catch . . . and unknown in America.

Why aren’t we at least allowed to buy—to mention a few—the complete *Magic Flute* conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham with the artists and orchestra of the Berlin State Opera? . . . the *Schubert A major Piano sonata*, recorded by Artur Schnabel? . . . Furtwaengler and the Berlin Philharmonic’s interpretation of the Prelude and Love-Death from *Tristan und Isolde*? . . . Pablo Casals’ playing

of the unaccompanied Bach Cello Sonatas, Numbers 2 and 3? . . . Beethoven’s *Appassionata*, played by Rudolph Serkin (available in Europe for the past two years)? . . . Act III of Wagner’s *Die Meistersinger*, conducted by Karl Böhm with Berlin State Opera artists? . . . Brahms’ Cello Sonata, No. 1, played by Gregor Piatigorsky—Rothschild and Artur Rubinstein? . . . Chopin’s E minor Piano Concerto played by Artur Rubinstein, who has hit the bull’s-eye in every town he visited.

Perhaps the stiffer competition to be offered when the CBS “gets going” will improve matters. Highly laudable was its announcement soon after it acquired the Brunswick, Vocalion and Columbia labels, that it would push native folk music and give our local composers a chance. One has only to consider what HMV has done for living English composers to realize that something needs to be done here.

First fruits of the new policy was the issue of *Through the Looking Glass* (Deems Taylor) with Howard Barlow conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra (Masterwork Set 350), in New York’s Liederkrantz Hall. The composer, who is Columbia’s musical consultant, supervised the recording of his suite, which highlights his talent as an arranger and a skillful orchestrator, and minimizes the originality of his creative effort. From the technical point of view, it is by far the best recording Columbia has produced domestically, and doubtless many other new works will soon be released. #

BEST SELLERS

Permanent Transient
Liberty Music Shops, Palm Beach

Liebestod, from *Tristan and Isolde*, (Wagner) Kirsten Flagstad.
Victor 8859

Cara Nome, from *Rigoletto* (Verdi); Lily Pons. Over: *Tutte le feste*.
Victor 7383

Tales from the Vienna Woods; Miliza Korjus, soprano; Toscha Seidel, violin solo; Nat Finston conducting M.G.M. Orchestra.
Victor 4410

Marconi Bros., New York

Symphony No. 5 in E Flat major, (Sibelius Op. 82); Serge Koussevitzky and Boston Symphony Orchestra.
Victor M-508

Gems from Jerome Kern Musical Shows; Victor Light Opera Company directed by Leonard Joy.
Victor C-31

Rhapsody in Blue (Gershwin); Jose and Amparo Iturbi. Victor M-517

New York Band Instrument Co., New York

Symphony No. 4 (Brahms); Felix Weingartner and London Symphony Orchestra. Columbia Set 335
Variations on a Theme by Diabelli (Beethoven); Artur Schnabel. HMV Beethoven Sonata Society Album 13.

Sonatas for Harpsichord and Violin, (Bach) No. 1-3. Alice Ehlers and Boris Schwarz. Gamut Set 7.

Get Out of Town; From Now On; Eddy Duchin and his orchestra.
Brunswick 8252

My Heart Belongs to Daddy; Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love; Larry Clinton and Orchestra.
Victor 26100

Bach Goes to Town; Whispering; Benny Goodman and his orchestra.
Victor 26130

Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love; My Heart Belongs to Daddy; Larry Clinton and Orchestra.
Victor 26100

This Can't be Love; Sing for your Supper; from “The Boys from Syracuse”; Benny Goodman and Orchestra.
Victor 26099

F.D.R. Jones; My Heart is Unemployed; from “Sing Out the News”; Hal Kemp and Orchestra.
Victor 26038

My Reverie; Boogie Woogie Blues; Larry Clinton and his orchestra.
Victor 26006

Change Partners; I Used to Be Color Blind; Fred Astaire with Ray Noble and his orchestra.
Brunswick 8189

Bach Goes to Town; Whispering; Benny Goodman and his orchestra.
Victor 26130

RACHMANINOFF • HEIFETZ • COURBOIN
KREISLER • PRIMROSE • RUBINSTEIN • GOODMAN



The World's Greatest Instrumentalists are on VICTOR RECORDS



RCA VICTROLA U-123 with Automatic Record Changer and Electric Tuning

Combines Victor Record and Radio Entertainment. Has Automatic Record Changer, Feather-Touch Crystal Pick-Up. Radio has Electric Tuning. Price includes \$17.50 worth of any Victor or Bluebird Records you choose, \$2.00 subscription to Victor Record Review, and membership in Victor Record Society. Price **\$129.95*** only . . .

MUSICAL MASTERPIECES OF THE MONTH

Concerto No. 8 (Ludwig Spohr) Played by Albert Spalding, violin. Album M-544, 4 sides . . . \$4.50
Stabat Mater (Pergolesi) Sung by Vienna Boys' Choir, with Orchestra. Victor Gombos, Director. Album M-545 (AM-545 for automatic operation) 6 sides . . . \$6.50

ONLY
35c

Bluebird Records
(Made by Victor)
For popular bands,
new tunes, big hits!

You can buy RCA Victrolas on C.I.T. easy payment plan. Any radio instrument is better with an RCA Victor Master Antenna. *Price f.o.b. Camden, N.J., subject to change without notice.

Listen to the “Magic Key of RCA,” Sundays, 2 to 3 P. M., E. S. T., on NBC Blue Network

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON VICTOR RECORDS

PLAY VICTOR AND BLUEBIRD RECORDS THROUGH YOUR RADIO

Get \$25.95 value, in Victor or Bluebird Records and RCA Victrola Attachment for \$14.95*†



Save \$11.00 . . . Get \$14.95* (list price) RCA Victrola Attachment . . . \$9.00 in any Victor or Bluebird Records you choose . . . \$2.00 subscription to Victor Record Review . . . Victor Record Society membership . . . for \$14.95*. RCA Victrola Attachment can be connected to any modern AC set at little or no expense; plays Victor or Bluebird Records with full tone of set. †This offer subject to change without notice.

RCA Victrola

Combines Record and Radio Entertainment
A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



“This is the kind of a day I like to be inside with a good book”

For Distinguished Service



HONOURS OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS

Carnatic Hindoostan Mysore Cape of Good Hope, 1806 Maida Java South Africa, 1835
Sevastopol Koosh-ab Persia Lucknow Central India Peiwar Kotul
Charasiah Kabul, 1879 Kandahar, 1880 Afghanistan, 1878-'80 Tel-el Kebir
Egypt, 1882 Chitral Arbara Khartoum Paardeberg
South Africa, 1899-1902 Marne, 1914, '18
Ypres, 1915, '17, '18 Loos Somme, 1916, '18
Arras, 1917, '18 Vimy, 1917
Cambrai, 1917, '18 Valenciennes
Palestine, 1918 Baghdad



HONOURS OF DEWAR'S "White Label"

MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Award of the Queensland
International Exhibition,
1897...one of more than 60



medals honouring Dewar's
White Label for Excel-
lence in Scotch Whisky.

From Gibraltar's less than 2 square miles to Canada's almost 4,000,000, no spot within the Empire or, for that matter, the world, but knows DEWAR'S *White Label*, the highball of the highlands. For distinguished service its standard wears more than 60 medals of honour and wears them well. Command DEWAR'S *White Label* and be . . . "At Ease."

White Label
8
years old
86.8 PROOF

Victoria Vat
12
years old

also known as *Ne Plus Ultra*

86.8 PROOF
Blended Scotch
Whisky



FULL-COLOR REPRINTS
SUITABLE FOR FRAMING
Six 9 x 12 prints of
Scotch officers, Edition
No. 2, without advertis-
ing, sent upon receipt
of 25c. Schenley Import
Corporation, New York
City, N. Y., Dept. E.

Dewar's
(Pronounced Do-ers)

"White Label"

The Medal **SCOTCH** of the World

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN BERMUDA BY LESLIE SAALBURG

DEVICE FOR BEATING THE SUN TO THE GUN

MANY of those in the market for a delicious slice of early spring relaxation like to traipse down to Bermuda, thereby putting themselves a comfortable jump ahead of the domestic brand of summer sunshine. The gentleman with the fine carriage has just alighted from an incoming plane. He wears a marine blue flannel suit with white stripes, blue broadcloth shirt with lounge collar, regimental striped rep tie, lightweight wool hose, reverse calf

shoes and brown felt Cavalier hat. His acclimated companion wears a single breasted lightweight tweed jacket in brown with rust overplaid, washable slacks in pale yellow, Paisley scarf, wool hose and polished Norwegian slippers. A crew neck half sleeve lisle shirt could be worn under the jacket. Colorful slacks, by this time well established for beach and resort wear occasions in general, have proven themselves especially congenial to the Bermuda scene.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



Right—in style...Rawhide—in colors. A Hickok "exclusive"...in ActionBAK Braces...in supple, smart Belts...tough...good-looking...comfortable...and *new!* Don't be hide-bound...be rawhide-bound...with colorful Hickok Rawhide Belts and Braces...*low-priced from \$1 up!*





Left: Medium weight dark green ribbed crew neck alpaca sweater with long sleeves, grey flannel slacks, black brogue golf shoes with overlapping tongues, silk scarf, checked tweed cap.



Lightweight waterproof golf jacket with slide fastener, matching trousers, wing tip brogue shoes, semi-sports hat, striped oxford shirt, plain color knitted tie.

Right: For playing as well as following the gallery—single breasted tweed plus four suit, fine herringbone with red overplaid; lightweight oxford shirt; wool tie, sleeveless pullover, plain color wool hose, monk front reverse calf shoes with crepe soles, varsity tweed cap.



Right: Shetland tweed slacks, brown and white golf shoes with spikes, lightweight alpaca cardigan with collar attached, tan shirt, striped tie.

Left: One-piece sweater in blue and grey combination with contrasting sport collar and sleeves, marine blue flannel slacks, wool hose, reverse calf blucher shoes with crepe soles and lightweight felt sports hat.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



GOLF FASHIONS FOR EARLYBIRDS

Valentine

The Tutor's Trousers

Continued from page 46

into the darkness when a new light approached the garden. This was Karola, likewise bearing candle and sewing basket. She had the same thoughts as her sister. Her heart was full of a living will to help.

She, too, cut a strip off the pants. Like her sister, she kissed and folded and returned them to the line. The dew had already appeared. The grass was cool, and Karola's slipped feet were cold; but she paid no attention to this. Perhaps she even wished it. Would that she might get pneumonia in this sweet, secret work which she was performing for the boy whom she loved! She lingered in the yard so that she might become thoroughly chilled.

In the morning, together with the fresh well water, the groom took the flannel trousers into the tutor's room.

The boy put on the pants and almost burst out crying. The pants had been murdered. The legs were so short that they reached down only to the middle of his calves. One couldn't wear them; one had to take them off at once.

At breakfast Balázs looked at the tutor's legs.

He asked then, a little aggrieved:

"What's the trouble, Mr. Dom-bay? Where are the trousers? Didn't you like them?"

"Oh, yes, I did, by all means," answered the student, in despair. "A wonderful pair of trousers. Only they had to be shortened a little because you are so much taller than I. Well, I asked the cook to cut off about ten centimeters. She fixed them just right. But later on, in the night or in the morning—I don't know when—some idiot played a bad joke on me: he cut off another hand's length. The trousers are ruined. They are dead. They cannot be used."

The artless little brother burst out laughing. Balázs began to consider whether he had any other worthless clothes with which he might compensate the tutor.

Erzsébet and Karola said nothing. They hadn't the courage to reveal their secret. Their faces and their necks turned red with the heat of their shame. As they stirred their coffee their spoons trembled in their hands. They felt tragic, ashamed, embarrassed. They couldn't understand life, which is so complex that even the purest love can cause such great misfortune. ##

Reported Dead

Continued from page 39

that. On my feet I had two pairs of woolen socks, with arctic socks over these. The shoe packs I wore were good and stout, the sole and vamps of rubber, with leather from the instep up. Fastened to these were my Norwegian Bear Claws, a home made snowshoe with long wooden runners. These Bear Claws, incidentally, saved my life. Without them I wouldn't have lasted a day.

For headgear I wore a helmet I had made by sewing two woolen socks together, cutting out an opening for my face. This came down to my shoulders, under my coat, keeping my neck warm and dry. Over this I wore a regular stocking cap.

As luck would have it I was carrying the luncheon that day for the three of us. Since my load was light I had picked up the ten-pound lard pail in which we had packed six sardine sandwiches, one dozen cold sourdough pancakes, three chocolate bars, and coffee in a small sack, and had slipped it into the pack saddle I wore on my back. In addition I was carrying a heavy blazer, in case it was cold in the mine, and a small Swedish stove on which to cook our coffee and beans. Lost in a snow storm, now, that stove might have come in handy, but buried underneath an avalanche it was about as useful as a bird cage in a submarine. In my pocket I carried a watch and a knife. The watch couldn't do much more than tick off the minutes between me and Eternity, but without my knife I would have gone hungry

with all that food on my back.

Lying there, like a fish frozen in a slab of ice, I wondered anxiously about Otto and Sutherland. Had they been buried, too, or had they escaped? If they were alive, they must be out there, somewhere, looking for me. But if they were dead? The jig would be up. Nobody on earth would know where to look for me and I would slowly freeze to death. In the spring, when the snow melted, our bodies would be found. I didn't like that idea.

The avalanche had struck us at the base of Lucky Chance Mountain. The newspapers made much of that fact, later on, but, at the time I wouldn't have given a nickel for my luck. A small shovel would have been much handier!

For I had no tools to work with. Only that right hand which I had finally freed. With this I clawed the snow out from under my body, kicking it behind me with my right leg. My left leg wouldn't move. The oilskin pants had pulled up a little, leaving my jeans exposed, and these had frozen fast to the snow.

Breathing wasn't so difficult now. I could even spare breath occasionally to call. But no answer came. Away off in the distance I heard a sound, a PACK-TAMP; PACK-TAMP, and my spirits rose. Otto and Sutherland must have escaped the slide and were digging for me. I listened intently. But the noise wasn't regular. It came at odd intervals, not as the sound of a shovel should be. Slowly it dawned upon me that it wasn't

Continued on page 152



Don't let **DRY SCALP** rob your hair of its good looks!

DON'T wait till your scalp feels tight and itchy . . . till it sheds dry dandruff scales. Don't wait for your hair to grow brittle, and break off as it is combed. If your hair seems dry or hard to manage start now to guard against "Dry Scalp."

You need your hair at its best, for business and for social reasons. You need, at once, the simple and sensible relief from "Dry Scalp" that thousands of men are finding in 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

Each morning, use a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to supplement your scalp's own oils and give the hair a natural, well-groomed look. Before each shampoo, rub it on generously to make up for the scalp oils that wash away.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different. Contains no ingredients that might tend to dry the scalp. Buy a bottle and start using it today. See how quickly it improves the "feel" of your scalp . . . how quickly your friends notice the improvement in the looks of your hair.



They all rob your hair of natural oils. Combat "Dry Scalp" and keep hair good-looking with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.



A few drops supplement the natural scalp oils, keep your hair manageable and good-looking.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copyright 1939, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Gons'd.

Reported Dead

Continued from pages 39-151

rescuers I was hearing but the snow as it packed more tightly about me. Something relentless in the sound of that packing snow stirred my anger. It might beat me in the end, but, By Glory, I wasn't licked yet. And I set grimly to work once more.

As I paused for breath a little later, it seemed all at once as if my prison had grown lighter. A crack of daylight appeared at the edge of the great rock ahead. A foot farther on another hole was opening up, letting in a draught of fresh air. As I watched I caught a glimpse of heaven, and blue sky.

In my excitement I shouted aloud, again and again. Finally there came an answer. To my "Hell-oo-oo" there came a faint "Hell-oo-oo" in return. With my heart pounding madly, I listened again. It wasn't repeated. I decided I was being fooled again. But stubbornly I kept on calling, and this time there was no mistaking Otto's voice. I'd know that voice in heaven or hell. But, to remove all doubt, I heard him shout "We'll have you out in a little while."

"We"? Then Sutherland must be all right, too. I drew a shuddering breath of relief. A few more minutes and this horrible nightmare would be over. I stopped digging, for a moment, and drank

in the fresh air which filtered through those cracks as a thirsty man laps up water. How good it was! I filled my lungs again and again. Thank God for air!

Then I heard Sutherland's voice for the first time. He must have been standing within ten feet of me for I heard him say, "Otto, you go get the shovels while I look for Fred."

Those were the only words I heard him speak, for just then there came another WHOOSH, which I felt rather than heard, and my air-holes disappeared forever. A second avalanche had fallen, at the base of Lucky Chance Mountain, just as rescue was at hand.

For a moment I had actually seen the blue sky. I had breathed the fresh air. I had heard the voices of my companions and knew that help was near. Now all that was changed. My air supply was cut off again, and I was breathing with difficulty through my mouth. My prison was darker than ever, and off in the distance I could hear that ominous PACK-TAMP; PACK-TAMP beginning again as this fresh snow began settling about me. Yet that momentary contact with the world outside had done much to raise my spirits. I knew that both Otto and Sutherland were alive. They had heard my voice and knew where to look for me.

Mercifully I didn't know how serious that second slide was, nor that I was to be abandoned, then, for dead. Had I known of the long hours still ahead—on what a slender thread my chances of life hung—I wonder, now, if I could have stuck it out.

The first slide occurred at nine o'clock in the morning. The second came at noon. After three hours I was still lying prone on my face, able to move only half my body. I was exasperated by my helplessness. Digging with only one hand was such slow business. And cold, too. Now if I'd only foreseen such an emergency, and carried a hand axe with me—Impatiently I kicked with my foot, and remembered the Bear Claws. Those runners, made of sturdy spruce, would furnish a fine tool to dig with. The problem was, how to get at them. Like a contortionist I doubled up my right leg as close to my body as possible, reached down and wrenched off the snowshoe. Fortunately it had come untied. With my teeth I gnawed and tore at the wood until I had broken off a runner. Using this as a paddle I made much better progress and soon I had freed all my body excepting that left arm which was fastened to my side by the straps of the pack saddle. The pack was frozen fast to the "ceiling" of my cell.

I twisted my head and tried gnawing through the leather thong. It was like trying to chew through a buffalo hide. That wouldn't work. I thought of the knife in my pocket. But it was just out of reach. Maddeningly enough I could barely touch it with my fingertips. Inch by inch I began pulling up the lining of my pocket until I could grasp it. Holding it in my teeth I opened the blade. It dropped out of my nervous fingers. In a cold sweat I retrieved it, and made haste to slash that strap which held the pack saddle before any other disaster overtook me.

It was late afternoon by now and I was hungry. In the darkness I fumbled for the lunch pail and found it completely telescoped. Everything in it, except the top sandwich, was practically pulverized, and well mixed with coffee grounds. But it was food, and I was grateful for that. Hungrily I devoured two cold pancakes and a chocolate bar, as I waited for rescue. I had no way of knowing, of course, that at that precise moment, Otto and Sutherland, bruised and exhausted, were staggering away from me, on frost-bitten feet, down to the shelter cabin, having given me up for dead.

By the increased darkness I could tell, now, that night had

Styled in Hollywood



DISNEY hats are styled in Hollywood for men who consider becomingness in hats an important requirement of their wardrobe.

These DISNEY hats can be purchased at the stores throughout the country that are listed here.

DISNEY HATS

\$5 \$7.50 \$10 \$20

358 Fifth Avenue, New York





CALIFORNIA
Bell, Jack, Hollywood
Ross, Al, San Francisco
Bradley's, Huntington Park
Brooks Clothing Co., Pomona
Brooks Clothing Co., San Jose
Brooks Clothing Co., Santa Monica
Coronado, The, Coronado
Dine, Harry, Hollywood
Hale Bros., Sacramento
Harris Co., The, San Bernardino
Harris & Frank, Los Angeles
Harrison's, Bakersfield
McCauley's, Oakland
McGrath-Olson, Riverside
Sacks, Carl, Fresno
Vandermaast, Inc., Santa Ana
CONNECTICUT
Abramson, The Ben, Co., Hartford
COLORADO
Trifon's, Denver
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Lansburgh's, Washington
FLORIDA
City Hatters, Inc., Tampa
Southern Clothing Co., West Palm Beach
Thomas & Forsyth, Fort Lauderdale

ILLINOIS
Adam's Hat Shop, Chicago
Blustein, Hyman, Chicago
Bob's Men's Shop, Chicago
Brenner's Men's Wear, Chicago
Crystal Shirt Shop, Chicago
Denvir, John F. & Sons, Chicago
Dick's Men's Shop, Chicago
Fagman, Inc., Chicago
Fagman, Jack, Inc., Chicago
Frey's Toggery, Chicago
Golden Clothes Shop, Chicago
Grove Shops for Men, Chicago
Harris Bros., Chicago
Hurwitz Men's Shop, Chicago
Joe's Men's Wear, Chicago
Leonard, Jerry, Chicago
Majestic Men's Wear, Inc., (3 stores) Chicago
Majestic Men's Wear, Inc., Evanston
Mark's Store for Men, Blue Island
Oxford Men's Shop, Chicago
Pellet, Dave J., Chicago
Peter's Men's Shop, Chicago
Sam's Men's Shop, Chicago
Seaburg's Men's Wear, Chicago
Tobias, J. G. Co., Chicago
Turk, Matthew, Chicago

Wohl's, Chicago
INDIANA
Banta, John C., Muncie
Koenig & Maier, Evansville
Lester & Essex, Fort Wayne
Lindsay, E. E. & Co., Columbus
Perkins, Elbert Co., Lebanon
Woodfills, J. M. & Sons, Greensburg
IOWA
Abel & Son, Inc., Mason City
KANSAS
Model Clothing Co., Wichita
KENTUCKY
Angelucci & Ringo, Lexington
Ryan, Joe, Covington
LOUISIANA
Rubenstein Bros., New Orleans
MARYLAND
Hub, The, Baltimore
Kaplan's, Cumberland
MASSACHUSETTS
Bray's, Inc., Pittsfield
Chamberlain, F. H. & Co., (2 stores) Boston
Ellis-Reinberg Co., Malden
Goff's Men's Shop, Worcester
Linehan's, Brockton

Riseberg's, Marlboro
Talbot-Quincy, Quincy
MICHIGAN
Alex & Alex, Detroit
Alexander's Men's Shop, Detroit
Edward's, Detroit
Fletcher's Store for Men, Grand Rapids
Henry The Hatter, (2 stores) Detroit
Johnson, L. H. Co., Detroit
Le Clair, Detroit
Olen & Wein, Detroit
Palmer's Men's Wear, Detroit
Teedeckl, W. H. Co., Inc., Hamtramck
Thomas & Forsyth, Detroit
MINNESOTA
Chais-Copley, St. Paul
MISSISSIPPI
Hind's Bros., Tupelo
MISSOURI
President Shirt Shops, Inc., Kansas City
Wolff, Constant, Kansas City
NEW JERSEY
Granet, Sam, Newark
Hahne & Co., Newark
Men's Shop, The, New Brunswick

NEVADA
Paterson's, Reno
NEW YORK
Adam, Meldrum & Anderson, B'ho
Alport Hats, Manhattan
Blik's, Manhattan
Boyd, Paul Ltd., Brooklyn
Brown, Burt, Brooklyn
Disney, Inc., Manhattan
Epstein, Ben, Brooklyn
Gimbel Bros., Manhattan
Glover, Clark H., Lockport
Hall-Covel, Rochester
Jack & Mack, Brooklyn
Jo-Dan (Mate & Katz), Brooklyn
Sisson, B. F. Co., Syracuse
NEW MEXICO
Spitzmesser, C. H., Albuquerque
NORTH CAROLINA
Chesson's, Rocky Mt.
Cross & Sons, Salisbury
Miller-Bishop Co., Durham
Royer's, Asheville
OHIO
Baker, B. R. Co., Toledo
Brown Hat Shop, Cleveland
Cornell Clothing Co., Newark
Dunhill's, Dayton
Henry the Hatter, Cincinnati
Herbruck, W. C. Co., Canton
Nat's Natty Shoppe, Lorain
Polisky, A. Co., Akron
Ratner, Ben, Columbus
Squire Shop, The, Youngstown
OKLAHOMA
Brenner's Men's Shop, Tulsa
Park's, Oklahoma City
OREGON
Bishop Woolen Mills Co., Salem
Sugarman, K., Klamath Falls
PENNSYLVANIA
Carlson, John, Inc., Philadelphia
London Shop, The, Reading
Pomeroy's, Inc., Harrisburg
Sitterley Co., The, Pittsburgh
RHODE ISLAND
Anholt, Jack, Providence
Outlet, The, Providence
TENNESSEE
Bacherig, Sam, Memphis
Koblenz, Chattanooga
Mallene-Huddleston Shop, Nashville
Woods-Taylor-Cox, Knoxville
TEXAS
Adolphus Men's Shop, Dallas
Davis, A. Co., Fort Worth
Farris, John A., Corpus Christi
Gillis Men's Shop, Marshall
Hutchins Bros., San Antonio
Kyle-Lyons, Beaumont
Lowich, A., Clother, Waco
Reed, Caleb, Abilene
Rolle Jewett & Beck, Houston
Walton's, Lubbock
Wilson D. G. Co., Midland
Ziegler's Man Shop, Longview
VIRGINIA
Jones-Rosenstock, Petersburg
Miller & Rhoads, Richmond
WEST VIRGINIA
Dunhill's, Huntington
Men's & Boys Shop, Charleston
Schaeffer & Brannen, Wheeling
WISCONSIN
Gimbel Bros., Milwaukee
Karsten's, Madison
Wardrobe, The (Harry B. Hollenbeck)

fallen. I remember, once, taking out my watch to look at the time. I couldn't see the dial. I tried striking a match but there wasn't enough oxygen to burn. I held the watch to my ears and discovered it had stopped ticking. By that I knew it must be some time after eight-thirty, for every night, regular as the work whistle, I wound my watch at eight-thirty. I wound it now, from force of habit, and returned it to my pocket. There was something companionable about its ticking.

My hands were cold as ice. Again I dropped my knife, and one of my paddles in the darkness and never was able to find them. After that I made it a practice, when I stopped to rest, of sticking my remaining paddle upright in the snow, close to my right knee, where I could reach down at any time and touch it. If I lost that, I lost my one slim chance to pull through.

My feet were soaking wet, and laboriously I took off my shoes and wrung the water from my sox. But my hands were so numb I had difficulty in getting them back on. I decided not to risk that again.

I was suffering, too, from thirst. My lips were dry and chapped. I scraped ahead of me for clean snow, snow which had not come in contact with my oilskins, streaked with silt from the mine. I tried chewing the snow but that brought little satisfaction. I held it under my tongue and let it melt gradually. That was better. The lunch I ate slowly, at intervals, whenever I was hungry. I wasn't particularly saving of it. I needed energy for digging. And warmth. Besides, I expected help would come long before the food was gone. It wasn't until I had scraped the last crumb from the bottom of the pail that I was to regret this.

In spite of my hopes of rescue I kept right on digging. Day and night I kept at it, scraping slowly away at those frozen walls, inching my way, like a mole, nearer and nearer to the surface. In all I tunneled fifteen feet with that scrap of broken wood. But there were still six feet to go when my strength finally failed. Six feet—about the length and depth of a grave.

The snow had packed so solidly it made the going difficult. Instead of scooping out handfuls at a time, as you might suppose, I had to chip it away, particle by particle. It was like the ice which forms in an electric refrigerator. And as I worked I kept hearing, at intervals, that now familiar Pack-Tamp. Every time I would stop and prick up my ears, thinking that *this* time it might be the sound of a shovel. It never was.

Monday morning came and I was still digging. Lying on my stomach, propped up on one elbow, I would scrape the snow away in front of me, pack it down beneath me, and wriggle forward an inch at a time. Never at any time was my cell as large, nor as commodious, as a Pullman berth.

There was barely room to turn over, never enough to sit erect. I couldn't spare the strength for a single stroke which was not carrying me forward and upward. Breathing was too difficult.

Monday afternoon dragged by. Sutherland had reached Sitka by this time, still suffering from shock and exposure, but intent on getting a rescue party organized to recover my body. As the siren sounded the alarm, men and women rushed from their homes and their shops to hear what had happened. There, in the town center, Sutherland told of the snow slide which had taken the life of one, threatened the lives of two others. He told of that first slide in which Otto and I had disappeared completely. He, himself, had been buried all but two fingertips. Those saved his life and Otto's. With them he clawed himself free just before he was on the point of losing consciousness. Otto's hand he could feel on his foot. He was out like a light. It took two hours and three-quarters for them to dig themselves free. Then they started looking for me. Otto claims he heard my voice. Later they weren't so sure about that. But just as they were going to my rescue the second avalanche caught them. This time it knocked them some distance down the canyon. Sutherland was thrown free, but all that showed of Otto was one arm, sticking out of the snow like a sign post. It was dark before they had dug out again. Their feet were frostbitten and unless they got down to the cabin, quickly, they would freeze to death where they stood. By that time, too, there was no hope that I had survived. Otto was still in bad condition but Sutherland, in spite of his bruises and exhaustion, had to sound the alarm, so that my body could be recovered, and a telegram sent to my mother. That telegram, by the way, telling of my untimely death, reached Mother as she was trimming the Christmas tree.

In the meantime, then, while U. S. Commissioner Bahrt was hustling together provisions and men to retrieve the corpse, and while the wheels of the presses were grinding out that story before you with its screaming headlines, "Sitka Man Loses Life in Snow Slide. Alaskan Buried Alive in Snow. Two Others Escape," "the body" was devouring the last unsavory cold pancake, underneath twenty-one feet of snow.

I had been buried now for thirty-six hours and my strength was beginning to wane. I seemed to tire so easily. Each stroke was so much more of an effort. And my feet were by now so numb that I had to stop frequently to rub them against each other to stir up the sluggish circulation. They became sore and bruised from so much rubbing. My hands were troubling me, too. The cold was creeping slowly up my arm, like mercury in a thermometer. It would be only a question of time before I could no longer hold the paddle. And there was a sore on

Continued on page 154

MARTELL

COGNAC Brandy



For over 200 years —
the Gentleman's Choice

Produced by the same family since 1715, the uniform high quality of Martell makes it the Cognac of connoisseurs throughout the world.



84 PROOF

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

THE Pace-Setter Suit!

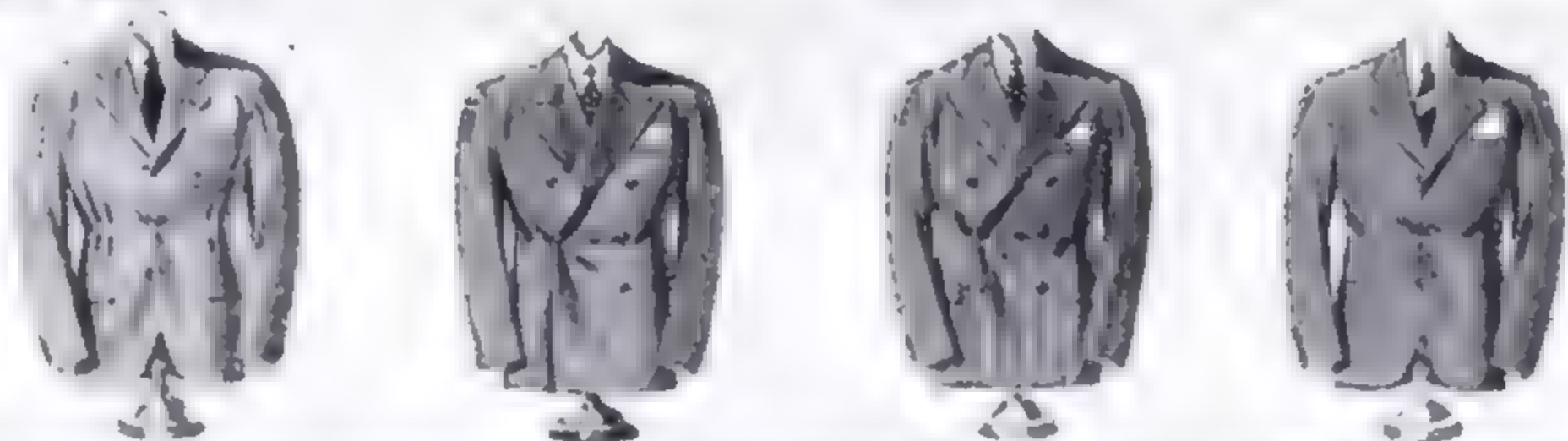


A WINNER

for well-dressed
men with thrifty
ideas . .

Make way for fashion's favorite for 1939—the "Pace-Setter" Suit! Your \$25 now buys greater clothing value than ever before—and that's no idle boast! The quality-dominance of the "Pace-Setter" is apparent even at first glance. You'll see this higher quality plainly mirrored in the rich, 100% all-wool fabrics—in the striking new styles—in the full harmony trim, which means matching linings thru-out—in the Talon trouser fasteners—and for extra good measure, the second pair of trousers included at no extra cost. Slip into a new "Pace-Setter" Suit today—it's the best spring tonic you can take. At leading retailers, or write for name of store nearest you. Raleigh Manufacturers, Inc. McCormick Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

\$25⁰⁰
TWO-TROUSERS



The **PACE-SETTER**
BY Raleigh

Reported Dead

Continued from pages 39-151-153

my elbow from constant pressure in the snow.

About this time I became aware of a new danger. I found I was growing sleepy. The temptation to doze was hard to resist. But the moment I succumbed and slept, I knew the race was lost. There would be no awakening on this earth. Doggedly I kept pecking away with my paddle, and somehow the night passed, and Tuesday morning dawned. I had been buried now for forty-eight hours. Two days and two nights. And the strain was beginning to tell. I began having hallucinations. I closed my eyes, for a moment, and when I opened them I seemed to be in a large cavern with a domed roof. Excitedly I raised my paddle towards the roof to make sure I wasn't dreaming. It hit the snow a few inches above my head. I couldn't believe it. It was all so clear. Even to that crack which straggled across the dome.

Wearily I closed my eyes again. I opened them to find the cave still there, only larger now and hung with glittering festoons. It was all amazingly beautiful—only none of it was there! I kept telling myself it wasn't true. That if I closed my eyes, and opened them suddenly the vision would vanish. I tried this trick. The dome was still there. I told myself I would not look for that crack, and promptly peered over my shoulder. I groaned when I saw it. Feebly I picked up my paddle and made another stab at the snow.

It must have been almost noon, on Tuesday, when I finally dropped off to sleep. What was the use, anyway? After all, why shouldn't I give in and sleep? Otto and Sutherland must both have been buried in the last slide or surely they would have found me before this. Freezing to death was a painless end, I had always understood. Trying to keep from freezing was the painful part. Why prolong the struggle? All I need do was close my eyes and drift off to sleep. To be sure it would make a liar of that fortuneteller. I wondered if he would ever know that the joke had been on him.

I opened my eyes for one last look around. Somehow that crack in the ceiling obsessed me. I wondered, crazily, if that was the crack of doom you're always hearing about. I stole a final look over my shoulder. There it was, all right, widening as I watched, inviting my soul into the next world.

With a shrug I gave up, and settled myself to sleep. The last sound in my ears was that far-away PACK-TAMP; PACK-T—. No, By Golly, it wasn't tamp. There was a ringing sound this time—the sound a shovel makes when it strikes a rock.

For a moment my heart stopped beating. I tried not to believe my ears. Like my eyes, they were playing tricks on me. Soon I'd be hearing heavenly music. But there

it went again. The sound was certainly different. And it came with regularity, too. Instead of a PACK it was more of a CHUNK, like the noise of a shovel being thrust into a drift, followed by a sucking sound when it is withdrawn.

Suddenly I raised my voice in a shout. Even to my own ears it sounded feeble. I wasn't surprised there was no response. Later I was told that I had been heard by one of the men in the rescue crew who thought another worker was calling to him. My heart was thumping with excitement and a new burst of energy seized me. Grabbing my paddle I began to dig like mad, but back, now, in the direction from which I had come. Once in my tunneling I had started off to the left, then, thinking better of it, I had changed direction. That niche was still there and, by doubling myself up like a jackknife I was able to turn around and work in the opposite direction. For the men I could hear were directly on my trail. They told me later they had come across one of my black hairs in the snow.

The sound of digging grew plainer and plainer and it was becoming so light I expected daylight to burst through at any moment.

All at once I ducked back—just as a great brown shovel scrunched down, less than a foot in front of my face. When it was withdrawn an opening appeared through which the sunlight streamed. With my stocking cap in one hand, my paddle in the other, I thrust my face through that opening, grinning from ear to ear.

"Gee, Fellows," I said to the two men standing there, shovels stopped in mid-air, "I'm sure glad to see you."

For a moment they stood frozen in their tracks. Looking for a corpse, you could have knocked them over with a snowflake when I crawled through that opening under my own steam. Then one of them dropped his shovel and shouted,

"My God, men, Fred's alive! Fred's alive!"

I can still see the blue of that Alaskan sky, flecked with fleecy white clouds. Off in the distance the sun was shining on Sitka Bay and on the red tile roof of the Pioneer Home across the Sound. And I thought, "What a perfect day for a resurrection!"

Ten men had been digging for four hours before they found me. Sutherland was directing the work. With wooden pegs he had outlined a circle fifty feet in diameter. Somewhere in that circle, he said, they would find me. He was one hundred per cent right, for they found me exactly in the center.

I thought I could walk down to the shelter cabin, supported on either arm, but when I tried to stand my feet buckled under me, and I had to be carried down in

an Arctic sled. For sixteen hours those men worked over me, in shifts, to restore circulation to my hands and feet. Then they took me down to the hospital in Sitka.

* * *

"Were you very ill?" I asked.

The Woman in Buffalo

Continued from page 51

quietly. "I can understand him." "Oh, my God," he said. "He slops all over the place and you fall for it. My God."

Her face became hard. "Do you know, George," she said, "in many respects you're the most insensitive of men. Did you ever realize there are phases of human behavior to which you might be totally blind? If you stopped to understand him, perhaps you wouldn't be so smug."

He blinked at her.

"Now what the dickens does a remark like that mean?" he asked.

She opened the door and left without another word.

"Aw, nuts!" Dr. Hayman said, alone in the room.

He pulled off his clothes and determined savagely not to worry his head over Verlucian any longer. The composer was simply an overgrown adolescent, putting on this sickly show because he was genius on fire and because he wanted sympathy from Elsa. There were kids who liked to have women weep over them. Dr. Hayman didn't know why and he told himself he didn't care. He rolled into bed, fixed the blankets and commanded himself to go to sleep. He remained wide awake. It was humiliating.

For a long time he lay rigid in bed, his mind revolving around the possibilities. Growing more and more suspicious in the dark, he asked himself disturbing questions and wondered whether he could be sure he knew the answers. How exactly had it happened for Verlucian to be spending the night here at his home? What had Elsa seen of him on her visits to her sister in Buffalo? Why had she insisted tonight on sleeping on the office cot? Could it be at all possible that Elsa was the woman in Buffalo? My God, Dr. Hayman thought, if it was true, what in the world could she see in Verlucian? If it was true, people were completely unpredictable. Then Dr. Hayman entered a stage where he began to doubt himself. Maybe Elsa was altogether unhappy with him. Her simplest remarks became enigmatic to him now and a good many of the things she had said easily took on significant meanings. Maybe the composer wasn't such a jackass. Women might actually go crazy over him, over his captivating music, his throbbing, tragic hocus-pocus. Maybe a man like Verlucian meant more to women than Dr. Hayman could possibly imagine. Lying in bed, he perspired and told himself he just didn't know. Maybe people were more complicated and stranger than he had ever dreamed.

Suddenly he stopped breathing.

Fred's eyes twinkled merrily. "I didn't even have the sniffles," he confessed laughingly, "that is until my last three days in the hospital on the coast. I caught a helluva cold from the sick people there." #

The guest room door had opened and now he heard Verlucian walking in the hall outside. Before, it had been simple speculation. Now it was fact, Dr. Hayman couldn't move in the bed. It was as though everything but his brain was paralyzed. He thought swiftly of such things as murder, courtrooms, jail and electrocution, but what dismayed him—what left him stiff and gasping—was a rush of helplessness. If such things could actually happen, then Dr. Hayman knew he could never trust himself to understand anything again. Weak with uncertainty and despair, he managed to get out of bed. He opened his door, stepped with naked feet into the hall.

It was Verlucian. Going gingerly down the steps, he was striking matches before him to light the way. Dr. Hayman couldn't believe his eyes at the sight of him. The composer wore a bathrobe over his pajamas, but, in addition, he had his hat on his head and a muffler around his throat. In his bewilderment at such a moment, Dr. Hayman had to keep himself from crying outright. He couldn't understand it at all and felt more helpless than ever. Then when Verlucian reached the bottom of the steps, instead of going into the office to the right, the composer was fumbling with the lock on the front door. He walked outside. It was weird.

Dr. Hayman didn't know what to do. He hurried to the hall window, opened it, and stuck his head outside. He could see Verlucian in the darkness, stumbling over the lawn until he came to the living room side. There the composer bent down and then began groping busily in the snow. He seemed completely absorbed in whatever it was he was doing. Dr. Hayman was growing panicky with bewilderment until he finally remembered the silver Verlucian had tossed out of the window so recklessly, so heartbrokenly.

"Aw, nuts," Dr. Hayman sighed with great relief and he softly closed the window.

As if by magic, all his doubts left him at once. He walked back to his bed, calmly rubbed the soles of his feet with his hand to avoid dirtying the sheets, and then pulled the blankets over him. He didn't hate Verlucian now. In spite of everything, the composer was human, just like everybody else, and it was a great comfort to Dr. Hayman to know it. He turned over on his side, feeling sure with himself again but also a little foolish. It was a pity, he thought, that he would never be able to bring himself to tell the story to his wife. In a minute he was asleep. #



Wembley Cravats

Priestley's
IMPORTED
NOR-EAST
NON-CRUSH



Cool Pacific greens, rich Coral tones, Natural Tans and startling blends give to Nor-East Non-Crush ties all of the color and smartness of the Easter Parade. And whether you prefer harmony or contrast in your neckties you'll find Nor-East especially designed to suit your taste.

\$1

Wembley Silk Ties

Now, see what the makers of Nor-East Ties have done with Silks. New and amazing touches in patterns and design . . . brilliant color harmonies and color contrasts offer you high fashion in tie fashion.

Wembley, Inc.

NEW ORLEANS

Copyright 1938 by Wembley, Inc.

THE LINE OF CREASE RESISTANCE



Gossip from the Desert

Continued from page 52

had no objection when I as his master took the higher seat on another chair. He simply assumed that there were various ways of sitting on this baffling object.

It was toward sunset and my room was facing the Barada River. Just across the bridge only a few hundred feet away was a movie theatre and a blaring loudspeaker threw an Arabian announcement of the forthcoming night show upon the ears of the ancient city. Fulan sat at the window with an enraptured expression on his face, observing this strange world.

"What a man! What a man!" he kept muttering to himself as I occupied myself unpacking my bags and straightening my possessions. I asked him whom he meant. He thought me very stupid. "Oh, can't you hear his loud voice? What a giant he must be in that house over there!"

It was almost time to put the light on in my darkening room, so I stepped on a chair and unscrewed the lamp from its socket enough so that it would not light when I touched the switch. Without Fulan's noticing me, I put on the switch and a few minutes later stepped on the chair again, and with a slight turn of the bulb the light went on. Fulan left his seat at the window in bewilderment and asked me to do it again. As

this simple trick was repeated, he marveled that my hand did not get burned. I had him perform the feat himself and he was delighted with this play for an hour or so.

Next day I took him to the bazaar, and he suddenly exclaimed, "Here are some eggs of light!" He was standing beside a basket filled with cheap Japanese bulbs, and he asked the proprietor of the shop to quote him a price for a dozen. He had the idea that all he had to do was screw these globes into sand or nail them into the tent posts and they would give light.

After I had returned with Fulan from Damascus to the desert, we were coming with the Ruala to the edge of the Harra (volcanic) desert. I was alone one morning riding on my mare and approaching a low range of hills. Leaving my horse behind with her feet hobbled, I climbed into the rocks. Coming around the edge of a boulder I suddenly saw the flash of a shadow pass me only a few feet away. We were in enemy country, as all this rock and stone desert is not liked by the camel-breeding tribes to which I belonged. I was unarmed and had gone into the rocks only to climb to a higher position for a good view of our distant camp, because I planned to return in the afternoon with my camera in order to obtain some good shots.

A few minutes later I had regained my peace of mind, for nothing untoward had happened and I pacified myself with the thought that the shadow had been that of a large bird flying overhead. Trying to climb into the rocks again I noticed on my left a barren piece of ground covered with sand and on it the torn carcass of a black goat and 'round about the tracks of a panther. This showed me at once the danger I was in. It was not so much the panther I feared—wild animals are always afraid of their greatest enemy, man, more than he is of them—but the freshly killed goat indicated to me that our enemies, the sheep- and goat-raising Arabs, must be very close indeed.

I did not hesitate to begin my retreat back to camp to report my findings. But in another moment a man's figure appeared which proved to be Fulan. As I turned, a dark shadow appeared on a rock at my right. For a minute I was petrified with fear. I stood absolutely motionless, gazing only with fascinated eyes at the slowly moving shadow which at last took shape and revealed the form of a woman. At the same time a hand appeared, hesitatingly groping along the labyrinth. I reached forward and grasped this hand, crying to Fulan, "Mishael is here!"

I had recognized her from the ring she wore on her hand and the timid progress which betrayed the blindness that had been her misfortune for so many years. She was the mother of Fuaz, prince of the Ruala.

As I led her away she called to Fulan, "Don't kill the entha (female)."

"The entha?" asked Fulan. "How do you know it is a female panther?"

"Oh, I have known her for years and have just played with her two cubs."

I could say nothing. In spite of Mishael's almost unbelievable remarks, uppermost in my mind was the necessity for leading her out of danger. I took the old noblewoman to my horse, and after she had mounted the mare I led her back to camp.

Mishael is one of the few occult women among the Ruala. Her psychic powers are such that she plays with the wild animals of the desert—converses with them, as her people say. She has never been harmed, for these animals seem to sense with some instinct which we do not possess that she is a gentle spirit and not completely of our man-made world.

When Naim ibn Ubait of the Shararat tribe visited Amir Fuaz, Mishael again figured in a startling

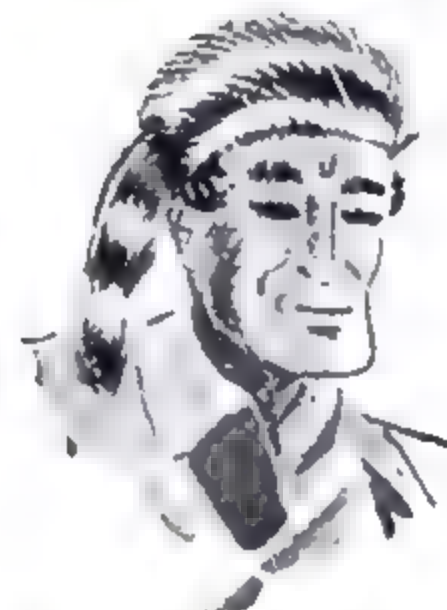
A Good HAT-I-TUDE† Has Always Been a Matter of Importance



BEAU BRUMMEL made the high silk hat standard sartorial equipment for dandies everywhere since his day.



NAPOLEON's little Corporal hat is far more renowned than the pastry which has been named after him.



DANIEL BOONE's famous coonskin hat, with its furry tail, lives again in the feminine vogue of today.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH captured the heart of Good Queen Bess with a gallant sweep of his fine plumed hat.

The Smart Modern Man Wears a LEE "Water-Bloc*" Hat



THE CAVALIER... a hat with extraordinary distinction. Wear it with a bit of a tilt and look as sophisticated as a foreign diplomat, \$5



THE WIDE BRIM... a man's hat. Note the strong, virile character of the new wider brim. The latest trend in hats \$5



THE SPONGE FINISH... a soft, thick, mossy fabric in a heather effect. A dapper new type of band circles the tapered crown . . . \$5



THE TYROL... authentic Tyrolean to the tip of the brush. A hat especially designed for the young Devil-May-Care \$5

It takes three times longer to make a hat by the LEE WATER-BLOC process than by ordinary methods. It is a patented process which makes felt hats rollable and foldable.

Look for the Water-Bloc label. Sold in fine men's stores everywhere. LEE also makes the famous AETNA Insured Hat—\$3.50

THE FRANK H. LEE CO., 358 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

†Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Courtesy of WALLACHS, New York



incident which betrayed her psychic powers beyond dispute or analysis.

Though Naim belonged to an enemy tribe of the Ruala, he was an honored guest, visiting Fuaz for the purpose of ascertaining the pedigrees and ownership of some race camels that had been stolen from the Shararat. During the morning session in the council of men of which I was a witness, Fuaz went behind the curtain of the women's part of the tent to have his lovelocks arranged by his mother, Mishael.

After some time Fuaz returned and reclined again on the camel saddle next to me. He said rather jokingly, "My mother just now remarked that I should beware of a black-faced guest who would attempt to murder me."

Of course we all knew that the blind Mishael was psychic, but we also knew that such a warning was unnecessary and contradictory to the desert code which would never permit a guest to murder his host. The only honored guests present were the Shararat chief and myself, and we both were white-skinned. I laughed with Fuaz about the remark.

But Naim, who had been idly listening, seemed to have little sense of humor, for he did not laugh. He silently rose from his camel saddle seat, and his face took on a fanatical expression as he gazed at Fuaz. A hush came over the assembly and everyone turned his head to the man Naim. As the silence pressed in upon him, he said, "Thou wilt have to answer for that, Prince Fuaz. Thou hast brought a great insult upon my head."

In Arabic, to bring insult upon one's head is literally to "blacken one's face" before others. Naim had drawn the unfortunate conclusion that Fuaz had purposely tried to insult him.

Fuaz without rising said, "My brother, thy face is white." He meant to establish two facts: There is no reason for me to insult you, who are my guest, and also you are not a Negro slave, which is what my mother indicated I should beware of.

Naim was stubbornly determined not to be appeased by his host's explanations in front of these witnesses, and his tongue slipped. "The old witch had better think first what she says."

One of the prince's slaves was on his feet instantly and had whipped out his Mauser pistol, ready to shoot Naim on the spot for this unheard-of discourtesy to the most honored woman among all the Ruala. But before the slave could fire the fatal shot, Fuaz had thrown himself over the man, and both slave and master fell to the ground. There was no struggle. Fuaz rose immediately, satisfied that he had prevented his servant from harmful action against his guest. The next moment Fuaz leaned back upon his camel saddle, not even brushing off his coat which was white with ashes from the coffee hearth against which he

had fallen. The slave picked up his gun and walked out of the tent.

Naim, the guest, stood indifferently until Fuaz motioned him to be seated and to forget the incident. Naim replied sternly, "Thou must answer for this with thy life." With that crisp edict, he too went from the tent. The impossible had happened, after all; the life of a guest had been threatened, though only by a slave and not by order of the chief.

Fuaz at once appointed his cousin Bender to follow Naim and apologize in the name of the prince. The council of men approved this course. By a strange coincidence Naim walked into Bender's tent next door, only fifty feet away, thus asking for the privileges of a guest. When Bender saw Naim walk into his domain he rushed back to our assembly, crying, "I cannot carry out my mission. I am now his host and protector, for he is entering my tent." And Bender was off with the speed of a hare to welcome his guest.

We all sat for a while with long faces, wondering what would happen now. Fuaz could have sent another relative or his chief slave to appease his enemy, but he was a prince of the desert and he had to show a certain amount of pride, especially in the council of men. The minutes winged by, and nothing more was done about the problem.

After a while Bender's slave nonchalantly swaggered into the tent and sat silently opposite Fuaz. The prince ordered the coffee cook to pass some of the bitter brew to the newly arrived guest. This was the signal for another round of coffee for all those present. The tense atmosphere was very real in spite of the politely causal air of the assembly. We all felt that the slave had been sent over for a serious purpose. Finally he addressed the prince with affected dignity.

"Sheikh Naim ibn Ubait challenges thee, Amir Fuaz, and has appointed his host, your cousin Bender, as his second."

Fuaz trembled slightly and all color was drained from his face as he replied with calm formality, "I thank my cousin Bender for the favor he is according his guest, and I shall this afternoon attend to the duty of appointing my own second."

Fuaz rose. His chief slave rose also like a shadow beside him, pulling up his shepherd's coat, brushing off the ashes and whispering something in his master's ear. Fuaz made a motion with his hands over the glowing coffee hearth, and the coffee slave obediently picked up a can of cold water and poured it over the hands of his chief. With his head turned in the opposite direction Fuaz said to the slave of Bender, "It seems that Sheikh Naim forgot to mention what weapon he prefers to employ."

This last comment and the action of washing his fingers were intended to show how indifferent Fuaz was to the whole situation,

Continued on page 158

HERE'S ONE SCANDAL A MAN LIKES TO GET INTO!

You'll like Scandals for their snug, buttonless fit (for which thanks to "Lastex" yarn). You'll like them for golf, for tennis, for riding, for dancing, for walking, for business wear. Scandals are tailored to the masculine anatomy, giving support where it is needed. "Lastex" yarn at the waist and leg openings, also in the concealed fly, makes Scandals the most comfortable shorts ever devised. In white or the new pastel shades.

U. S. PATENT NO. 2,140,459



At Furnishing and Department Stores Everywhere

Brief-Model Scandals . . . 50c	*"Celanese" Jersanese Rayon Scandals \$1
Cool Mesh-Fabric Scandals . . . 50c and 75c	Athletic Shirts 50c
Thigh-Length Scandals . . . 50c and 75c	Short-Sleeve Shirts . . . 75c
*"Celanese" Pique Rayon Scandals 75c	*"Celanese" Jersanese Rayon Shirts \$1

Scandals made with "Lastex" yarn in various applications



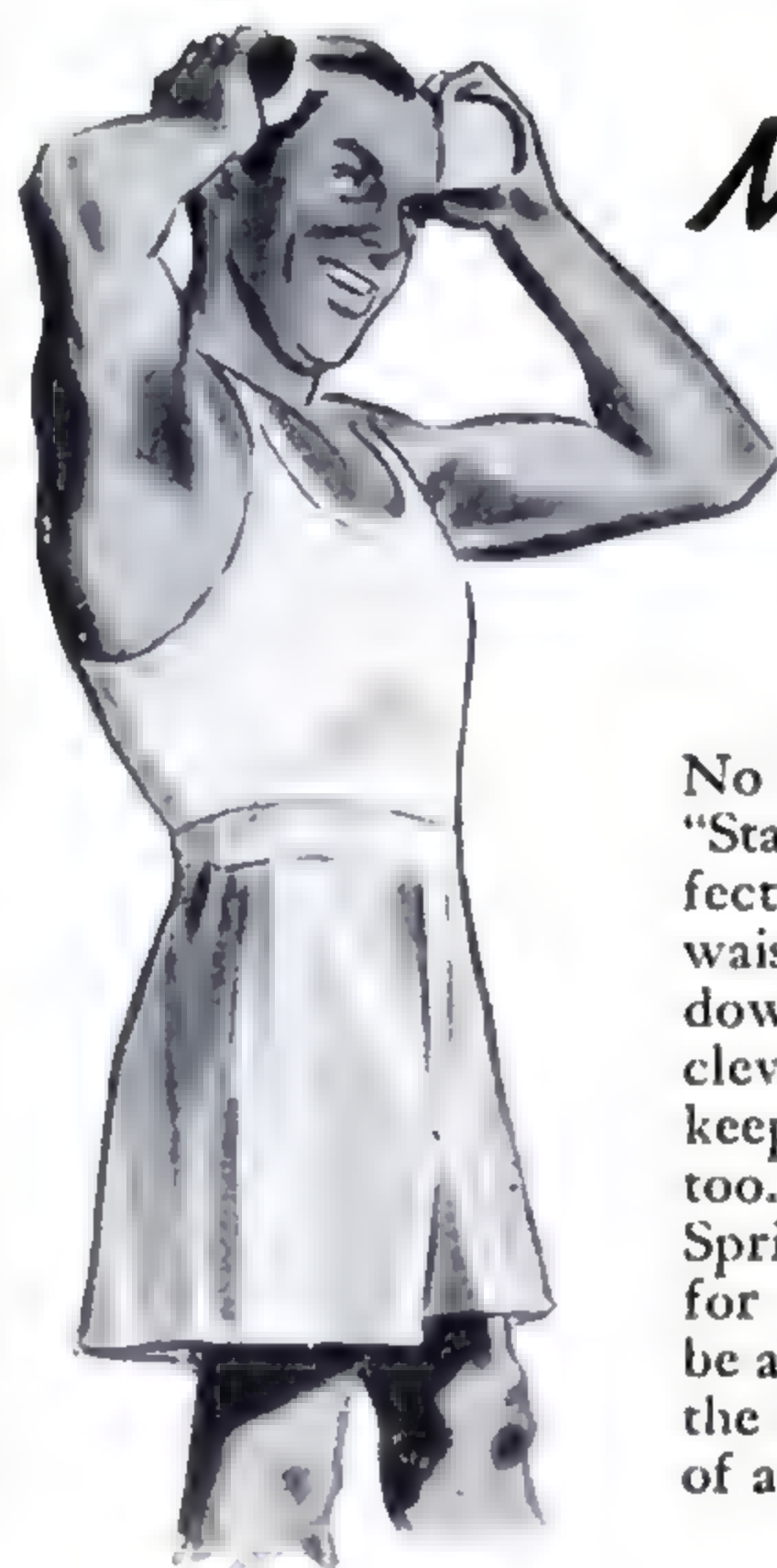
Now A NEW LOW PRICE FOR



"STA-PUT" SHORTS

U. S. PAT. NO. 2,128,876

No buttons to fumble with. Just slip into Reiss "Sta-Put" Shorts and they're on. Perfect fit—perfect comfort—thanks to "Lastex" yarn in the waistband. Increasing sales have brought the price down to only 50c. And "Sta-Put" Shirts, with a clever inlay of "Lastex" yarn at the bottom, to keep them from riding up, are only 50c a copy, too. Time to change into Reiss underwear for Spring and Summer. Time to change old ideas for new. That's why "Lastex" yarn is getting to be a "must have" in the man's wardrobe. Ask for the advantages of "Lastex" in choosing any type of apparel for man, woman or child.



*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. CELANESE CORP. OF AMER.

Lastex

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

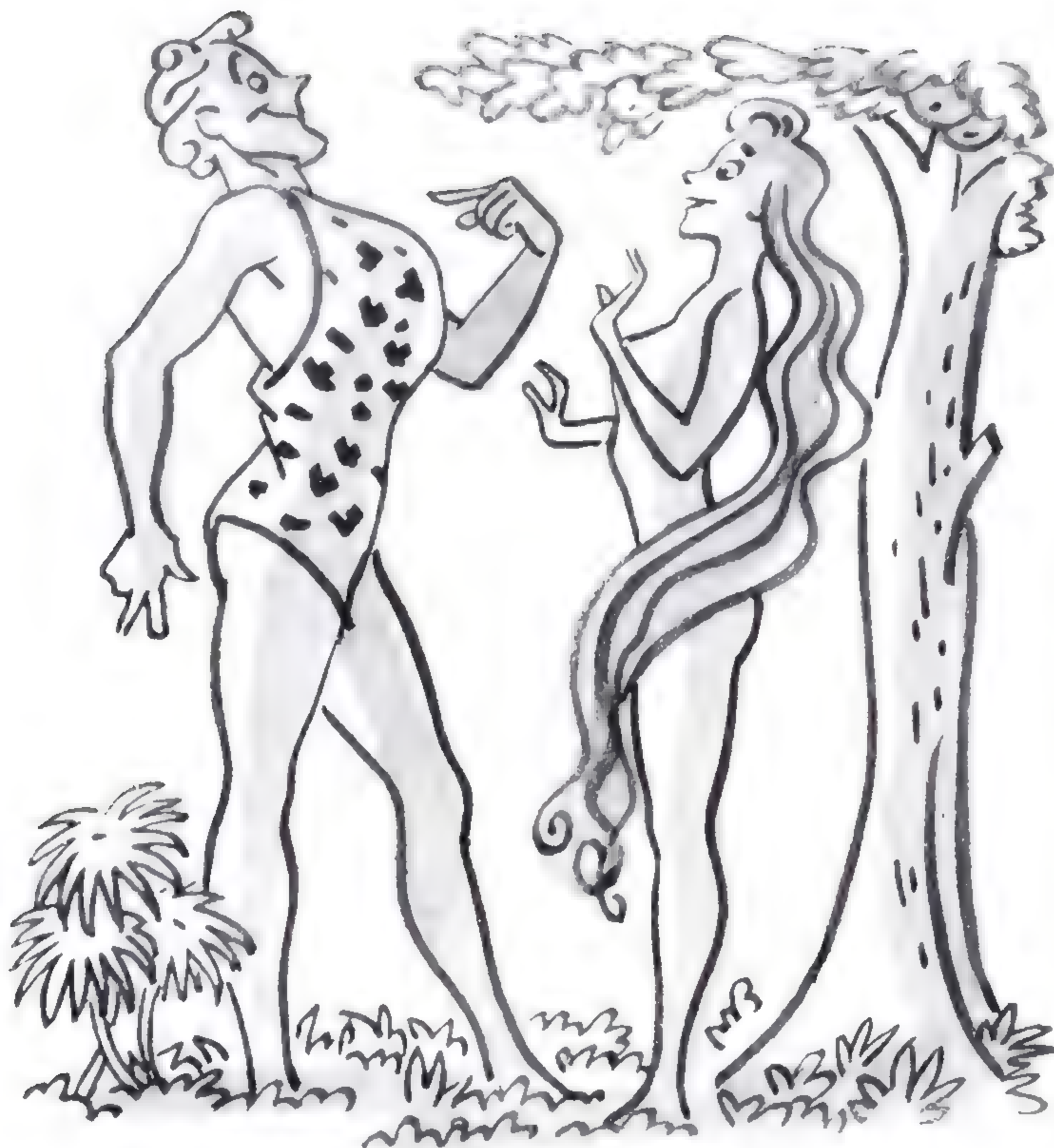
THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

An elastic yarn manufactured by Rubber Company, 1790



exclusively by United States Broadway, New York City





even before men wore shirts

— women gave lots of good advice on men's attire

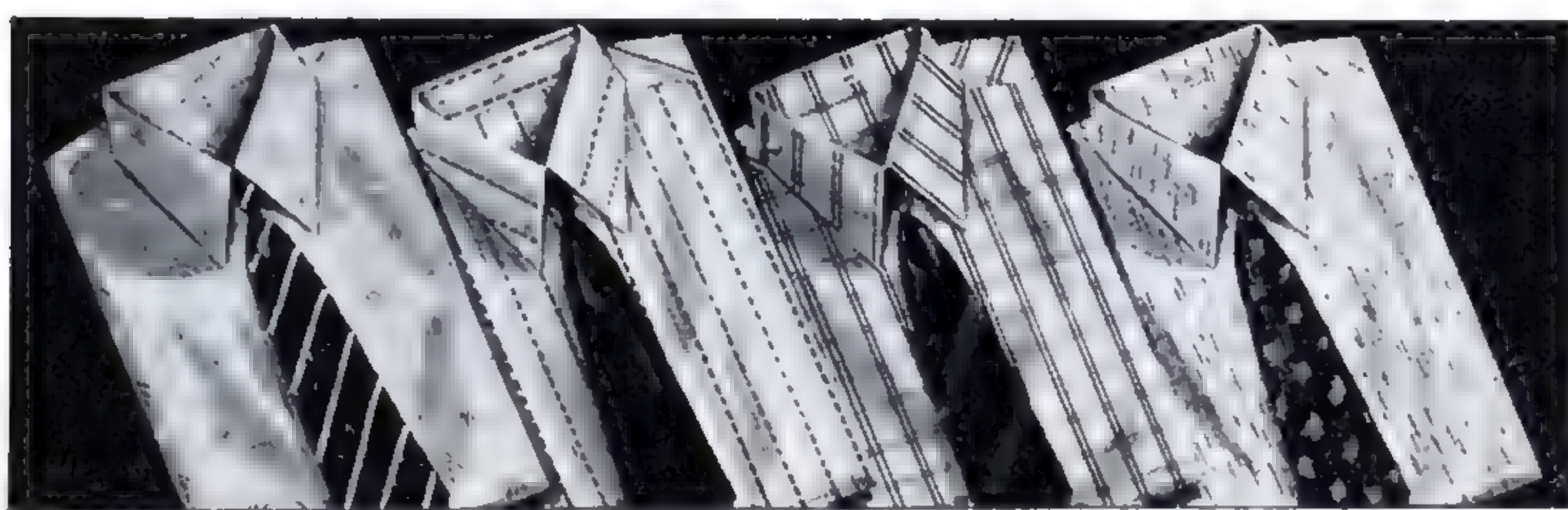
AND TODAY, gentlemen, while we don't suggest that the ladies dictate what you should wear, we do believe that if you asked them about shirts, they'd invariably recommend Fruit-of-the-Loom Shirts. Because women know fabrics, and to generations of women the Fruit-of-the-Loom label has meant a quality fabric, a material they can trust.

And as to Style—you've never seen anything smarter or more handsomely tailored. What's more, they're SANFORIZED against shrinkage. Which means you'll enthuse over them long after they've been laundered countless times. Available in distinctive fast-color patterns, all-white and plain shades — and sold with a MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

ECLIPSE-NEEDLES CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

\$1.65

EACH



FRUIT OF THE LOOM SHIRTS

Tailored by Needles

P. S.— and for the last word in Nightwear—

FRUIT-of-the-LOOM PAJAMAS

FAIRMOUNT \$1.65 ROYAL FABRIC \$2.00

Gossip from the Desert

Continued from pages 52-157

which in truth was a matter of life and death. Bender's slave rose and courteously departed.

None of us saw Fuaz again until the next morning. But during the night it was whispered in the council of men that Khalid, another cousin of Fuaz, had been chosen to be the second and that Naim had presented his conditions. The duel was to be carried out on horseback with a full round of rifle shots. Immediately after sunrise Fuaz' chief slave was to ride with a falcon on his wrist to a hillock less than half a mile away from camp. At the same time Fuaz with his aide and Naim with his man were to ride in opposite directions; that is, north and south (away from the tents). When the chief slave would release the falcon upon reaching the hillock, it would indicate to the two men that they must then ride against each other and shoot it out. It had been estimated by the experts that at this time the distance between the two opponents would be five hundred paces.

I must admit that I hardly slept that night, and I doubt if anyone else in camp did. We all tried to appear very calm, but we walked restlessly out into the dark from our tents. Long before sunrise the coffee pots were boiling; smoke rose from all the tents in the still morning air, and as far as the eye could see, people were stirring and horses and camels were being saddled. Orders had been given that the camp was not going to move that day to new pastures and rain pools as is the usual custom each morning.

I saw Mishael, Fuaz' mother, walking busily about her tent. Naturally I felt that she, more than anyone else, would be concerned with the fate of her son. When at last Fuaz came to join us for this unusually early breakfast, I whispered to him, "Shall I take care of your mother while you ride against Naim?"

"Oh, no," he cried, "she knows nothing about it, and I beg you not to let her know."

"Doesn't she realize from the commotion that something untoward is happening?"

"No," he answered. "We told her that we are going to hunt with our falcons this morning."

It was during breakfast that the sun rose and illuminated the fateful hill with its soft morning glow. A few minutes later the whole desert was bathed in light.

Fuaz mounted his mare and took his rifle in hand. His cousin Khalid also readied himself, unshackled the hobbles from his mare and led her over next to Fuaz. In the adjoining tent Naim was donning his shepherd's coat, and Bender was leading up his own two best mares.

Fuaz' chief slave galloped toward the hill with the falcon balanced on his uplifted arm. I saw that the fatal moment was about to arrive, and I hurried over to

Fuaz to press his hand in farewell, forgetting that Bedouins never say good-bye. Fuaz was even then jabbing his heels into the sides of his mare, which leapt forward at a full gallop and headed south. Hearing commotion near the neighboring tent, I saw Naim and Bender cantering more leisurely to the north.

The chief slave neared the hillock in front of us. There he released the falcon which we had expected to soar back to camp, but instead it circled over the same spot. A moment later I noticed the riders turn their horses about and gallop toward each other. Khalid and Bender as aides gradually dropped behind, and the two adversaries raced on alone to meet one another. At the distance already agreed upon—five hundred paces—they opened fire. Coincidentally, at the moment of the first shot, the falcon rushed toward Fuaz and swished past his face. From where we stood it looked as if the bird had actually touched the rider. To our utter surprise only one more shot was fired by Naim, and none by Fuaz who tumbled from his horse, apparently mortally wounded.

He remained crumpled upon the ground just as he had fallen. Many of us mounted our horses and galloped wildly to the scene. The only unconcerned man was Naim, who cantered over to Bender's tent, changed his horse for his race camel and rode off toward the pasture.

In the meantime we reached the prostrate form of Fuaz. The chief slave and Khalid turned him over. As I swung from the back of my mare I was able to see at close range that Fuaz' face was covered with blood.

"He is dead," everyone was crying out. "Naim killed him!"

I took the victim's head veil and hastily wiped his brow, which was thick with blood. But to my amazement I found only two small scratches which were bleeding profusely. Neither seemed serious. There was a long scratch on the scalp above the forehead and a slight injury to the skin under the left eye; from this I removed a splinter of wood. I turned my head to the excited and steadily increasing crowd of riders and said, "I do not think he is dead but only unconscious from his fall. I believe that the bullet rebounded from the shaft of his gun and the splinter struck below his eye; the bullet grazed his scalp."

We took Fuaz back to his tent where he regained consciousness some time later. His first motion was to lift his hand automatically to his forehead. I tried to hold his arm. "Don't touch your head. I have bandaged it, but there is no need to worry. It is not serious."

"I am not worrying about that," he said. "I lost something. I lost my amulet."

"Amulet?"

His eyes searched the group of

Continued on page 163



LORD CALVERT AND SODA AT THE CLUB

PAINTED BY LESLIE SAALBURG

LORD CALVERT...THE MOST EXPENSIVE WHISKEY BLENDED IN AMERICA

A superlatively smooth and mellow whiskey, "Custom-Blended" for the enjoyment of the connoisseur. It can, of course, be produced only in limited quantity. Each bottle is, therefore, numbered and recorded at the distillery by Calvert.

Bottled at 86.8 Proof. Copr. 1939 Calvert Distillers Corp., Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C. Lord Calvert "Custom-Blended" Whiskey—86.8 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four or more years old. 30% straight whiskies; 5% other whiskey, 18 years old; 65% grain neutral spirits. 20% straight whiskies four years old, 10% straight whiskies 10 years old, 5% other whiskey 18 years old.



A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

Upper left: The thumb stick for informal country use. It varies from 53 to 57 inches. Center: For upland shooting, fishing, walking, golf and spectator country wear, the knicker breech suit in Lovat Glen plaid, worn with the new Crotal porkpie hat, flannel shirt, wool plaid tie, field color knitted stockings and black Norwegian brogue shoes.

Right: For shooting, fishing and spectator country wear during wet weather, the lightweight sand color overall rain suit consisting of trousers and fingertip length coat worn over country clothes. Note the rough tweed cap.

Lower left: The new riding combination suit, photographed in England, suitable for riding and spectator wear at country horse shows and sporting events. The trousers are cut almost like regular trousers, and the jacket has long side vents and flap pockets. Blue stock and bowler hat are worn. Note the spurs on the shoes.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



LET'S SPEAK OF VALUE BENEATH THE STYLE

ASKED to name the one car responsible for today's handsome designs, most people would say Lincoln-Zephyr. They would be right. The influence of this car has been great. It ushered in a new style era—started the trend in the new direction!

But ask more than 65,000 Lincoln-Zephyr owners which feature of their automobile they most admire, and "style" will not predominate. This group, perhaps the most enthusiastic ever loyal to one car, values the Lincoln-Zephyr for its combination of features unique among all cars! Owners understand by personal experience *value beneath the style!*

From the beginning, the Lincoln-Zephyr has pioneered. The first forward-looking feature that set the car apart was the unit-body-and-frame. In all closed types there is no chassis, as that term is understood. Body and frame are a unit—a framework of steel trusses to which steel panels are welded. The results are efficient, economical operation, and great safety. These trusses have the rigid qualities of a bridge of steel.

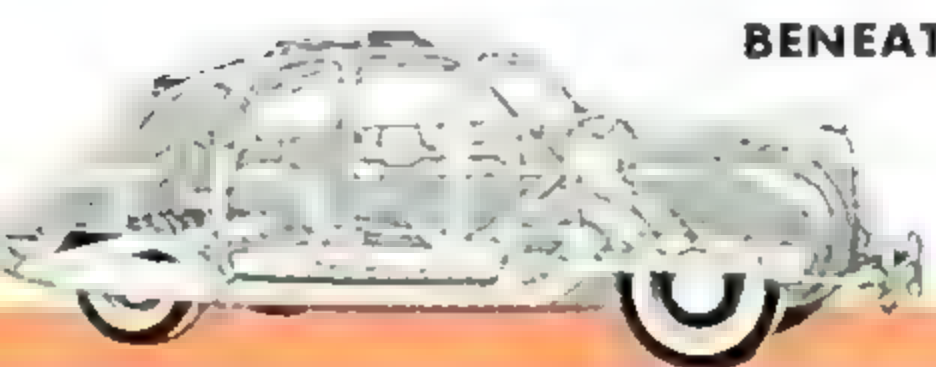
From the beginning, the Lincoln-Zephyr has been the only car at medium price to offer the smooth, sure performance of a V-type 12-cylinder engine. This "twelve" proved that

great power and economy could go hand in hand. Owners report 14 to 18 miles per gallon!

And, from the first, the Lincoln-Zephyr has been an easy car to ride in and to drive. Many factors contribute to comfort and sense of security: the distribution of car and passenger weight "amidships" . . . low center of gravity . . . soft transverse springs . . . roomy interiors . . . high visibility . . . hydraulic brakes. These, too, are a part of the sound value that lies beneath the Lincoln-Zephyr's startling beauty.

Why not join those who enjoy a car modern in *all* its ways? Lincoln Motor Company—division of Ford Motor Company.

BENEATH ITS OUTWARD BEAUTY



A combination of features that makes it the only car of its kind.
1. Unit-body-and-frame—steel panels welded to steel trusses.
2. V-type 12-cylinder engine—smooth, quiet power. 3. 14 to 18 miles to the gallon. 4. High power-to-weight ratio—low center of gravity. 5. Comfort for six, "amidships" in chair-height seats—gliding ride—direct entrance—high visibility. 6. Hydraulic brakes.

Lincoln-Zephyr V-12

THE STYLE LEADER





HERE'S HOW TO PUT UP, BUT NOT ON, THE DOG

COUNTRY gentlemen don't grow on trees, although they are allergic to them. Fortunately, however, you don't have to fall into that exclusive classification in order to be a gentleman and to like to get out in the country once in a while. This outfit, preeminently compatible to that combination of circumstances, is making its debut at a country dog show but would do quite well for any less swanky country occasion. It has no pretensions other than

to smart informality. The jacket, in a three-button notch lapel single breasted model, is of homespun tweed with subdued overplaid. Note the single button at the cuff. It is worn with a lightweight flannel shirt, regimental striped silk tie, wine color pullover and the once more popular velvet cord breeks, cut narrower than usual and quite short. Other accessories are a flat one-piece top tweed cap, foulard handkerchief, Argyle wool hose and Alpine shoes.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Gossip from the Desert

Continued from pages 52-157-158

men in our tent. When he felt assured that no one was near enough to hear him, he continued, rather embarrassed, "Mishaël insisted yesterday upon braiding an amulet into my kurun ('horns,' as the Arabs call their plaits)." Fuaz' mother had done this as a protection against the influence of the evil eye, for was she not certain of the presence of a mysterious dark-faced guest in our midst? Fuaz had bashfully tucked the childish trinket under his kaffiyeh (headkerchief) and now it was gone.

I remembered that a thick strand of hair had been clipped from his head by the bullet, and in all probability the amulet had diverted the ricocheting bullet and caused the injury to be slight. Later in the day I rode over to the scene of the accident and actually found the dented amulet which I brought to Fuaz. It had saved his life. He was delighted that it had been found, and he gave it to me as a souvenir. I still have it among my Bedouin possessions.

During the early afternoon, a time of peace and relaxation in the desert, we were all seated in the open tent, saying little, happy in the knowledge that the chapter was closed, the challenger departed, our prince alive and well. It was as much a relief to know that his mother Mishaël, though psychic, had not sensed the danger in which her son had been placed that morning.

My eyes feasted upon the restful landscape of the camel pastures, and I was enjoying the scented breeze that filtered through the tent, when I saw a lone rider appear above an elevation in the distance. Immediately others noticed him, and we all wondered why one of the slaves who were pasturing the prince's camels in that direction should return at that hour of the day. Now we saw also that the man was swaying in his saddle as if seriously wounded or sick. We ran for our mares and galloped toward him, knowing that something was definitely amiss. Perhaps raiders had entered our pastures and taken a shot at our herdsmen, and driven off camels.

As the solitary rider heard our approach, he made an effort to lift himself in the saddle and for an instant we saw his upraised face.

"It is Naim!" someone shouted.

"It can't be," I thought. "This man is a Negro."

His face was black!

As we came still closer the man again tried to rise in the saddle, and now I could see that it was Naim, but his face had indeed turned black.

When we lifted him from the camel, he pointed wordlessly to his right leg which was frightfully swollen. We placed him on a more comfortable saddle and brought him to the camp. He was a terrifying sight; his eyes were bulging and his parched lips foamed in constant spasms.

It was apparent now that he

had been bitten by a poisonous snake, and it was a miracle that he was alive at all. I suggested that we make an incision in his wound, but Naim only shook his head and said, "No, no, let Mishaël see me first."

I went to the adjoining part of the tent and asked a slave girl to call Mishaël. When she appeared, I took the old woman by the arm, explaining in a few words what had happened. She gazed upon me for a moment with her unseeing eyes, a knowing smile touching her lips. Then with quiet purposefulness she said, "Lead me to the dark-faced one."

Mishaël felt his wound, then she told how it must be criss-crossed with a knife, so that the blood might flow freely. "Now let me have the snake," she commanded.

"The snake?" we cried. "There is no snake here! Naim was bitten a long distance from the camp."

"The snake is here," she insisted.

"Yes," groaned Naim, "it is still in my goat-skin bag on my camel saddle."

In astonishment several men hurriedly got the bag and carried it to Mishaël. When I realized that she was going to open it and reach for the reptile, I cried out in alarm. But Fuaz put his hand on my shoulder, saying, "Fear nothing; my mother always knows best."

The blind woman's fingers groped over the bag until she found the leather laces which she untied. She reached into the bag and brought out a two-horned viper, one of the deadliest snakes of Arabia. She held it in a firm grip with her thumb pressed behind its head, its writhing body curled around her arm. She asked for a dagger and with a quick stroke sliced off one horn of the snake. Swiftly she rubbed the bleeding head of the reptile into the gaping wound in Naim's leg.

Mishaël plunged the blade into the ground to wipe it free of the unclean blood. Then she flung the snake away. "The remaining horn contained the poison; the one I used had the antidote," she explained.

Mishaël rose from her crouching position and assured us quietly, "Now the man will live."

Naim was dangerously ill for several days. He finally recovered, but the startling truth is that his face remained a strange, unearthly bluish-black, though all the rest of his body—even the poisoned leg—was white.

I do not believe in the power of superstition, yet I shall never be able to understand Mishaël's weird prophecy. The incident would seem unreal to me now if I did not have in my possession a snapshot of Naim which I took two years after the poisoning had given his face its permanently dark hue. He would for all time be the dark-faced one whom Mishaël had met in her miraculous vision.##



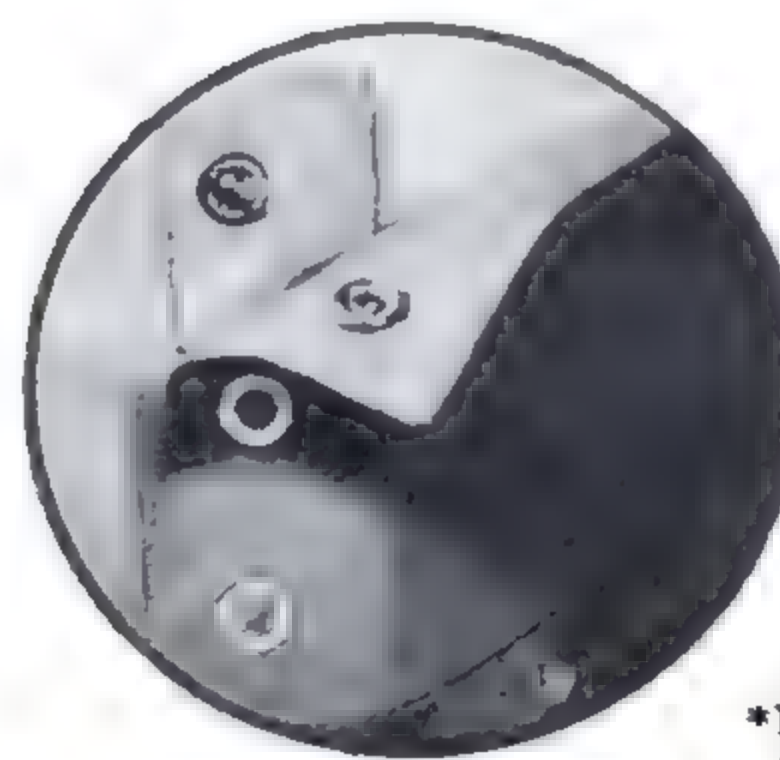
"BUT SAY, HAVE YOU SEEN THOSE NEW SHORTS WITH GRIPPERS*?"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WHAT A RELIEF—shorts with GRIPPERS! No more buttons that break off and have to be sewn on again. No more torn button holes to mend. GRIPPERS are durable—they actually outlast the shorts themselves!

And you'll be surprised how much more convenient GRIPPERS are to open and close . . . how much neater, too! Why not get shorts with GRIPPERS today and end "button-trouble" for good and all?

Remember: GRIPPERS are laundry-proof—won't rust or flatten out. They've been tested and approved by the American Institute of Laundering. And guaranteed by Good Housekeeping, as advertised therein.



FOR YOUR PROTECTION. GRIPPERS should not be confused with ordinary fasteners. Be sure the fasteners on the shorts you buy are stamped plainly GRIPPERS. That means they've been tested and proved in use for three years. SHORTS WITH GRIPPERS ARE AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES.

*The laundry-proof fasteners that end button-bother.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein



SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY WATERBURY CONNECTICUT



ESQUIRE'S NEW YORK

a New York guide book
for World's Fair visitors

The Fair opens on April 30th. Take a stroll around those \$150,000,000 grounds right now, as we did, and you're left breathless with the kind of awe that's inspired once in a lifetime. It's the Fair to end all Fairs, or something.

Describing that gargantuan spectacle-to-be is somebody else's business, but preparing a guide to New York for the cream of the 60,000,000 attendance that is expected to visit the New York World's Fair next Summer, is very much ours. So we're preparing one . . . and don't expect it to enlighten you on the best way to the Aquarium by subway . . . because it won't.

Esquire's "New York," which is the name of our guide, will be just what its name implies . . . an advanced course in how to be a sophisticated New Yorker, in the best and truest sense of the word.

The intimate information possessed only by those who know their way around, will be yours in this Esquirish guide book . . . where to go for swank and where to go for color, what clothes to bring with you for no matter how long you stay, notes on the typical New Yorker and his customs . . . all these, and much more, are yours.

Plastic bound and approximately 150 pages in size, Esquire's "New York" will be ready about April 15th.

But . . . because only a limited quantity will be printed, we suggest a reservation now to make sure of your copy when ready. Send 50c in stamps now and you will be sure that one of the first copies off the press goes forward to you.

P.S. To Residents of New York City: As hosts to your out-of-town friends during the six months Fair period, the same goes for you, too. You'll want several copies of Esquire's "New York" around.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

366 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 91

dramatically the art of the motion picture remains at a level with the average mental age of its producers, whatever that may be. With Hollywood, however, you take what you get. What I get out of the hundred or so pictures mentioned above are the following:

A Man to Remember
Marie Antoinette
Boys Town
Port o' Seven Seas
You Can't Take it With You

Maybe this selection tells you more about your Candid Cameraman than it does about Hollywood, but that's the chance you take when you fool around with "Best" lists. As for acting performances: most distinguished, to my mind, was Spencer Tracy's in *Boys Town*, and Robert Morley's in *Marie Antoinette*. Special mention should be accorded two other pictures, *The River*, for its graphic and heart-rending documentation of the problem of soil erosion, with especial reference to the terrible ravages of floods; and to *Algiers*, for raising the story-telling technique of the camera to its highest level since the memorable *Shanghai Express*.

Special mention for the worst all round movie: *Artists and Models Abroad*, and to Miss Rainer for the worst performances of the year, as see above.

Meanwhile the New York film critics have chosen Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's dramatization of A. J. Cronin's best-selling novel, *The Citadel*, as the most outstanding motion picture of 1938. Comment here may be gratuitous, but since criticism is mostly gratuitous anyway my hesitation is readily overcome.

The Citadel is an English story written by an Englishman and filmed in England with an English cast. Although produced by an American studio and directed by King Vidor, it remains an essentially British product. Whether or not it is the "best" movie of 1938 is a matter of opinion; its choice as the best by American film critics evades the issue of deciding what American picture by native talent seems most distinguished. This evasion is further pronounced by the critics' selection of *Snow White* as their second choice, the Disney animation belonging to an entirely different artistic form from the motion picture drama, as distinct as Cruikshank's drawings are from the novel form of Dickens. It is unnecessary for me to repeat categorically my opinion of *The Citadel* as a motion picture, having expressed it at length in a previous issue.

The critics who chose it will, I feel sure, be willing to stand or fall on the basis of my own selections—that their choice tells you more about the New York film critics than it does about motion pictures.

OTHER PICTURES

First made eight years ago by

Warner Brothers, *The Dawn Patrol*, now in its second edition, has a certain antique quality which serves to detract from the breathless narrative of combat flying it then was. Its rickety planes seem to us now as nostalgic as Robert E. Lee.

Though as silly as it's always been, war had a kind of personal heroism about it, a heroism epitomized by the callow youths with ten or fifteen flying hours who bravely pioneered aerial warfare. Eight years closer to the Armistice (it seems incredible that our young men of nineteen were then not born), *The Dawn Patrol* told its story to old-timers who knew of war at first hand. This current version is fiction to three-quarters of its patrons. As fiction, it is good and solid stuff, skillfully written and directed, artfully produced, excellently acted. The sky combats are done with astonishing verisimilitude. The bombardment of a munitions factory behind the German lines is a triumph of cinematic legerdemain. I doubt the picture's validity either as an accurate account of the activities of a British aerial squadron in 1915 on the Western Front, or as a particularly effective tract against war. But it is splendid movie making, and as such, recommended unreservedly.

Stand Up and Fight, with Robert (Killer) Taylor and Wallace (Slaughterhouse) Beery is a mess of action from start to finish. I liked it.

I'm afraid, however, that the Messrs. Metro and Goldwyn and Mayer are going to regret this course of virulizing their winsome star, Robert. Another multifisted melodrama such as the redblooded *The Crowd Roars*, and this gory epic, *Stand Up and Fight*, and the girls are going to renege. They're going to turn thumbs down. "I don't care for this roughneck, Bob Taylor," they're going to say. "He absolutely scares me, the bruiser!" In *Stand Up and Fight*, Boy-Wonder Mervyn LeRoy and his scenarists have tried to please all comers by making Robert an aristocrat but a fightin' fool who gets mixed up with the tussle between the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and the competing stagecoach line back in the old epic decades. I predicted that Hollywood would be getting righteous one of these days about the slave question, and here it is. Robert works up a pretty heroic hate for a couple of slave runners. The plot is much too complicated to repeat here, but it never lags; when it threatens to do so Robert insults a villain and there's another fight and soon enough it's the end of the picture. As ironic as all this sounds, I still liked the blame thing. It's the old Western all dolled up for Sunday, with stand-ins doing the fighting for the stars and a raft of villains you love to hate (one of 'em is Desperate Desmond to the life). I'll still take these pulp-paper sagas every time

in preference to Hollywood's sociological inspirations.

Also current at the moment is *Going Places*, with Dick Powell, Anita Louise, Allen Jenkins, Harold Huber, Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong, and Maxine Sullivan. I mention the cast at length, because that's mainly what you get in *Going Places*, with possibly the exception of those ingenious tunes of Warren and Mercer, *Mutiny in the Nursery*, and *Jeepers Creepers*. (Boy, are you going to be sick of hearing the latter by the time you read these words!) Mister Powell's popularity rests upon firmer ground than this department's unqualified enthusiasm; his singing, however, to do it justice, predates the school of crooning which requires a physician's certificate to the effect that the vocalist is blessed with a nasal impediment—Skinnay Ennis will do for a horrible example. Notable here is the develop-

ment of a new comedy team with potentialities: Jenkins and Huber. I'd like to see more of these two.

"What mineral," asked the conductor of one of these question and answer programs on the radio, "is three hundred times sweeter than sugar?" You know how you sit there and answer these things in your head. Myself, I always get the answers wrong, and this was no exception. Involuntarily I murmured, "*Sweethearts*, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy." I might have known better, as *Sweethearts* is a movie and not a mineral. The right answer was saccharine. Wrong on a technicality!

The film is three hundred times sweeter than sugar, however, entirely indigestible by me in the quantity served by Metro. Maybe I'm diabetic, though: the young ladies in the audience found it most tasty. ##

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 87

kits. And the country is dotty with Irene Castle McLaughlins who see to it that, even if malnutrition or delinquency rage among the kiddies, at least the pooches will lead the abundant life.

Of course no one would maintain that because some children remain ragged, dirty, and neglected, therefore Rover or Snoopy should not get a Doggy Dinette or a Washup and Kosmetic Kit for Christmas. Only a Man from Mars would take a sourpuss cosmic view of the fact that a pedigreed Peke costs \$1.53 a week to feed via Kanine Kitchens while many orphan asylums and old-age homes manage on less per capita.

The dog as pet is a civilized invention of man. As such he has a right to expect that man, having brought him into the world and made him practically helpless, shall forage for him and do the right thing in the way of shelter and affection. You may say that this is overstating the case of the dog's helplessness, and that is where I give you the Bronx cheer with this next book, *How to Raise a Dog in the City and the Suburbs* by Chief Veterinarian James R. Kinney and Ann Honeycutt (Simon & Schuster, \$2). The drawings are many and by James Thurber—who, although he seems able to draw only one kind of dog, and that a breed unidentifiable by me, is funny all through in that Freudian way of his. Not only the pictures but the text of this practical manual is full of humor, which makes it very readable even if you haven't a dog problem or a problem dog in your home.

But to me, a man who has had dogs in his personal life and who has them all over the neighborhood under his feet (in more ways than one), the astonishing contribution this book makes is that the dog is helpless. His upbringing, feeding, grooming, training, street conduct, love life, health, vacation in the country, and life on the domestic hearth all have to be

supervised carefully. That is why the dog owner or the prospective dog buyer needs a book like this one. Otherwise Pet may succumb to distemper, meningitis, blue eye, Harder's gland, inverted eyelids, ingrown eyelashes, sties, cataracts, conjunctivitis, ear troubles, ear mites, vomiting, diarrhea, constipation, asthma, teething, retention of urine, bladder stones, anal abscesses, prolapsed rectum, screw-tail irritations, rickets, paralysis, halitosis, dental fistula ("as clean as a hound's tooth," eh?) and diseases of the reproductive organs.

This is only a small part of it—the catalogue of woes could be continued for a thousand more words through the canyons of Esquire's ads—electric shocks, thunderstorm scares, falls, cuts, varieties of poisoning, insomnia, inferiority complex, burns, injuries to tail, insect bites, ringworm, mange, all sorts of skin troubles, tapeworm, hookworm, whipworm, roundworm, fits, heat prostration, hysteria from noise, the morning after the celebration around the garbage can . . .

So, in spite of the Doggie Dinette, the Kumfort Mattress, the boots at five dollars a pair, the thirty different advertised brands of dog food—or maybe because of these advantages—Fido is always flirting with catastrophe, and is on the brink of a twenty-five-dollar funeral in a silk-lined casket, or a cremation at six dollars (with ashes in urn suitable for mantel, \$6.50).

All I say is, don't take Jiggs too much for granted or he'll perish in the flower of his puppyhood, for few dogs in the city know their way around. And a city dog on vacation in the country is, unless Kinney-Honeycutt are viewing with unnecessary alarm, like an infant crawling along the floor of a powderhouse looking for his lost rattle with a flaming torch.

After that rousing chapter on the city dog in the country, one

Continued on page 166

You'll rate "Four Stars" in Clothes

Styled by

Don Richards

of
Hollywood



★★★★ Hollywood's highest rating in the Style-picture ★★★★★ fashion which originates with the Screen's preeminently attired Stars ★★★★★ and which establishes the smart standard of dress for young men.

★★★★ One leading Store in your City shows these "Four Star" rated Clothes styled by Don Richards ★★★★★ conservative in price ★★★★★ authoritative in their interpretation of Hollywood's clever, comfortable masculine mode.

Write for a Hollywood Style Guide
and the name of your local
"Don Richards" Dealer

Don Richards

DIVISION OF
M. WILE & CO., Inc. . . . BUFFALO



Don Herold Says:

Don't be the Goat of a Whispering Campaign

Don't think for a minute that women don't talk—and talk right out—about such things.

Just let a man forget himself for one evening and come to a dance or a bridge game or a party with a slight case of perspiration fumes, and his name is Mr. Goat.

The girls sit on his case and hang him in the Hall of Shame.

Years after, Edna may say to Mable: "Remember that night in 1933 Ed Snootz came to the Club Dance with that cave-man aroma?"

There's only one sure-fire insurance against this kind of kitty-kat criticism. Bathe hard and cinch the good effects of your bath with dabs of Mum underarm.

Thousands of men now make Mum a daily after-bath habit, and use it invariably again before evenings out. Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

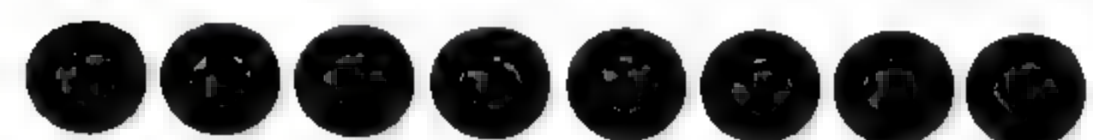


Mum is a cream with a pleasant fragrance. It is harmless to shirts, it definitely kills perspiration odor for hours without stopping perspiration.

The start is the tough part. It's human to stall off such things. Why not take the jump now by sending your name on the margin of this page for a free sample to Bristol-Myers Company, Dept. P-49, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City?



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 87-165

can understand the eloquence of the authors' finale, in which they maintain that the dog belongs in the city rather than in the open spaces, that he is happier and healthier on the end of his leash or on the living room sofa than in the woodsy, beesy, fishhooky, porcupiny, poisonous, snaky, ticky, chiggery, buckshotty, and altogether calamitous out of doors.

I am sure that after this review of the dog crisis I will be ticketed by some ardent and pen-minded dog lovers as a hater of man's best friend. I once wrote an article on dogs, the theme of which was that in any man-dog relationship, it was the man who was the more helpless of the two, helpless though dogs were—because many people seem to find life bearable only if they have the absolute devotion that dogs give, but friends, wives, husbands, children, withhold. I was abused from coast to coast, and even from Finland and Turkey the damnatory letters came. They proved two things: that many readers misunderstand what they read, and that dog owners will let out some lusty woofs in defense of their possessions.

Personally, and with an Arf to you, I am for the widest possible circulation of this book, as well as of one by a Mr. Spitz that I noticed some months ago. My life is dogless at the moment, but my friends cherish everything from a Peke to a Great Dane, and most of the dogs with whom I have a scraping acquaintance lack manners. If there must be dogs, by all means let them be ladies and gentlemen. Let them be brought up properly, by the book, and be given baths, lotions, delousings, and lessons in elocution and parlor behavior, including a notion of when the guest has had enough of a work-out with the rubber bone.

There's one problem the book doesn't consider. You may be worried about Towser's constipation, but my worry is the lack of dog comfort stations in my crowded section of the city. In my bedogged neighborhood many a leg is raised on high, and I cannot take a walk without running afoul of the biological imperatives of a hundred assorted pets.

Touching on more serious matters, the famous author of *Bread and Wine*, Ignazio Silone, has made a contribution in *The School for Dictators* (Harper, \$2.50) a powerful book that reminds one of Plato's *Republic*, Hobbes' *Leviathan*, and Erasmus' *In Praise of Folly*. In a series of fifteen satiric dialogues Thomas the Cynic, a political refugee from a fascist state, instructs Mr. W., a blooming American dictator, and his political tutor Professor Pickup, in the technique of becoming a fascist boss.

This volume is crowded with thoughtful stuff. Thomas the Cynic raises many a keen point worth an American's taking to heart. For example, if Silone is right (and

Thomas is his voice) then Franklin Roosevelt's "kid-glove" attempts at social and economic reform in these times of acute crisis, will serve only to bring social conflicts to a head, and, if continued long enough, will lead "capitalists" into backing a fascist movement against labor, reformism, and "expropriation"—that is, checks on the freedom of property and profits.

I read this book with great absorption, writing marginal notes all over it, intending to make it my big splurge this month. But just as I got organized at the typewriter, I noted opposite the table of contents a caution: "No part of this book may be reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission." I take it the publishers are not hospitably inclined toward a reviewer's quotes. And as it is improbable if not impossible to review such a book without quotation, and I don't want to be sued, and it's too late even to plead by telegram, I leave M. Silone's book intact. But I'd be obliged to the House of Harper if it would tell me why this stuff has to be so zealously guarded.

(While on the subject of publishers, I wish I knew why some of them wilfully deface the review copies of their books. Most of them play fair, including a card giving the publication date and other facts, but one pastes a slip inside the cover which you can't tear out without messing up the book, and another mutilates the volume with a big rubber stamp.)

Last month I put in some words of praise for a book on Valley Forge. This month there is more proof that non-professional historians are giving us, the laymen, excellent, sound, and readable studies in history. Philip Van Doren Stern's *The Man who Killed Lincoln* (Random House, \$3) is subtitled "The story of John Wilkes Booth and his part in the assassination." It is a tense, dramatic account, day by day, from April 11 to 26, 1865, of the conspiracy, the assassination, the flight, and the pursuit. In a flap inside the back cover is a supplementary pamphlet by the author, describing his search for the material and discussing some of the controversial aspects of the case. This is the crime story of the month, and I hope you get around to it.

Another fascinating historical exhibit is the album of more than 250 pictures, plus plenty of explanatory text, taken from *Harper's Weekly* from 1857 to 1900—*Adventures of America* by John A. Kouwenhoven (Harper, \$3.50). Here are political cartoons, comic strips, eye-witness news sketches, sentimental and humorous drawings. Here we see our fathers and grandfathers fighting, working, playing, and being awed by the railroad, comets, golf, fashion parades, and the growing greatness of the Republic. A collection that makes history come alive, it is a

NEW! Amazing, Floating Belt in Smart, Luxurious



Shirt \$6.00
Slacks \$6.50

SUIT
\$12.50

HOLLYWOOD STYLE BULLETIN: Medium and deep tone all wool slacks with contrasting in-and-out shirts—for sport—for leisure—for extra smartness at the club and at home. The smartly British draped slacks have a zipper closure, and the amazing new Floating Belt (wear it exactly where most comfortable). Just the thing for your Easter holiday.

Smart New Shades of gabardine in the following suggested ensembles:

SLACKS SHIRTS
British Tan or Heather Tan with Sandal Tan
Steel Gray or Slate Blue with Light Gray
Bottle Green with Light Lovat Green

Ask your dealer for Seven Seas Suits—if he doesn't have them, mail your order direct to:

MOYER MANUFACTURING CO.

18 N. Walnut Street, Youngstown, Ohio

Gentlemen: Please send me Parcel Post prepaid... Seven Seas Suits in sizes indicated below. Shirt \$6.00, Slacks \$6.50—Suit \$12.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. ☐ Cash enclosed ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D. Post office delivery charge of 15 cents on C. O. D.

Shirts (small, medium, large)
Pants { waist (27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-36-38)
inseam (28-30-31-32-33-34-35)

Colors

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

must for the offspring in high school and for those adults (and what a majority they make!) who got their history out of dull texts in an age less favored than this one is pictorially.

And speaking of pictures, here's another book seeking to explain that inexplicable riddle—what is it that moves modern painters to expression, and what is it they are trying to communicate? It is *Primitivism in Modern Painting*, by Robert J. Goldwater (Harper, \$5). The excellent discussion of primitivism in general, its history in modern Europe, the development of an esthetic attitude toward the discoveries of anthropologists and ethnologists, and the different types of primitivism—romantic, intellectual, emotional, subconscious, and surrealistic—is helped out by fifty-eight illustrations from the work of Gauguin, Picasso, Rousseau, Matisse, and others. The volume should be an invaluable guide to picture-gazers who feel uncomfortable when they try to dismiss "modern" art with a shrug or a sneer and who would like to understand what is going on in all that paint.

The Art of Enjoying Art, (Whittlesey, \$3) by A. Philip McMahon, a professor of fine arts, is a general and rather academic guide to the fine arts. Two hundred and twenty works of art are reproduced in illustrations.

John Masefield was once asked, by one of those asking persons, for his definition of a play. He replied, shockingly, that a play was anything which, acted out on a platform, kept people sitting in their seats until the final curtain.

Three printed plays have come in to this department, and not one of them kept this critic in his seat until the fall of the curtain on the last page. I haven't seen them on the stage; but the juice they might have had there, wasn't in the type.

The zenith and the nadir in the life of England's premier poseur are ably portrayed in *Oscar Wilde* by Leslie and Sewel Stokes (Random House, \$2). But Wilde's witty chaff proves boring reading solely because it is worn with years. Starting with the Wilde who spontaneously and irresistibly spawned witticisms, the play takes him to his trial—where he was condemned not for the ugly sin itself but for the sin of permitting it to become public. The verdict of guilty bred scandal, scandal bred disgust, disgust bred ruin for Wilde, and he is shown in his last days, reduced to a sodden bum by absinthe and the abuse of human passion.

From the esthetic Wilde to the heavy-fisted, hairy-chested figure of Jesse James is quite a jump. The closing days and death of the desperado who even as a lad had killed many a man and robbed the Danville train is shown in *Missouri Legend* by E. B. Ginty (Random House, \$2). Jesse stands revealed as a tough guy with a heart of soft gold—a type that was old before Bret Harte and Cyrano de Bergerac. The fantastic

dialect, maybe true enough to locale, may have an authentic ring on the stage, but in type it is as difficult to read as the Navy's cipher code. The play moves too slowly to the inevitable catastrophe of the "dirty little coward who shot Mr. Howard and laid po' Jesse in his grave."

Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman's *The Fabulous Invalid* (Random House, \$2) is subtitled "A Cavalcade of the Theater." It's a theme play about an institution that has been pronounced dying many a time but still lingers on to throw a lusty fit or two from its wheel chair. This may be true enough of Broadway, but west of the Hudson the play doesn't hit one with the wallop of an unanswerable truth. Recently in Chicago, only three legit's were playing. One of them was a labor union's *Pins and Needles* and the other two were Federal Theatre WPA productions. There was more theatrical activity in the Windy City eighty years ago than there is today, when the *Tribune's* critic has turned columnist and the *Daily News* reviewer has been kicked upstairs into a job with work in it—the sports editorship.

To go along with Messrs. Hart and Kaufman in *The Fabulous Invalid*, you have to be somewhat of a sentimentalist about the stage. The story is very so-soish. The book is chiefly interesting for its reprinting of several old play-bills and for the evidence it provides that Broadway is being influenced by the Federal Theatre's Living Newspaper technique. Hart and Kaufman have written a sweet living newspaper about the theatre.

BRIEFER MENTION

Tomorrow in the Making, (Whittlesey House) edited by John Andrews and Carl Marsden, has twenty-six original essays on vital problems confronting the U.S. It's a typical liberal stew in which every point of view gets an airing. Browder on the left, Harry Elmer Barnes in the middle, Sokolsky on the right. You pays your three dollars and you makes up your own mind, if any.

Dead Reckoning, by Kenneth Fearing (Random House, \$1.25) is the latest little book of poems by one of America's most vital and outspoken poets. Sledge-hammer blows in the language of the people on the problems mentioned above—and certainly not in the direction of the reactionary Sokolsky.

Indian Cavalcade, by Clark Wissler (Sheridan House, \$3). The dean of American anthropologists, foremost student of the American Indian, writes a fascinating account (he lived a good deal of it) of the white man's dealings and misdealings with the red man. After reading it you won't be the same man on the redskin subject.

The Hannes Schneider Ski Technique, by Benno Rybizka (Harcourt Brace, \$2.50). A highly practical guide, plentifully illustrated, to a sport that has swept the country. Maybe there will be more snow next winter. ##

HOW TO DRINK LIKE A GENTLEMAN AND KNOW IT



ESQUIRE'S LIQUOR INTELLIGENCER

ESQUIRE'S "Liquor Intelligencer" is a 56 page, stiff cover, plastic-bound book which will accomplish for you just what its title states—make you intelligent about liquor. Not a cocktail recipe book, ESQUIRE'S "Liquor Intelligencer", nevertheless contains the recipes for all the cocktails currently preferred by gentlemen hosts the world over, plus the kind of information on every noble liquor that a man who knows his way about must have. The historic background and the method of manufacture of Rye, Bourbon, Scotch, and Irish whiskies; the same on Rum, and Cognac and Gin and Wine aperitifs. Illuminating chapters on subjects such as these: How to give a cocktail party, from the intimate affair to a brawl in the grand manner; canapes, quick or careful, hot or cold; pick-me-ups and night-caps; the equipment you should own, from glasses to shakers; and plain and fancy toasts. ESQUIRE'S "Liquor Intelligencer" gives you the how, what and why of the highball and cocktail and wine. It's not alone a cocktail book, it's a liquor education in one easy lesson.

50c in stamps brings you ESQUIRE'S "Liquor Intelligencer"

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

366 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

WINE MERCHANTS
BY APPOINTMENT

HARVEY'S

"DRY" SHERRY

IMPORTED

The perfect prelude to dining is Harvey's "Dry" Sherry. It is the product of a house world-famous for its Sherries and Ports since 1796

Alcoholic Content
20% by volume

PRODUCED BY THE
SHIPPERS OF THE
World-Famous
"BRISTOL
CREAM"
SHERRY

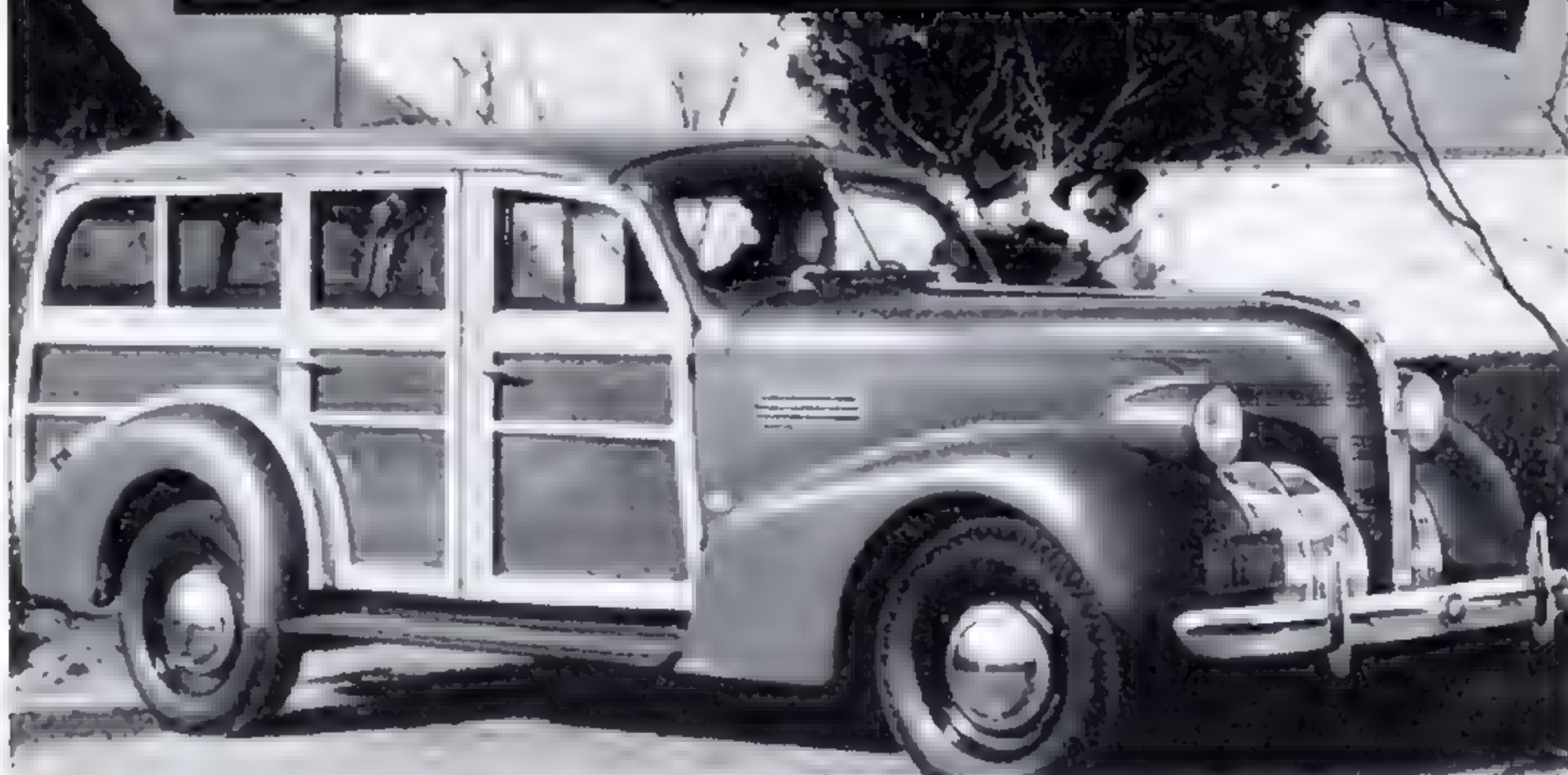
Imported Exclusively by PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

Speaking of STATION WAGONS —here's the best a low price can buy!

It isn't true that a station wagon must be more useful than ornamental! Because Pontiac builds a big, streamlined, eight-passenger beauty—with a walnut-panelled natural wood body—that you'll be proud to see in your driveway. Incidentally, it's a marvel for comfort and thrift—and the price is lower than ever!

\$990 delivered at Pontiac, Michigan.
Price subject to change without
notice. Transportation, state and local taxes (if
any), optional equipment and accessories—extra.

**\$120 LESS
THAN LAST YEAR**



Pontiac AMERICA'S FINEST
STATION WAGON

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 78

artists already there are doing just that. Some of them have had no preparation for their roles other than a coach can pound into them, or what they pick up by fumbling around on the stage at rehearsal and in actual performances.

We need schools, training, stages, small theatres . . . not for the production of "stars," but for the preparation of routined artists who will participate in an ensemble of a type not yet known in our opera—but known to lovers of Gilbert and Sullivan. We need opera companies that will make the beauties of the great music dramas as clearly and readily available . . . as our symphony orchestras make known the symphonic literature.

Pending that day, the next best thing is to persuade our oldest operatic museum to take to the road and startle the yokels out of their ignorance. With the present high market value of its reputation and the number of its radio fans, a ten- or a twelve-week tour ought to be possible. There are cities all across the country with auditoriums large enough to pay its way. Its orchestra and chorus would have longer employment, and the only person who would be inconvenienced would be Assistant Manager Edward Ziegler. But I imagine his pay goes on the year around anyway.

* * *

It is comforting to be able to report that the quality of Metropolitan performances improved somewhat this season. If you pressed me to cite specific instances I might fail; for long ago, in self-defense, I learned to give free play to my inestimable gift of forgetting.

I know that the chorus did begin regular rehearsals six instead of four weeks before the beginning of the season, and, judging from the improvement, there must have been at least forty-two minutes more rehearsal for each performance. It was unmistakable: occasionally there was even teamwork.

It may be the result of Edward Johnson's "one happy family" policy. He says he doesn't try to boss the singers; he tries to help and understand their troubles, to give them confidence and pep. In other words, he functions like a baseball coach.

It is too bad even more rehearsals and more inspired conductors cannot be provided. I urge Mr. Johnson to be reckless . . . next season to forget completely the box office for one production, to be for one night a spendthrift. Let him take one opera—nothing new or esoteric, not a revival but a show from the regular repertoire, preferably one that draws: say *Lohengrin*, *Rigoletto*, or even *Lucia*—and restudy it and bring it up to date. Let's not build new scenery only for revivals or for novelties that have little chance of succeeding with the public that now patronizes the Metropolitan. Let's

breathe new life into the old war horses. Of course, they sell because of the cast. They are, for the most part, singers' operas, except when a conductor like Mr. Toscanini gets hold of them. But if once they could be thoroughly rehearsed and given an inspired performance, the experience would be unforgettable and the effect incalculable. Mr. Johnson could achieve fame for himself and his regime very quickly.

The danger, of course, is that the public, which is slightly more animated this season, might wake up and demand that all performances be so prepared. But, as Mr. Johnson admits, the public taste has grown by leaps and bounds, so fast that the opera house hasn't been able to keep up with it. He might therefore take a chance and in this one instance, at least, lead the public.

In the matter of repertoire, he has been wise and courageous. Keeping the Wagner intact, he has given such *chef d'oeuvres* as: Gluck's *Orfeo*, Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Moussorgsky's *Boris*, Verdi's *Falstaff* and *Otello*, as well as Strauss's three greatest works, and *Louise*, *Thais*, and *Mignon*. The French repertoire needs strengthening. French singers who are masters of diction and masters on the stage are but few in the world, and they are specialists. They sing in no other language than their own. But we must have them.

Aside from those in the German repertoire, the best performances I heard thus far this season were *Orfeo*, *Falstaff* and *Simon Boccanegra*. All except the last I have heard given elsewhere with deeper feeling and more correctly. Each was distinguished by an incomparable portrayal of its title role. Mme Thorborg looked, behaved and sang like a God of Music. Going from shade to shade trying to identify by touch the one whom he was forbidden to seek with his eyes, her *Orfeo* awakened in us the power by which a child sees in its doll a living being. It was heart-searching pantomime, matched only by the passionate pleading with the Furies and the eloquence of *Che Faro*.

Lawrence Tibbett sang *Falstaff* the best it has ever been sung in my hearing . . . and he grows constantly in the role, uncovering subtleties and inflections each time he sings it. The performance, as a whole, was a credit to the Met and should be kept in the repertoire, though those who heard Mr. Toscanini in Salzburg could not forget.

To my mind, *Simon Boccanegra* is Mr. Tibbett's greatest role. In the *Prologue* with Ezio Pinza, in the duet with Camiglia at the words *Figlia! a tal nome palpito*, in his plea in the council chamber and again at his final *addio*, he sent chills down my spine. And I can pay him no greater tribute. The beauty of his singing was matched by Ezio Pinza, who, as we have stated before, acts with

his voice as does no other artist living.

Most exciting of the young singers was Rose Stevens, who has legs, personality, a voice, and, what is more, rare feeling and taste. Maria Camiglia has a beautiful lyric voice, but she should beware of dramatic roles and get herself a singing teacher. For my taste she was at her best as Alicia; at her worst as Tosca.

Tenors Björling and Masini are both in their prime; both have first-class voices but neither makes the best use of his voice. Björling "pushes" his high tones to obtain brilliancy, à la Caruso. Masini is always intense, his phrasing non-existent. He not only expects every

aria to be applauded, but graciously bows his approval of the audience's verdict and cusses at the conductor because he isn't allowed to repeat. Jan Kiepura was on hand with his stop watch to time the applause after his colleague's aria and to see to it that his claque gave him as much.

Madame Flagstad, though not in the best of voice this season, gave the greatest performances of Isolde, and Brünnhilde in the *Götterdämmerung* that I have ever heard. If you are not satisfied with the very good, but seek the ideal best, you must hear Madame Flagstad. She remains unique, the most completely satisfying operatic artist of our day. #

The Foolproof Cover

Continued from page 81

and I knew our client would not want me to take the dump near the tracks so I went to the Empire where I got a room for three bucks a day. I registered as Milton F. Roberts, Journalist, from Red-dington. I had sent myself some mail and the clerk gave it to me and it looked like important stuff. By the time I got settled, it was noon and I decided it was too late in the a. m. to call on Mr. Pryor and I would see him in the afternoon.

I walked along the main street and finally I came to the library. It is called the Frances Pryor Memorial. Get that name? I went in to give it the once-over. Inside the door is a statue of a woman and underneath is an inscription which tells about the library being presented to the city by Albert C. Pryor and Lucille Pryor Amory. Our guy and his sister gave the library to the town and if I had not got here so early on account of having driven so hard, I would not have known it.

The library is a couple of big rooms with a small room off to one end and over the door of the little room it says, "Albert C. Pryor Historical Collection." This little room is filled with a lot of junk from the time the town was founded in 1764. I looked this over and found that the Pryors were the first people to settle here. How's that?

I sat right down and started to make a lot of notes on the settling of Dummerlin and the early settlers who came here right after the Pryors moved in. It seems that the first Pryor was a farmer but his sons started the mill to make sacks and bags for the Continental Army. They sold a seed of these sacks to the army and I suppose this was the start of the fortune. War profiteering, and I guess they got plenty. The new government had no money but it paid the bill with a lot of land in the west which I learned was sold for cash and the Pryors continued to live in Dummerlin.

Well, I sat there until about 2:00 p. m. making notes. A few people had come into the library at noon but most of the time there was no one in the place except me

and the redhead who sat at the desk near the door. She was pretty easy to look at and every once in a while she would take a gander at me but I paid no attention at all. Business first. That's me.

Finally I got up and walked over to her.

"This is a pretty fine library, Miss," I said. She agreed with me and said it was a shame it wasn't used more by the town people and wasn't I a stranger. I told her I was and that I was looking for some information about a man who lived here a long time ago and thought I should be able to find it in the Pryor collection. Who was this Pryor anyway?

This started her off on a long tale about the Pryor family and she finally ended up by telling me that Mr. Albert C. Pryor was now the head of the big mill and he and his sister had built the library as a memorial to their mother and that Pryor was a nut on the subject of genealogy and history. She asked who I was looking up and was I an attorney or a genealogist? I said I was just looking up my family history, and was going back to the hotel to get lunch and how long would she be there. She worked until 5:00 and then another girl came on duty who stayed until 9:00. She offered to help me and hoped I would let her as she got fed up sitting alone all day with no one to talk to.

Now here is where I used my head and I am going to put this investigation on a real high plane. It might be all right for some guys to come in here and interview Mr. Pryor about his business but if I interview him it will be about genealogy and history. If he is cracked on the subjects, who am I to keep him from talking about them? I saw a guy once who had the genealogical bug and he talked about it all day and night. I'll bet Pryor is the same way. These guys who are took nutty that way have a hard time finding someone to talk to and if I let him talk the arm off me, I know darn well that sooner or later, he will get to talking about himself, and let me have the lowdown on his business.

I hustled back to the hotel and told the clerk I had been called

Continued on page 170

OFFER TO YOUNG MEN

Who Hanker to Smoke a Pipe

MEN: Complete smoking pleasure comes only from smoking fine tobacco, and starting under ideal conditions. Through this unusual offer we are introducing to you pipe smoking at its best.

Here's Our Offer

FIRST: Trial Packets of each of the three styles of world-famous Edgeworth, wrapped in heavy foil. Edgeworth, famous for more than 35 years, has always contained only the finest tobacco leaf on the market. We know that you cannot make good tobacco from cheap tobacco leaf any more than you can get the pleasure of choicest porterhouse steak for a

rump steak price. We gladly pay premium prices to give you a finer smoke. This costly leaf is then manufactured to the high Edgeworth standard—better tobacco, made to smoke cooler, means *no tongue bite* and permits you to enjoy fully its enhanced flavor, greater mildness and richer aroma.

SECOND: A handsome *Signature Pipe* (made by Linkman) that has been mechanically pre-smoked (already "Broken-In") with genuine Edgeworth. It's sweet and gentle from the start. Then to give you an added interest in this pipe, we engrave your *own personal signature* in gold color on the stem. No pipe so personal.

EDGEWORTH Smoking TOBACCO

TO GET YOUR EDGEWORTH SAMPLER KIT—JUST MAIL COUPON WITH \$1.00
(In Canada \$1.50 Duty Paid)

LARUS & BRO. Co., Dept. K
Richmond, Va.

Enclosed please find \$1.00 (In Canada \$1.50 Duty Paid) for your Edgeworth Sampler Kit . . . Opposite is my signature to engrave on the stem of the pipe. (Please print clearly your name and address below.)

SIGNATURE E. B.

Please write your normal signature clearly within exact space allotted

Name Address

City State

PLEASE SEND US YOUR DEALER'S NAME AND ADDRESS

Dealer's Name Address

City State

THE ORIGINAL SKOS

OF WILD BOARSKIN

\$8.50

West of the Rockies, \$8.95

It's the king of sport shoes—air conditioned, water-resistant, soft as a glove, tough as elephant hide! Twist 'em, bend 'em, soak them completely—they'll still keep their velvety softness and striking style. They're nailed Osteo-path-iks—need no breaking in.

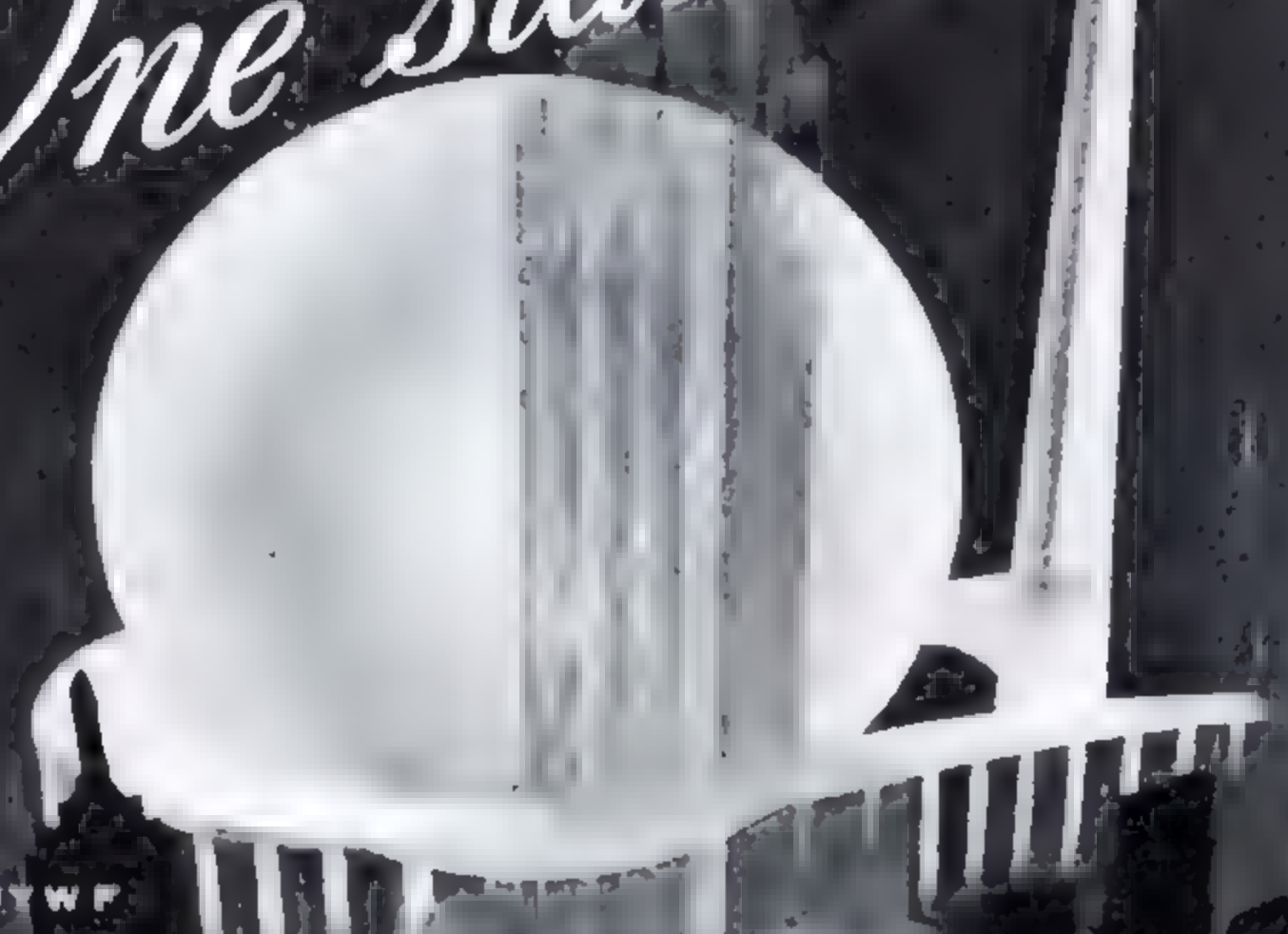
If your dealer doesn't carry SKOS—order direct

Allen Edmonds BELGIUM, WISCONSIN

Enclosed find ☐ cash ☐ money order ☐ C. O. D.
☐ Leather Soles ☐ Crepe Soles
Size _____ Width _____
(A extra narrow—B narrow—C medium—D wide)
Color: Turf Tan. Satisfaction Guaranteed!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

One stands out!



Of all the places to stay in New York nothing quite compares with the SHERRY NETHERLAND for choice location, quiet luxury, distinguished fellow-guests and convenience to Fair grounds. That is why it is advisable to make your reservation promptly. Transient Rates from: Single room \$7. Double room \$9. Suites \$15.

THE *Sherry Netherland*

Fifth Avenue — Where the Park Begins — Eugene Voit, Mgr.

Enjoy that
British air of distinction
with Crosby Square
Pre-Flex Shoes

—and end the discomfort of "breaking in"

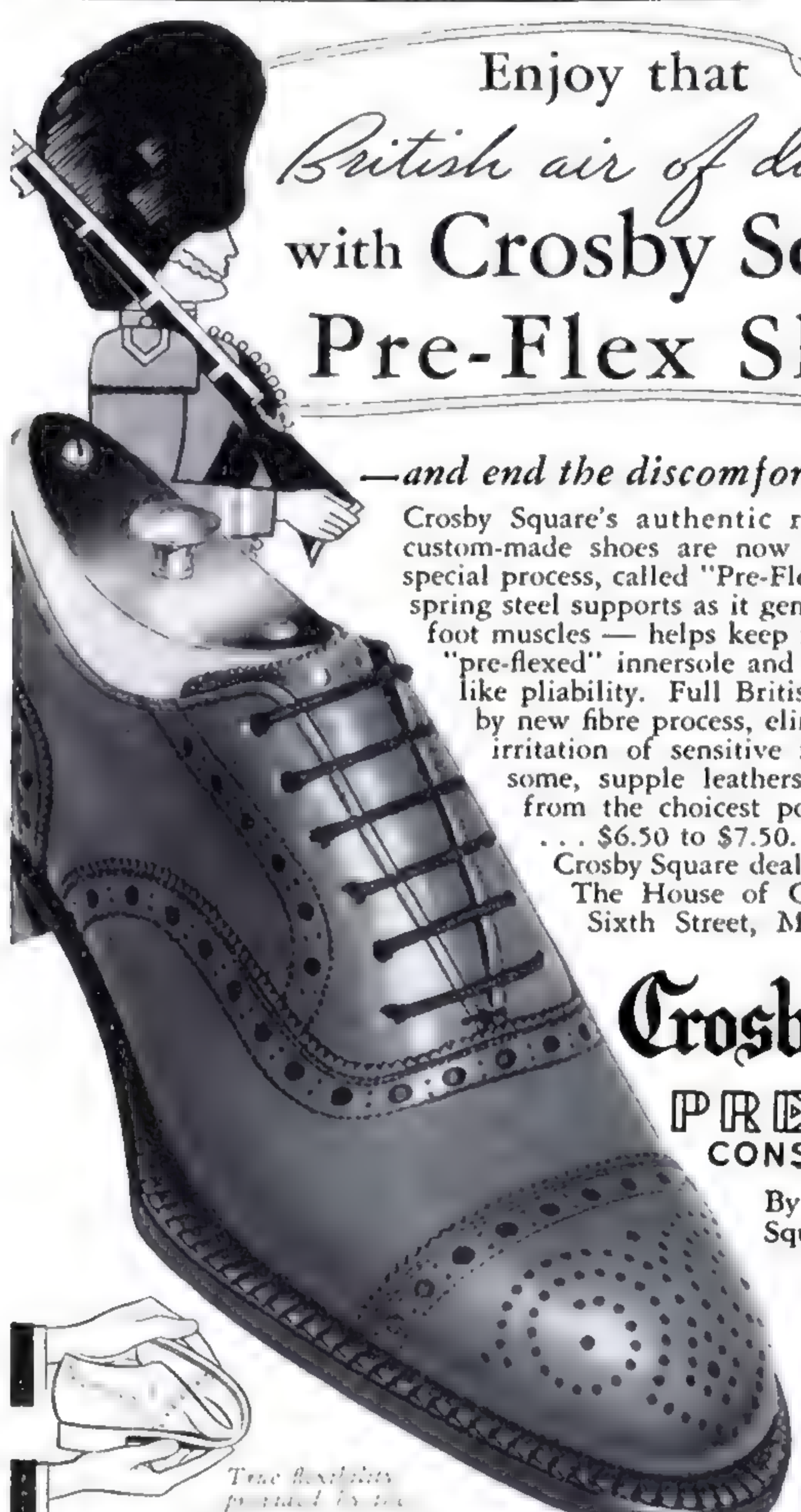
Crosby Square's authentic reproductions of costly custom-made shoes are now "broken in" through a special process, called "Pre-Flex." A shank of tungsten spring steel supports as it gently, healthfully massages foot muscles — helps keep feet from tiring. Special "pre-flexed" innersole and outersole provide glove-like pliability. Full British welted heels, attached by new fibre process, eliminate nails and prevent irritation of sensitive foot nerves. The handsome, supple leathers of Pre-Flex Shoes are from the choicest portions of selected hides . . . \$6.50 to \$7.50. Get a pair soon at your Crosby Square dealer's. Write for his name. The House of Crosby Square, 2460 N. Sixth Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Crosby Square
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PRE-FLEX
CONSTRUCTION

By the makers of Crosby Square Authentic Fashions
\$5 to \$6.

No. 855 Coronet
A straight-tip medallion on the new Coronet last, in rich antique boot-maker's finish.

True flexibility provided by the Pre-Flex Construction.



The Foolproof Cover

Continued from pages 81-169

out of town and would have to check out. I paid him the buck he wanted (day-rate) for the room and then drove down to the Crescent Hotel, the one near the tracks, where I registered as M. Pryor Turner of New York City. I then got out the old typewriter and wrote this letter, making a carbon copy which was the thing I wanted most. Here is the letter:

Dumferlin—
March 15, 1861
(Get the date?)

"Dear Brother Edward:

"Your letter came by the post this morning and we were so glad to get it. It had been on the way three weeks and it is a wonder it got through at all with all the trouble they have been having in the south.

"All the people here think there is going to be more serious trouble before we see the end of this. They say that Mr. Lincoln is a good man and peace loving, but he has said the "union must be preserved" and how he is going to do it without war, we can't see. That is why we are all worrying and wish that you would come home and resign your commission and help us in the operation of the business. Harry and Martha join with me in this wish, and pray daily that you will give up your military career and become our own brother again.

"All your old friends wish the same thing. This morning I saw Mr. Needham and Mr. Oliphant and they both asked about you and hoped you would return.

"I am addressing this just as you told us in your letter, to the army post in New Orleans and we are praying that it will reach you.

Your loving sister,
Beatrice."

How's that for a letter? That's the nuts and no mistake. It may sound screwy to you but it won't when you read the setup. There was an Edward Pryor who was an officer in the army about the time of the Civil War. He had a brother Harry and sisters Martha and Beatrice. They stayed at home and ran the mill. They never heard of Edward after the war started. When it broke out, he was stationed in New Orleans and had been there for about three years before hostilities began. The two sisters, Martha and Beatrice never married and died old maids. The brother, Harry, was the grandfather of Albert C. Pryor, the guy I am looking up and who now runs the mill. Harry died in 1884 or thereabouts and his son, the daddy of the subject, died in 1926. The subject has a sister, the gal whose name is on the tablet with his, but she lives in Europe. I want to tell you that there never was a more natural chance for me to show my stuff than right here.

I went back to the library and the redhead grinned all over when I came in. This time I noticed she was really beautiful. The first

time I saw her I knew she was a queen but this time, there is no doubt about it. I went over to the little room and started to pore over books again.

In an hour she came over to lower the shade but she hung around and we talked. I told her I was having a hard time finding anything here and thought I was barking up the wrong tree. She said she didn't want to pry into my business but if I would tell her what I was looking for, she might be able to help me. I read her part of the letter and said it was a copy from the original that I had got from my mother a good many years ago. I had promised myself that whenever I had the time and money, I would come over to Dumferlin and try and see if there was any record of the Pryor family. I had found there were Pryors there but didn't guess they were any kin of mine and I would move on. I was on my vacation and didn't want to lose any more time than I could help.

She got a book from one of the shelves. It was the Pryor family history which I had been looking at in the morning and which had given me all the dope. I pretended not to have seen it. She opened the book to the index and I could see her looking for the name of Edward Pryor. She finally found it. She let out a little squeal and asked me if Edward Pryor was my grandfather. I said he was but he had died a long time before I had been born and my mother could hardly remember him either. She asked if I was sure he had been an army officer and I said he had been.

"Mr. Pryor will be delighted to hear of this," she said. "I must call him right up and let him know you are in town. He wrote this history of his family and I think he spends all his spare time in research. I have helped him with some of it and many times he has spoken about his grandfather's missing brother and wished that he could locate him. I'll phone him right away," and she started for the phone.

"Hold on," I said. "I don't want that at all. I came in to find out who my folks were and not to be a prodigal son. From the looks of things, it seems that Mr. Pryor owns most of the town and I don't see anything in the record there about him running a shelter for long lost relatives. I'm not looking for a place to hang my hat. I'm just trying to get some dope on my grandfather and then I'll move on."

The redhead acted real agitated and said she knew Mr. Pryor would never forgive her if she let me get away. I told her all she had to tell him is that she couldn't help it cause I ran out on her. Then I got serious and said this was the first time I had ever run from a charming lady in my life. But as long as Pryor had admitted to her that he didn't know any-

thing about my granddad, what could he tell me anyway? She looked real sad but I walked out on her. Pryor seems to be a smart fellow. I'll get some more stuff before I tackle him.

I sat up in my room at the hotel nearly all night looking up dope and writing this report. They have a little city directory here that tells what each guy in town does for a living. I read it all the way through and picked out the names of a foreman and the shipping clerk and a bookkeeper at the mill and the railroad freight agent of the CHT & V that runs into Pryor's plant. The two names I had in my letter, Needham and Oliphant, were a couple of old codgers who ran the bank and the general store about seventy-five years ago. I see that the Needhams are still in the bank.

Well, I wrote my letter all over again and I worked all these new names into it. No, now don't get all het up about the redhead noticing any change in the letter. I didn't let her get her hands on it but just read her a part of it.

I may not be able to write you the story as fast as I get it so don't worry if you don't hear from me for a couple of days. If you see the client, be sure and tell him that I am going to get him all the dope he wanted and a lot more.

Yours sleepily,
GT-99.

* * *

18 June 19—

Dear GT-99:

It looks as if you had pulled one of your fast ones again. I told you that I had figured out a foolproof cover for you and that you were to use it and nothing else. That was merely a signal for you to go off on your own, just as you have in the past. This time you have stuck your neck out so far you are going to trip over it.

The one thing I didn't think I had to tell you about Mr. Pryor was that he is one of the leading historians and amateur genealogists in the entire country. He is an expert in this line and just as sure as you're born, he is going to trip you up if you hang around there—and then where will we be?

I want you to pack up and start for this office as soon as you get this letter and this is an order. We will talk about your future—if any—when you get here.

Yours emphatically,
BUF.

* * *

GT-99 reports for
17-18-19 June 19—

Well, it's a good thing for you that I got started early this morning. If I had hung around the hotel until noon like a lot of ops do, I would have gotten your letter and maybe have been tempted to fold up and shove off like you said. Getting out and on the job early, like I did, and keeping busy all day, kept me away from the hotel until tonight. When I came back and found your letter, I knew you would be glad I stayed until I had finished the investigation and got all the dope the big shot wants.

The morning after I wrote you last, I walked into the bank as soon as it opened and asked the guy behind the receiving grill if there is anyone by the name of Needham around the joint. He said that Mr. Needham is the president of the money coop and did I want to see him and why. I said that I was looking up some relatives of a Needham who lived in town about 75 years ago and the fellow told me that the Needhams are all old settlers and what did I want of them. I told him I am looking up some dope on my family history and then he told me that Needham is the old duck over in the corner with his feet up on a desk and reading the paper. I walked over to him.

The old boy looked me over and grunted and then looked back at his paper. He is pretty antique and I thought he might have been right there at the time the war started. I sat down beside his desk and he looked at me again and grunted.

"Where will I find Ralph D. Needham?" I asked.

This time he really *did* grunt; the latest effort made pikers out of the first two. He looked me all over again and then brought his feet down to the ground with a bang and threw the paper on the floor.

"What in hell do you want him for?" he shouts.

"I want to see if he knows what became of my granddad," I said real innocent like.

"He's in the cemetery and has been for fifty years," said the old man.

"Who, my granddad?" I said.

"No," he shouts, "Ralph D. Needham. But who are you and who's your granddad?" and the old man looked like he was going to bust.

Well, I told him my story and took out my copy of the old letter and I read it to him—or part of it. Right away the old gent got real chatty and friendly and told me that he was born the year the Civil War started and all about the Needhams and the history of Dumferlin. Every once in a while a customer would come in and he would yell, "Hello," and if they came anywhere near his desk, he would introduce them to me and tell them I was a grandson of the long lost Edward Pryor and they would stand and gape and then move on.

He told me to go and see Pryor but I said I had learned all about him at the library yesterday and I was just looking for information on my family and not for any free handout. He nodded his head but assured me that Pryor was a fine man and I should surely meet him as he was my cousin a couple of times removed. I told him none of my relatives had never done much for me and I wasn't looking to find any new ones.

Old Needham said that Pryor was really a business genius and responsible for a great deal of the growth of Dumferlin by giving employment to so many people. I

Continued on page 172

for men of action

QUIET • PERFECT GROOMING

LENTHERIC SHAVING CREAM

Shaving Soap in Ivory-finish bowl... \$1.00
After-shave Powder, matching container 75¢
Brushless (or Lather) Shaving Cream... 50¢
After-shave Lotion (pinch-bottle)... \$1.00

requisites by Lenthéric

at the better shops

Only GAR WOOD

CUSTOM RUNABOUTS

HAVE THIS SMART

Queen Mary Bow

19 FOOT CUSTOM RUNABOUT

ONE OF MANY DISTINCTIVE STYLE FEATURES

All Gar Wood runabout bows are patterned after the famous transatlantic luxury liner, the Queen Mary. A single detail that symbolizes Gar Wood's insistence on outstanding style leadership. 98 beautifully streamlined models . . . runabouts, utilities, open and cabin types, new Over-niter, sleeping two . . . every model completely restyled this year.

NEW LOW PRICES

Price is no longer a barrier to Gar Wood distinction. 1939 prices reduced from \$25 to \$1970. See Gar Wood before you buy. For extra beauty, extra value. Ask your Gar Wood merchant or write for illustrated brochure.

Dealers: Write for franchise facts

GAR WOOD INDUSTRIES, INC., 904 RIVER ROAD, MARYSVILLE, MICHIGAN
Largest exclusive builders of runabouts and utilities in the world

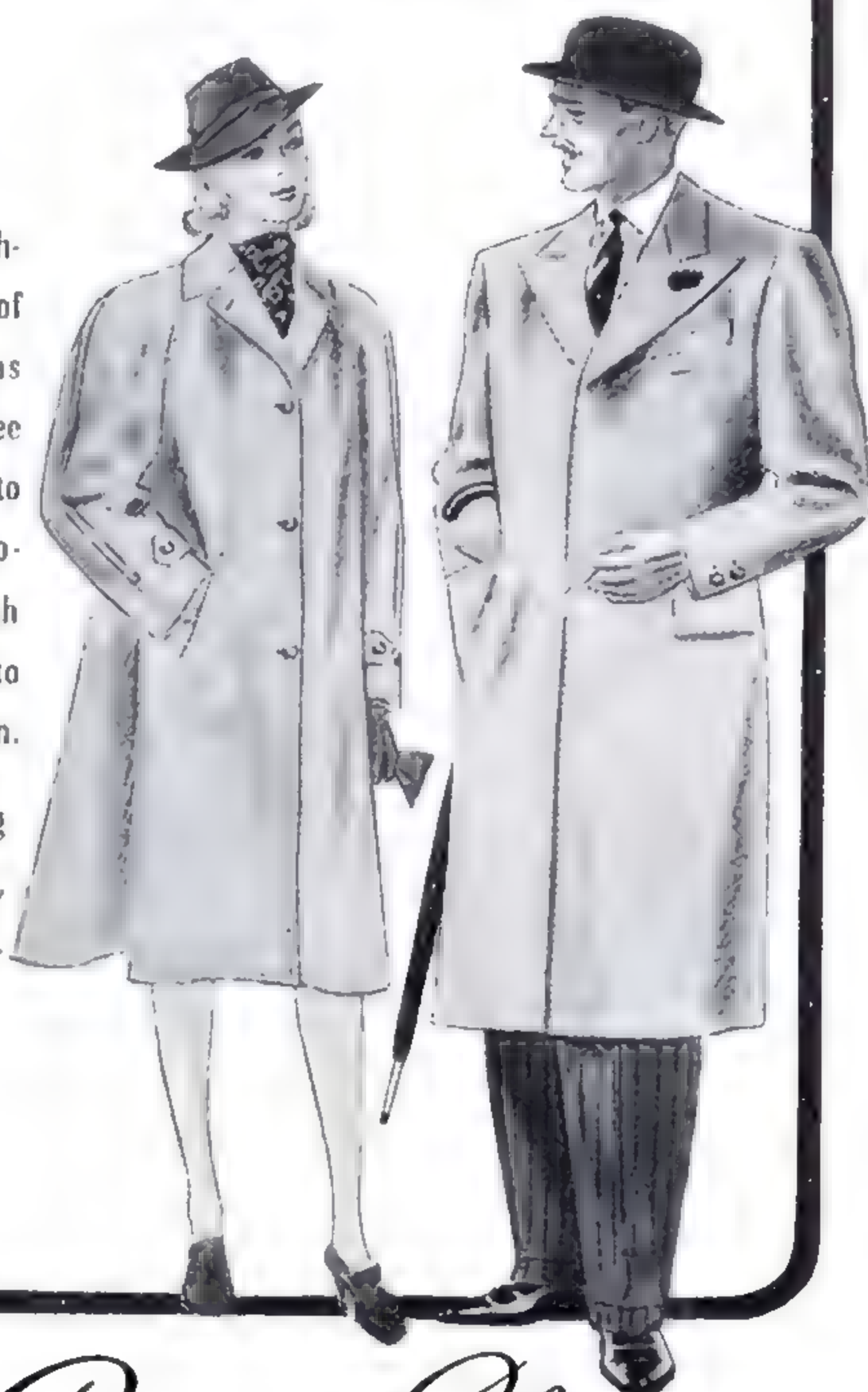
BUILT BY A CHAMPION TO PERFORM LIKE A CHAMPION

VENETIAN COVERTS

LOOMED AND TAILORED IN GREAT BRITAIN

In 1861 British weavers, finished the first imperial yard of Venetian covert. Today, as in Queen Victoria's reign, three to four months is required to weave this sleek aristocrat of cloths. Exclusive with CHESTER BARRIE, tailored into topcoats for men and women.

Your personal card will bring a specimen of this fabric, and name of nearest dealer.



Chester Barrie Clothes

200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • ONE GOLDEN SQUARE, LONDON, W. 1.
KENT BUILDING, TORONTO • 328 FLINDER STREET, MELBOURNE

The Foolproof Cover

Continued from pages 81-169-171

sort of says "Oh yeah?" You know, like as if I didn't have much interest in any small town big-shot. This put the old man on his mettle. He took a bunch of papers from a drawer in his desk and says, "Possibly these figures will convince you that your cousin is really a splendid business man."

Then he read off a bunch of figures from the mill financial statement for the first half of this year. And it is lucky for you that you sent a guy who can keep a few figures in his head. Here is the setup. I don't know the odd dollars or the odd cents but everything down through the thousands is O.K.

The plant and machinery is worth \$230,000. Finished product \$86,000. Raw material \$1,355,000. Accounts receivable, \$864,000. Cash, \$469,000. Patents and good will are listed at nothing. There was a few more little items and the total assets are \$3,057,000.

The liabilities was capital stock, \$1,200,000. Bank loan \$175,600. Accounts payable, \$1,227,000. There was a few other items and undivided profits of \$400,000 and the total balanced at \$3,057,000.

I remarked that the firm owed so much that it would go broke. This started the old gent off again. The raw material is bought on long terms of over a year to pay on account of Pryor being able to take the stuff as soon as it was harvested. This saves the growers the expense of storing it at the end of the season so they give Pryor the best price. Also the mill has done \$4,378,000 in business for the first half of the year and the profit is \$436,266.84. (I remember that one down to a penny.) It paid the annual dividend of 10% and still has a whacking big surplus. This statement is never made public, he claimed.

Old Needham is awful talky and he's proud of the town and the mill. Pryor is one of his best friends and he says the bank loan is with his bank and he has loaned him as much as a million. All the stock is owned by Pryor and his sister and three others who are directors and they only have one share each. One of these is an attorney—whose name I didn't learn—and the other two work in the mill; Pryor's secretary and the book-keeper.

It was noon when I got away from the bank. I staggered around the corner and wrote down the figures, all tuckered out.

In the afternoon, I looked up the freight agent. His name is Oscar H. Matheeny. He had only come to town a few years ago but he was interested in the old letter and wondered if it could possibly have been any of his kin that was reported as being here at the time the letter said. I gave him a cigar and as he wasn't busy, we talked for pretty near two hours. And here is the story of the shipping and receiving end of the Pryor plant. They get ten cars of new

stuff every day and they ship out about ten cars every day. The figure may go to twelve or drop to eight but not very often. The capacity of the mill is ten cars and that is what governs it. The mill has run to capacity for three years. Nearly all shipments are full carloads.

Now here is what I learned about where this stuff comes from. It is grown in Cuba and South America and is shipped here by boat. The railroad company that hauls it to the plant has a lot of warehouses at tidewater where it is unloaded from the boats and then it is shipped to the mill as it is needed. The agent says that the amount now stored at the warehouse is nearly a year's supply and he understands that the mill makes a deal with the growers that it is paid for only as fast as it is used.

Nice guy, the freight agent. I still stick to it; if I ever have a shop or store or bank of my own there is going to be one rule first and last and all the time, "Don't tell no strangers nothing about nothing—and you're fired if you do."

By this time I am all worn out and I thought I would take a look at the library again so I staggered over there and sunk into a chair. The redhead came up all fluttery and said she was *very* glad to see me. She had told Mr. Pryor about my visit and he was all broken up about me having beat it without seeing him. Wouldn't I let her phone him right away and tell him I was still here? No, I wouldn't. I was still not interested in any long range cousins.

The only thing I was interested in was getting out of the heat and didn't she know of some place where we could drive to and get a little cool air and maybe some light refreshments. No, that couldn't be. Dumferlin was an old-fashioned burg and the people would talk. But, if I would take her sister along, they might go at five o'clock when they both got through with their work. The sister, she added, is secretary to the sales manager of the Pryor mill. I told her to make it a date and she called the sister right then and did it.

I stuck tight until quitting time and we talked about the town and the Pryors and finally we got to talking about red hair and how lonely it must be for a girl of her splendid attributes to be buried at a crossroads like Dumferlin. This led on to the lonely life of a bachelor and by five o'clock we had covered a lot of territory without really getting anywhere.

The sister was just as easy to look at as the librarian. I'll bet any other op would have gotten himself all mixed up and forgot what he was after. But I didn't. Here is the dope. The sister wrote off the list prices of all the stuff they sell and the trade discounts and gave it to me on the back of the menu I'm enclosing; right in her own handwriting. And the names of the

AFTER DINNER

serve

COINTREAU

Liqueur

Do you know how to use Cointreau in Crêpes, Soufflés, Salads, etc.? Send for free brochure. Browne Vintners Co., Inc., Dept. C, 630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

biggest customers she wrote too—and the prices they get. Don't ask how she happened to do this. Here it is and that's that. You didn't ask me to get selling prices but I knew you had forgotten to ask for them. The client will want them so here they are. Sister confirms the ten carloads a day being shipped and ten cars of raw material being received. They have about \$100,000 worth of finished stuff on hand all the time. It's a little less now—just like the bank said. The mill has 480 people and they work in three eight-hour shifts. A cousin of these girls is in the timekeeper's office and they know this is the right dope.

They both told me the same story I have got elsewhere about the boss, Pryor. He is about 45 and used to be a rounder until his father left him the business but since then he is all work and no play—except history and genealogy. He is well liked by the bunch working for him and he spends a lot of time out in the shop and is quite an inventor of machinery. I got the gals home about 11:00 p. m. They still wanted to tell Pryor I was there but I balked.

(If you don't approve the \$14.55 I have charged you for feeding this pair of quails, I will deny everything I learned from them. Take a look at the menu the secretary wrote the notes on. See these prices. And you should ought to see these girls eat.)

And I couldn't sit up all night and write another report so I went to bed.

* * *

The next morning it was Saturday, a half-day at the mill, so I started out at noon to look up some of the employees at home. The shipping clerk was the first one. His name is Fred Huber and he is kind of Swedish I guess and his missus said he was out back painting his flivver. He painted and I watched and we both talked. Most any other op would have taken a day off on Saturday and have missed this guy. He is starting on his vacation tomorrow morning and will be gone two weeks. He wasn't in town 75 years ago and none of his folks were either so he don't know nothing about the old settlers.

But he was interested and as soon as I mentioned the name of Pryor we got to talking shop right away. He confirmed the ten-car-a-day story. He also ran over the names of the biggest customers and how much stuff they buy and how often. They are on the list I'm enclosing. Other dope I get from him is: about 500 employees, three shifts, common labor 50c an hour (\$3.75 per day as they work 7½ hours out of the eight-hour shift). Machine runners get 60c to 80c an hour and foremen \$45 a week. And, the mill gets a "fabricated-in-transit" rate from the RR company which saves about 30% of the freight according to Huber. How is that for digging up the dirt?

Well, that's about all he knew so I shoved off and found the bookkeeper. His people have been here

for over a hundred years and he fell for my line in good shape. He is Wendell K. Summers. He bragged about the cash balance the mill kept—and it checked with the bank. He confirmed the wage figures I got from the shipping clerk. Then he gave me a lot of stuff about how well the firm's customers paid their bills and there is only one account, The Bethany Co., that they ever have any trouble with for being slow pay. He also checked the amount of sales and shipments. Certainly a truthful bunch down here, or else they have all been drilled on what to say. He didn't seem to know much about prices.

That was all for Saturday. I was all tuckered out and didn't try to see the redhead. She had a date anyway.

Sunday afternoon I saw the foreman and as luck would have it, he's the foreman millwright. (I went to church with the redhead in the a. m. That's how I missed your letter.) He wasn't any kin to the people I was looking for but that didn't make any difference. I knew machinery and he wanted to talk and we had it hot and heavy until nearly eight o'clock. He would tell me about a machine in the plant. I would say such a machine couldn't be made to work. This would start him off and he would make a sketch of just how it was done and we would talk and argue until he convinced me that the rig was O.K.

Now here is the whole dope on this job. Pryor has got the world by the tail and he's so much smarter than these other guys that I don't wonder they are squawking. He has invented most all the machinery in the plant. He hasn't patented it because he knows that anyone could look at the plans and copy his ideas and he would have a hell of a time doing anything about it. This millwright foreman is one of the few guys in on the know and he doesn't know all about all the machines. There are a couple of things that Pryor keeps strictly to himself. I have all the sketches he made for me and I'll tell you about them when I get back. Where Pryor has the jump on the other mills, the millwright says, is that he has made reels to wind up the finished product that will run about twice as fast as the ones the other mills use. The big stunt is being able to increase the tension without breaking the strands. If you knew anything about machinery, you would see that this is the slickest friction drive ever worked out. It compensates for the changing radius of the ever increasing roll diameter and that's the McCoy. I have marked the number of machines of each kind there are in the plant and the capacity of each.

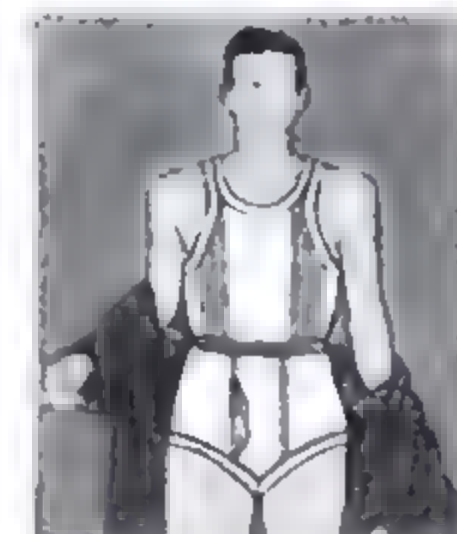
By the time I had put all of this stuff down in black and white, I was hardly able to pull myself out to the redhead's house—but I finally made the grade. I had made them promise not to tell Pryor that I was here and they hadn't. We went for a ride and picked up

Continued on page 174



NOT a nightmare .. he's just proud of his new Otis Underwear

Don't gamble! When you see the OTIS name, you can be sure that you are getting garments that fit comfortably and wear long. Stores everywhere sell a variety of this modern underwear for men and boys. Otis Underwear, 57 Worth Street, New York.



Modern Knit Shorts—for health and comfort

OTIS

SHIRTS
and
SHORTS

THE *Taylor-Made* SHOE \$5.00 - \$6.75 and up

Custom Character in every pair

BROWN and WHITE or ALL BROWN

Built by E. E. TAYLOR CORP., Boston, Mass.

TALLY-HO Brogues



RAJAH
RUBBER SOLES

A Rajah Origination—Diamond Surface tap crepe sole—contrasting color in tap and heel.

Another popular Rajah Origination—Bar Surface tap crepe sole—with contrasting color in tap and heel.

The Smartest Shoes Boast RAJAH Soles

You'll find today's most stylish semi-sport shoes—the ones that are really the talk of the town—are shod with RAJAH Soles. For RAJAH Soles set a pair of shoes far apart from the ordinary and give them that extra touch of swank (and comfort, too) that makes them headliners. Insist upon rubber soles with the name—RAJAH.

ALFRED HALE RUBBER CO., North Quincy, Massachusetts

GRAND PRIZE WINNERS

in
Esquire's

BIG GAG-LINE CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE
\$1,000.00
EDWARD NAGLE, Jr.
37 Birch Place, Buffalo, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE
\$250.00
JACK GRADY
300 S. Madison Ave., LaGrange, Illinois

THIRD PRIZE
\$150.00
LEONARD COOPER
119 North Main, Salinas, California

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ON SALE THE 15TH OF THE MONTH AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

The Foolproof Cover

Continued from pages 81-169-171-173

the sister's boy friend and then drove out into the country a piece and had another dinner. I think the bill of \$11.45 for all of us is very reasonable. I couldn't eat much. I had eaten so many doughnuts at the millwright's house that somehow I didn't feel hungry. I didn't get any more dope. On the investigation I mean.

I'm clearing out without seeing Pryor. He's my ace in the hole. The girls say he is still nuts about meeting me. The way it is now, I can come back and see him any time. I don't know what I can learn from him that I haven't already got from his gang. But if the client wants to learn any other little thing like how much gold Mr. Pryor has in his teeth or how many lumps of sugar he puts in his tea—I'll come back and find out.

I will be in to see you late tomorrow. In the meantime I want to remind you again what a swell job I have done for the client.

Yours,
GT-99

GT-99 reports for
20 June 19—

Can you imagine; I overslept and didn't wake up until nearly noon. That's what comes from working so hard and sitting up till two in the a. m. to write that long report. And I took it down to the station before I turned in so that the early train would get it.

As soon as I got up and had something to eat, I got the car and started. And was I going to make up for lost time? But I had to go past the library. There's no other way to get out of town and it would have broken the redhead's heart if I had not stopped to say good-bye to her. If she learned I had passed her up, she would probably queer me with Pryor if I should come back to meet him. I thought it over and decided it would not do to jeopardize the possible future of the operation so in I went.

She was talking to someone on the phone and all she was saying was, "Can you imagine? . . . Isn't that terrible? . . . Of all things . . . And right here in Dumferlin?" etc.

When she stopped, she hardly said "Hello" she was so full of what she had been hearing. She had been talking to her sister. It seems that this morning a man drove up to the mill to call on Mr. Pryor. He claimed to be from some news agency and wanted to write the story of Pryor's life and all about the mill. Something made Pryor suspicious and he checked up on the guy pretty thoroughly and found he was a faker. The sap's driver's license and business cards and personal papers were all balled up. Finally Pryor called the police and they now have the low rascal locked up.

I told the redhead that she must be extremely careful who she picked up with nowadays. She agreed with me. The news seemed to disturb her so much that I hung

around for a couple of hours to get her calmed down. I hated to lose so much time but she had done a lot for me and if I wasn't polite, she might get me in wrong when I come back. I didn't dare risk that.

While we were talking, the sister walked in. She was on her lunch hour. She was still full of the mess at the mill and she told us all about it again. There wasn't anything new in what she had to tell except this, and I guess it's the answer to the whole story.

After they took the guy away to the hoosegow, Pryor came into her boss's office and they talked for a while. She was right there. The sister's boss, I think I told you that he is the sales manager. Pryor said, "This is one more time the trust gets fooled and didn't find out anything about our business." So it looks as if this highbrow client of ours has been trying this stunt before he even hired us. Nice guy.

"I wish they would stop acting like damn fools," Pryor continued. "If they really want what I've got, all they have to do is make me a real offer and I'll sell out in a minute. I'm fed up with working and I want to travel and study." They talked about that for a while and Pryor told the sales manager he needn't worry about his job because if he did sell out, he would fix it so that the sales manager got a job with the new outfit. Also he would insist that the mill remain in Dumferlin so that the employees could keep their jobs. I guess I've been trailing a real white man and no mistake.

And I'll say to you BUF, that if you want to make a little extra cash for Christmas, I'll bet you fifty bucks that the trust *does* buy Pryor out before that time. This is just exactly like the rubber job I worked on last year when they bought out the fellow they couldn't compete with.

So this is why I will not be in to the office to see you until sometime tomorrow instead of tonight as I had expected. But you will understand that the delay is only because I had the client's interests at heart all along the line.

On the way out of town I stopped at the clink. The guy is held on \$50 bond.

I could have bailed him out as I have been very saving on expenses this trip and had plenty of lettuce left over. But I didn't. I decided it would learn him a lesson to sit there a while and think about how he had balled up the perfect, unbeatable, foolproof cover you had given him.

Yours sympathetically,
GT-99.

P.S. The guy will also have time for skull practice on the subject of keeping his eyes open and fitting his cover to the case at hand.

P.S. again. You have my permission to tell him how I handled the situation. Maybe it will learn him something.

GT-99.

##

Your TASTE, too, has changed!



YESTERDAY THE MORE HEAVILY ORNATE the furnishings, the more fashionable was your "parlor" in the Nineties. On "company" night, after a heavy dinner, guests adjourned to this musty atmosphere and partook of the potent whiskies that were the spirits of the times. You would probably find these whiskies too heavy for you, but they were all that were available then. Light-bodied Signet is the first bonded whiskey of its kind... created especially to satisfy your advanced taste.



AND TODAY AS DIFFERENT as your cheerful living room and the old-fashioned "parlor" are Signet and yesteryear's whiskies. For Signet, like your home, was designed for your more discriminating taste. Distilled differently, it was even aged differently—in oaken casks pre-mellowed by use in ripening other fine whiskies. And Signet matured under constant summer temperature for 4 years before it was bottled in bond under U. S. Government supervision. It is full 100 proof, yet light... gloriously flavorful yet amazingly delicate. Ask for delicious Signet today at your favorite bar or package store.

5 years after Repeal... Here is the
First Bonded Whiskey of its kind

Signet

The Signet Secret

The charred oak casks in which Signet mellow for 4 years are seasoned by prior use in aging other fine whiskies from our own distillery. You can't appreciate what a delicious difference this makes until you taste Signet! 100 proof.

THIS WHISKEY IS 4 YEARS OLD



COPYRIGHT 1939
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC
PEORIA, ILL.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITING-FELLOWS

Pleasant arc in nature's circle

ANY philosopher can tell you that life is just a vicious circle. Here we are luring you into a new layout of fishing paraphernalia so that you, in turn, can lure the trout to its fate. Presumably, somebody lured us into the original notion (actually, we just thought it would be a good idea), and so on backward and forward as far as the mind can stretch. The big fish eat the little fish and the little fish eat the tiny fish. But it's all in the day's work, and so, getting down to the business of luring trout-sized fish, we present here

- 1—Lightweight Scotch plaid shirt . . . 2—Workmanlike creel with harness . . . 3—Soft leather hobnailed boots . . . 4—Landing net with scale in handle . . . 5—Trout rod with extra tip and metal tube . . . 6—Fly book with flies . . . 7—Wading trousers . . . 8—Pipe which prevents sparks from flying in the wind . . . 9—Shock- and water-proof wrist watch with radiant figures . . . 10—Stainless fishing knife with scale, scissors and blade . . . 11—Popular fly reel . . . 12—Specimen brown trout on plaque.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



TAKE ONE DELICIOUS TASTE,
AND YOU'LL AGREE

"There is nothing better in the market."



OLD FORESTER

America's "Guest Whisky" Since 1870

BY BROWN-FORMAN

★ Yes, you'll agree that Old Forester's superb taste justifies the original, hand-written message on the label. Why not enjoy this supreme

Kentucky excellence that has been recognized everywhere for almost seven decades as among the finest? "Nothing better" at any price.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

Bottled in Bond Under U. S. Government Supervision—100 PROOF

"By Brown-Forman" . . . NOTHING FINER CAN BE SAID OF WHISKY

EARLY TIMES

*The Whisky That Made
Kentucky Whiskies Famous*

A name that is famed through the years. Traditionally great—at a low price. A Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky—90 Proof.



OLD TUCKER BRAND

4 Fine Whiskies in One

Selected for particular qualities to meet the taste of those who prefer fine blends. A blend of Straight Whiskies—90 Proof.



WHY STAND UP WHEN YOU CAN SIT DOWN?

HERE'S a handy little gadget for placing the weight where it's easiest on the feet. The shooting seat is a great leg-saving device during lulls at sporting events. This outfit strikes the correct country note. The jacket, in a basket weave Shetland, carries a three-button front and flapped breast pocket. The breeks (English schoolboy slang for breeches) are narrow trousers of a heavy cord fabric, which defy burrs, thorns and such

country hazards. Chukka shoes, of ankle high reverse calf, were originally worn by Indian Maharajahs (and this is no romance) with jodhpurs for spectator wear at polo games, and since have become part of the country kit. Unlined, with crepe soles, they are one of the most comfortable shoes known to man. A flannel Tattersal check shirt, sleeveless Fair Isle pullover, solid color Cashmere tie, varsity cap in herringbone tweed complete this outfit.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Crazy Professor

Continued from page 73

bleak and are etched against the slopes of snow-covered mountain flanks.

From the snow-covered cabin big Larry Sholl walks down the path to his classroom. The students watch him come. He has a paper in his hand. He walks up and says: "I've done it. My Cabin novel has been accepted. Here's my contract." He shows us the contract. It is the first book contract the students have seen. Professor Larry says: "Just take your seats in the classroom, I'll be back after a while." The big Professor plows on through the snow. Professor Sholl does not return to the class. The students leave. Professor Sholl is showing his contract all over the campus. He walks proudly in the winter wind.

"Well," says Seaton Applegate, "I've done it too. I sold my *Last Mile* to the *Holy Observer* for ten dollars." He proudly lifts his pants upon his body and tightens his snake-skin belt two more holes. Shan thinks: "Everybody getting his name in print. I'm going to send out my poems to magazines. I'd love to be in a magazine with a poem." Shan sends a sheaf of his poems to *The Rail Magazine*. It is a little magazine and says it doesn't encourage poetry and doesn't pay for it. The grey days come. Snow clings to the mountains. Professor Sholl takes long walks into the mountains. Professor Gans, the handsome well-dressed music teacher, walks with Professor Sholl over the mountain paths. They throw rocks at trees. "I don't like rock throwing much," says Professor Gans, "but Larry loves to throw rocks. He used to be a baseball pitcher. He's got every tree on the mountain-side skinned with rocks. A big crooked tree at the head of the hollow yonder has a pile of rocks at its roots high as a doddle of hay."

Shan walks over the frozen earth to Larry Sholl's cabin. It is Saturday morning. It is in December. He goes to split kindling and carry in coal. He walks in the house. Professor Larry is sitting with his face hidden in his cupped hands. There is a large woman in the house. She wears a heavy big coat. She has big broad shoulders like Professor Larry. Her eyes twinkle like his. They are small blue lakes of shining water. Her face is the color of autumn fodder-blades. She looks at Shan. She does not speak.

"I tell you, Larry, you ain't the boy you used to be," she says. "You used to pick the guitar. You used to sing. Look at you now."

"Oh, Ma," says Professor Sholl, "why don't you go back home and leave me alone. I've got the best job I've ever had in my life and I'm living in the best house I've ever lived in. You have to come here and spoil it all."

"Oh my boy," she says, "a good house you say. My toilet is better than this shack. Why don't you be my son again? Don't try to get above your raisin'. Why don't

you pick the guitar and sing?"

Mrs. Sholl comes to the door. She motions for Shan to come in the front room. She says: "That's Larry's mother. She's not all there. She's a little off at times. She's a strange woman. She's uneducated but she can sit down at his typewriter and write a perfect letter at a speed faster than Larry. She's worrying us to death. All the students and teachers will be talking. She's going all over the campus and talking crazy about Larry. Wanting his salary like she took when he was a little boy."

Shan goes back to the campus. He hears: "Why you know Larry Sholl's mother is here. She's the awfulest looking woman. She's crazy as a bedbug."

"That's nothing. Look how he teaches English. I never saw a teacher teach like him. Bessie Givings says: Professor Larry, I can't get the feeling into the love scene in my story. And he says: Fall in love. Then you'll get it. Advocating the girls fall in love so they can write love scenes. It won't do, Charlie. I've heard he'd not be here next year. It come straight too."

"Shan," says Professor Larry, "don't feel hard because I didn't speak the other morning. Ma was here. She had me worried to death. She went over the campus talking about me. We couldn't keep her in the house. She's got more energy than four women her age. I guess she's finished me here."

Larry Sholl, the best teacher and kindest man Shan has ever seen. Shan hears the talk: "Yes, got another short story up there now. That makes three, Big-Short-Story, Middle-Sized-Short-Story, and Little Tiny-Winy-Short-Story. It will be the last Short-Story here though. Can't help it if he did write a book. Skids are going under him right now."

The book comes out. It is sold on the campus. Students are carrying copies of Larry Sholl's novel. Professor Sholl walks proudly to his classes. "I tell you," says Mrs. Watkins, "that Larry Sholl is the crudest man I ever saw to write a book. He come to my room where I was teaching. He stuck his head up against a window pane. He peeped in and watched us. Got a tooth out in front. He was chewing chewing-gum. My students giggled. I couldn't hold their attention to save my life. Just two men I wouldn't have in my house, one would be Robert Burns if he were living, the other is Larry Sholl. Have you read that Cabin novel? It's a sight the way the young men and women act in that book. It's vulgar. He's got bad thoughts in his mind."

"I'll tell you what I've done with mine," says Professor Trouler, "I read part of it. I could read no more. It was too fast for a man forty-five years old. I tore it right in two after I'd paid two-fifty for it. I laid it in the grate. I didn't

Continued on page 180

Its entirely different tread construction gives Safti-Flight a flexibility that enables it to hold the road with amazing efficiency and makes it truly "America's Safest Tire"

FISK

Safti-Flight

TIME TO RE-TIRE
GET A FISK

PLUS Protection IN THE SKID ZONE ★ ★

PLUS Protection IN THE BLOW-OUT ZONE

OH MAW!

● The amazed son and heir doesn't know it—but it was Maw who insisted that Paw wear a SUPPORT-"U". Now Paw wouldn't be without it. Because SUPPORT-"U" trims down the waistline, improves posture, offsets fatigue like nothing else can.

YOU SHOULD WEAR A "SUPPORT-U"

Only supporter short with completely detachable pouch
Use coupon if no dealer is convenient

THE LITTLE CORPORAL COMPANY
Dept. E-20—231 South Green St., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed \$_____ Send me _____ SUPPORT-"U" shorts.

☐ Standard, \$2 ☐ Longfello Standard, \$2
☐ Lightweight Zephyr, \$3 ☐ Zephyr Longfello, \$3

Waist measurement _____
Prices slightly higher in Canada

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

GO!... ON LAND OR SEA... WITH Chrysler



THERE may be many who otherwise might be called "boating-wise," who are unaware Chrysler builds a marine engine... and what is more, a mighty good marine engine.

Of course it's logical a gigantic, forward-looking organization like Chrysler, famous for manufacturing internal combustion engines, should make a fine marine engine. It obviously would be engineered by outstanding marine experts to give the same sparkling performance to a motor boat as you expect from your car.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION
Marine Engine Division, Detroit, Mich.

And, a further logical conclusion is that Chrysler gives you only the best, at the right price. Whether buying or building a boat... insist upon the last word in marine power plants... a Chrysler Marine Engine.

Thousands of motor boating enthusiasts have naturally turned to Chrysler. Perhaps you, too, should investigate and see why they are so happy about it all.



"Sore throat, Jasper?"

Yes, lady, Jasper's throat is sore—but cough remedies won't help. He's hiding a badly frayed shirt collar under that muffler—and a badly frayed neck, too. He's one of that vanishing tribe—he hasn't heard that WINGS shirts' collars and cuffs NEVER fray.

Tell him for us, lady, that WINGS' collars and cuffs are made of GENUINE AEROPLANE CLOTH (the kind specified for aeroplane wings) and are guaranteed to outwear the shirt—itsself guaranteed for a year.

And tell him, too, that he can look smart in them—with whites, solid colors and fancy patterns—all custom made and tailored to please the most discriminating. Tell him to look, next time, for the red stitch in the collar band. . . . \$1.65

An Exclusive Product of The Piedmont Shirt Company, Greenville, S.C.

wings

AT MOST MEN'S AND DEPARTMENT STORES



The Crazy Professor

Continued from pages 73-179

want my children to get hold of it. It's poison. It's a deadlier poison than a mountain rattler. I didn't know a man thirty-eight years old had all that love-making and vulgar nonsense in his head. W'y, there never was a girl like that Rachael in his book."

Shan sees them persecute Larry Sholl. He hears the gossip. "I know," says Mrs. Larry Sholl, "the things they say about Larry aren't true. I know him better than they do. They've even tried to tell he was in love with my hired girl and she's the heroine in his Cabin novel. He started the novel years ago in Mississippi when he was teaching in a piney-woods rural school. They've done everything here to tear us apart. Larry has lost his job too. He won't be back next year. The reasons given are: First: he can't teach English. Second: he doesn't have enough dignity to be a College teacher. Third: too many students are following in his footsteps and indulging in immoral compositions."

Spring comes. The barren trees give new life. Professor Sholl says: "Now students you can stay in the classroom if you want to, your teacher is going down to watch the baseball game. I love baseball." He gets up and walks out. The students follow him to the baseball field.

"He's hurt this school," says President Pill, "more than any teacher we've ever had. Doesn't the Catalogue say that these students must have the required number of actually taught hours in English to graduate? How can they get it going to ball games? I've warned Sholl and warned him about his teaching. I'll dock his pay."

One day in Spring the students go into Sholl's class. He has a big Victrola with a tall stack of mountain-ballad records he plays for the students. He says: "These are a part of your life. Don't forget that."

Teachers report him for disturbing their classes in the other rooms with music.

The Rail takes one of Shan Powderjay's poems. He goes at night and gets Professor Sholl out of bed.

Professor Sholl says: "Keep it up my boy. Some day you'll be a writer." He sits up in the bed and talks to Shan. He says: "I'll soon be leaving here. I've been kicked out. They were fair enough to let me resign so I'd not be black-balled when I start looking for another job. Some day this school will bloom like a flower, but it will be when these officials here are pushing up the daisies. A fine bunch of mountain boys and girls here. I like the fight in them. I like the way they take hold and work."

Professor Larry Sholl is gone. Shan Powderjay finds the place lonely. The little cabin has its doors locked now. There is no life within its unpainted walls. The grass grows again around the shack

and no one cuts it. The birds build in the eaves of the shack. "W'y no one but Larry Sholl would ever live in that dump. You know the new English teacher wouldn't take his wife in a dump like that. She's from the old Whitecome family. They are a proud people."

Snow comes again. Shan hitch-hikes to a village of ten houses in middle Tennessee among the clustered low hills. He finds Professor Sholl living in a shotgun house. "Can't get a better one," says Larry Sholl. "Depression here, no job, and I can't even sell a pot-boiler. I'm down and out. I'm worried."

Shan sees the hair is turning white on Professor Sholl's temples. Shan does not get enough to eat at the table. Shan sees the three boys without shoes and snow covers the earth. "And my Professor comes to this," says Shan, "my good Professor—the man I've worshiped—cut his grass and washed his car—patched the leaks in his roof—the best teacher Carver College ever had—and they persecuted him! They persecuted him and crucified him. The stains of blood will be forever on their hands too."

Eight years have passed. Shan Powderjay reads in the *Carver College Observer*. It says: "What is the matter with the students of Carver College? There was a time on this campus when poetry flowed like water from the pens of the students. In the history of this school, it was the flowery season for the student prose and poetry. Joe Tremper has filled farm journals with his articles on Agriculture; Ron East has become a dangerous man with his radical articles, his two books of radical poetry and his communistic activities in the mountain coal field. Seaton Applegate is wielding the righteous hammer with his Christian articles; Fleet Rose has had a book of poetry accepted that is getting good reviews over the country; Lovell Paine has had her first novel accepted; Shan Powderjay has published a book of short stories and a book of poetry. Eight years ago this campus bloomed in song. Today, we have only the barren leafless stems that do not bear flower or fruit."

"Do they not remember the ghost of one crucified because he broke the methods of dry traditional school teaching?" thinks Shan Powderjay as he puffs a cigar and looks down the corridor at the short flight of fleeting years. "Do they not see the ghost of him around that leaky house given over now to the tall grass, the birds and bats—that broad-shouldered man with the inverted pear-shaped head—the briar-stubble hair and the small-blue lake pools of shining eyes? He only came, and stayed a while, something like the leaf on the locust tree. He spent one season. Even a leaf cannot die. It is made of something that lasts forever." #



TIED

... and found
not wanting!

* IMPORTED
Coronado

The Tie
That Won't Wrinkle!



\$1.00

Everywhere.
Ask for it
by name

Wear a CORONADO Tie Easter Sunday and enjoy it long thereafter. Knot it again and again; it is always fresh and immaculate for the next wearing. CORONADO'S British fabric is rich and beautiful; its smart patterns and harmonious colorings are styled for CORONADO alone.

SUPERBA CRAVATS
Grantee
Rochester, N. Y.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © H. C. C. Co.

Fun Before Breakfast

Continued from page 71

served at satisfactory intervals.

Which reminds me, all this intellectual effort has made me distinctly hungry. I wish I could hear that breakfast bell.

Perhaps a cigarette would help. I look on a cigarette as a sort of beef-wine-and-iron tonic for the intellect, a liberal helping of psychological vitamins and mental mineral salts. I select one. I light it. I inhale. I draw the smoke all the way down—clear to the cellar basement—and

Flash! The solution!

"Little girl, now that we have won, will you please favor me by removing your mask?"

"Certainly, Jack, and though you do not understand it as yet, we have both won."

"What do you mean, little girl?"

"When you see my face and know my name you will understand, Jack."

"Won't you begin by taking off your mask?"

"There! How do you like me?"

"You are wonderful, little girl. I never supposed I should ever look on a face so full of overpowering charm. Who are you?"

"Jack, don't you know even yet who I am?"

"No, little girl; though as I look at you it seems to me I ought to recognize you."

"Yes, Jack; for I am none other than the Spirit of Rational Exercise and Glowing, Vibrant Health."

(*Tu-dah!*)

That's good enough for me. I'll try it now. I take the oars in my hands and—

Wait a minute. Suppose a man did this Poughkeepsie business morning after morning: he might keep doing it, but wouldn't he eventually go nuts? Like those actors that play the same part for three years? Now with an electric horse, you could Carry the Good News to Ghent on Monday and successively be Paul Revere, General Putnam, Buffalo Bill, Sheridan Twenty Miles Away, and wind up the week by winning the Kentucky Derby. But rowing . . . rowing . . .

Perhaps I'd better finish the cigarette and while I glance over the morning paper let the old Unconscious—

Hurray! Breakfast! ##

Deutschland Über Alles

Continued from page 41

land, so they're just left there in the middle of the river."

"Poor devils! God, I never liked Jews much before but, somehow, now they don't seem so bad."

"Oh, Emanuel never was a bad sort. He was always the perfect gentleman with me if I do say it—of course he wasn't much to look at and he wasn't over-generous either—but he was fair. I've always said that and I'll say it now." Greta wiped the beer from her lips with her tongue.

They could still hear people running and shouting and glass smashing, sometimes from far away and sometimes quite near by. Mariahilfer Strasse was full of Jewish shops.

"Now I suppose I'll never get that evening dress he promised me."

"Did he promise you an evening dress?"

"Sure he did." Greta nodded.

"It was a French evening dress, or rather a copy of a French evening dress. My God, it was good-looking!"

"What color was it?"

"Green, what you call pea green, my favorite color."

"Pea green?" Susie looked puzzled. She was a country girl. "Which pea green?"

"Pea, peagreen, you poor nut. There's only one."

"No there ain't. There's all sorts of green in peas—dark green, clear green. It depends if they're raw or canned or cooked—my mother always puts in a pinch of soda to make 'em brighter . . ."

"Yes, that's right, and some spring onions too—Ach, but they're good! Little June peas!" Louise could almost taste them. Soon all

the girls were talking about food, food and cooking, that is, all except Greta. She had been a model, her bust had been advertised, she felt superior and besides, she couldn't help thinking about Emanuel Goldfarb. He was getting to like her a lot, he might have given her an apartment if all this hadn't happened. Oh, gee, them airplanes made a noise! He had always said he'd give her an apartment as soon as his old man was out of the way. He was a proper old orthodox and no mistake, long curls, fur hat and religious as hell.

"What's that?"

Everybody stopped talking at once. There it was again. Somebody was tapping at the window. No one spoke, no one breathed. The tapping continued. Suddenly it was drowned by the roar of an airplane flying very low, just above the houses. It must have been carrying a searchlight too. A streak of white light flashed like lightning through the crack between the heavy curtains. There was a banging at the front door. Susie screamed. Her beer upset. It made a great wet patch on the carpet. Frau Schratt hurried downstairs. Clara followed her on to the landing and peered over the bannisters. She clutched the railing, her head bent forward, her eyes shining.

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Let me in! Let me in, Frau Schratt, for Christ's sake open the door! It's me, Emanuel!"

Frau Schratt opened the door. Emanuel Goldfarb half fell into the hall. Sweat was streaming down his face, his coat was torn,

Continued on page 182



GARTERS REST
AT LEG-COMFORT
ANGLE. THEY
LIFT—NATURALLY,
WITHOUT
BINDING.

50¢

and \$1

Pacer
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
by **HOLEPROOF**
THE SOCK WITH GARTER ATTACHED

Step out in Pacer this Easter—that modern Holeproof sock with attached garter which keeps sock neat and trim. It's a new experience in convenience—sock and garter slip on together, wash together—clean garters every change. It's a revelation in comfort. Garters LIFT, gently, naturally, constantly—don't work out of place and let socks slip—can't bind. Thousands say they'll never give up its comfort, convenience—and economy. Garters cost nothing extra; guaranteed for the life of the socks. Smart patterns and plain colors . . . at most good stores. Ask for Pacer today.

AUTOGART SHORT

when coolness is the thing. A sock with knit-in garter which stays up, stands up—result of 10 years' experience in self-supporting hosiery. Patterns and plain. 50c and 35c.



HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

rainsuiter

A NEW FASHION
WITH
COMPLETE
RAIN PROTECTION



For sport—motoring—campus—or utility, Rainsuiter is a new idea. It is a natural tan jacket with slacks to match. Wind-proof. Showerproof. Lightweight. Rainsuiter is full cut, easily slipping over your regular suit or sports clothes. It washes or cleans perfectly without losing any of its protective properties. You'll wonder why Rainsuiter was never made before!

AT YOUR LOCAL SPORTS STORE
OR WRITE:

LEON A. AXEL, LTD.
200 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

ENCLOSED FIND \$____. PLEASE SEND ME____
RAINSUITERS AT \$10 EACH.

SMALL____ MEDIUM____ LARGE____

NAME____

ADDRESS____

Deutschland Über Alles

Continued from pages 41-181

his trousers were covered with mud. "Hide me! For the love of God hide me... I've never done anybody any harm... they're after me... Everything's gone... everything's destroyed... Hide me! For Christ's sake hide me!"

Frau Schratt slammed the door and bolted it. "What in the devil do you mean by coming here? We can't hide you! We're women, we can't hide you! Why don't you go to your own people..."

"My own people! They're dead... The streets are full of blood... They're beating up women and children and old men... everybody... and all the merchandise... is thrown into the gutter... fifty years of hard work and economy... my poor old father... and it's all gone... Ach, Gott! Ach, Gott! Aie! Aie! Aie!" He beat his breast. "Have pity... they're after me, they will crucify me! They'll crucify me!"

He was on his knees groveling, weeping. They could hear men running up the streets, hoarse voices yelling death and destruction. Greta grabbed Emanuel's hand. She had to half drag him up the stairs. Already people were beating on the door. There was a wardrobe on the second landing. Somehow Greta got Emanuel on top of it, behind a heap of old hatboxes and rubbish. "Stay there, don't move or you'll knock everything off! Christ!" She tried not to look as though she'd been running when she got downstairs. Frau Schratt was just opening the door. They would have broken it down if she hadn't unbolted it.

"Well, gentlemen, what is it? We're closed tonight? What..." But they didn't wait for her to finish. Half a dozen rough-looking men pushed her aside. More wanted to push in but Frau Schratt managed to get the door shut before they could. The men wore swastika bands pinned on their sleeves. Their eyes were bloodshot and the sweat, pouring down their cheeks, was not from fright.

"We're the police."

"Well, I'm always friends with the police. What do you want?"

"A dirty Jew ran in here a minute ago. We want him."

"Somebody ran in here?" Frau Schratt looked around at the girls inquiringly. They were huddled together like frightened sheep. They all shook their heads as though they had never heard of a Jew. "Nobody's come in here. I told you the house was closed for tonight."

"Get out of the way!" One of the men gave Frau Schratt a push. It was too much. She knocked his arm aside.

"Get out of the way, hell! This is my house! Do you hear? My house, and if you want anything in it remember your manners!"

The man stepped back. "Look here! We don't want to make any trouble. We saw a Jew come in here and we're going to get him if

we have to tear the house down."

There was no alternative. Two of the men guarded the door, the others went with Frau Schratt. They were a long time searching the house. Greta thought they'd never finish. Once she thought they'd found Emanuel. Upstairs, downstairs, heavy boots tramping, doors slamming, at last they came back. They seemed in a little better humor.

"I guess we made a mistake. He ain't here."

"I told you he wan't here. Now, just to show there's no ill feeling will you all have a beer on the house?" If these were the police of the future better get on the good side of them. Frau Schratt never missed an opportunity if she could help it. They all went into the parlor. The men wouldn't sit down, they didn't pay much attention to the girls but they didn't look suspicious as before. The old woman in the blue apron and the cracked shoes brought up the beer. She smiled a toothless, half-frightened smile as she passed the tray.

One of the men held up his glass. "Heil Hitler!"

The other men held up their glasses. "Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler!" Their voices were very deep.

"Praise Christ!" It was Clara. Everybody turned. She came forward, her finger to her lips, smilingly, excitedly. When she reached the middle of the room she stopped and looked around mysteriously. "S-s-s-h! Do you know who we've got upstairs?" Her voice was no more than a whisper. "Christ! He's come! I've seen him! He's waiting upstairs! He's on the wardrobe! Hallelujah!"

"Clara!" But Frau Schratt was too late. No use putting her hand over the girl's mouth now. The men were halfway up the stairs.

It didn't take them long to find Emanuel. He wasn't a small man but he looked tiny when they dragged him down the stairs and on the way to eternity. He didn't cry out or make any sound. Blood trickled down his left temple. His collar was torn and flapped slightly like a humble flag of truce. The front door banged. There was a sort of scrambling noise outside and then everything was silent.

Susie was the first to speak. Her voice was unnatural. "Say, he's left his hat." It had rolled into a corner. She picked it up and began to straighten it. Her fingers were trembling. "Wan't his face awful... did you notice?... It was... pea green..."

"Shut up, you damned fool!" Greta picked up one of the men's glasses and drank it down without stopping for breath. Then she wiped her mouth on the back of her hand and turned on the radio. *Deutschland Über Alles* filled the room with blatant triumph.

Upstairs Clara rocked back and forth on her knees, praising the Lord for His merciful kindness. #

Scotty Kote



F'r Mon'n Boy

MEN'S SIZES: 36-46... \$5.00
BOYS' SIZES: 28-36... \$3.95

Comfort, 'n ease, 'n true neatness, 'n long service, 'n snug fit—ye want all so luk no further—'tis here. Soft, fleecy, 100% Arlingcrest Naphthalated* Worsted, knitted with elastic seams, talon fastened, twelve colors. A bonnie buy it is... Buy it. ROPER KNITTING COMPANY, Canandaigua, New York.

*Virgin fleece cleansed by naphtha baths.

LORD & TAYLOR, New York
and leading stores throughout the country

Your copies of ESQUIRE in a Permanent Book

Tailored in the ESQUIRE distinctive style—it's new and smart—an asset to any club, home or office library—your name embossed on the front cover—making it your personal book. Six issues per volume. December issue completes Volume X, July to December, 1938. We can supply most missing issues at 50c per copy—the regular newsstand price.



BUCKRAM—(heavy cloth)—distinctive 2-color Esquire design. A quality binding that is both attractive and durable. Price, \$2.50 per vol. With gilt top, \$3.00 per vol.

DE LUXE—GENUINE PIGSKIN—Rich embossed burned-in lettering. Gilt top. A luxurious binding comparable to the individual masterpieces of the Old World book-binding craftsmen. Price, \$5.00 per vol.



ESQUIRE, INC.
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Bound books returned
express collect

The Kid Don't Get It

Continued from page 59

money for a rainy day when there wouldn't be any rainy days if the money was spent instead of saved?"

That boy aggravates the whey out of me. You can't get anything through his head. It must be he takes after his mother. I count clear up to fifty before I say anything more.

"I am forced to admit," I finally say, "that rainy days might be avoided if all the people spent their money like you say but it can never be that way on account of people having different ideas about the matter."

"Don't people have different ideas about other matters?"

"They sure do," I snap, "and one of the ideas is that if a certain wise brat I know don't show a little more respect for his old man's advice, he is going to have the tar whaled out of him."

Believe it or not, I win that argument. There wasn't any more said about it for two whole days. Then some more letters came in and the kid got off on another dizzy angle. In one of the letters some guy went on at great length about how necessary it was to have a public medium of exchange to facilitate the interchange of goods and services in a complicated industrialized social order. He was explaining how the profit theory was the only way in which the products of industry could be divided up so that the more capable persons would get their just reward.

"What does he mean in my language?" asks the kid.

"He is showing," I answer, "how a profit in the form of money is nothing more or less than a share in the things that are produced by industry."

"Wages are the same thing, ain't they?"

"That's right. The money is only supposed to be a temporary distribution until it can be exchanged for something to be used like food or clothes or a new car or a house or maybe to start up a new business of some kind."

"How long is anybody supposed to wait till they exchange their money for some of the products of industry?"

"They can wait as long as they please. That's the beauty of a public medium of exchange. It's good any time you want to use it."

"If industry turned out a lot of stuff this week and everybody waited a couple of years to go get their share, wouldn't it mess things up?"

"If everybody waited that long, I suppose it would but everybody can't wait that long; they have to use some of the products to live on."

"Does industry turn out so much stuff the citizens can't use it all up?"

"No. The dope is that the citizens' capacity to use up is unlimited."

"Then the only reason the flow of goods and services is stopped is

because some people save their money instead of exchanging it for their share of the products of industry."

There he was, back on that anti-saving gag again. I'm going to give that boy four bits some day and let him spend it all at once. Maybe he'll get it out of his system.

"Listen," I warn, "if you want to discuss the public medium of exchange with me, you will have to quit changing the subject."

"All right," the kid agrees. "What do they mean public medium, does the public own the money?"

"Well, yes. The Government issues money according to rules laid down by Congress. The money actually belongs to the Government but the people use it to exchange things like the man says in the letter. It's like a public street or highway that everybody uses but nobody owns."

"Who lays down the rules about the public streets and highways?"

"It's not so important to know who lays 'em down as it is to know what they are," I reply.

The kid grins. "So you got another parking ticket?"

"Never mind about that. Stick to the subject."

"Ain't this a free country?" the kid inquires.

"That's what they claim."

"Then why can't you park on a street that the public owns, ain't you one of the public?"

"Public property," I say, "has to be managed in a way to give the greatest good to the greatest number of people. That's the way democracy operates. They have to lay down rules about the streets and highways so that no single person can interrupt the flow of traffic and commerce."

"Then why don't they lay down some rules about money so that no single person can interrupt the flow of goods and services?"

"What do you mean by that, young man?"

"They have rules," says the kid, "that keeps a single person from doing as he pleases with a public street. They could have rules that would make a person change his money into his share of the products of industry within a reasonable length of time after he got hold of the dough and nobody would have to worry about business getting bad."

Can you image that kind of stuff? And the brat is only twelve. "Of course, they couldn't have any such rules," I howl at him. "A man's money is his own and a law like that would be practically the same thing as confiscating private property."

"You told me money was public property."

"It is public property," I yelp, "until a citizen gets his hands on it and then it is private property. That is, it's still public property but the citizen has a right to—"

"When you get it settled," says

Continued at top of page 184

WINTHROP'S
KLOMP
as Dutch as Edam cheese!



\$5.50 Other WINTHROP Styles \$6.50 to \$8.50

For All Outdoor Activities. Styled by Winthrop's famed designers for comfort... built on Winthrop's famed Dutch-type last... the Klomp is a soft one-piece leisure shoe. Colors: saddle oak leather, luggage tan grain, buffwood saddle. Leather or crepe soles. Write for Winthrop dealer's name. Dept. H

WINTHROP
WINTHROP SHOE CO., Division: International Shoe Co., St. Louis

The Breeze
\$3.50

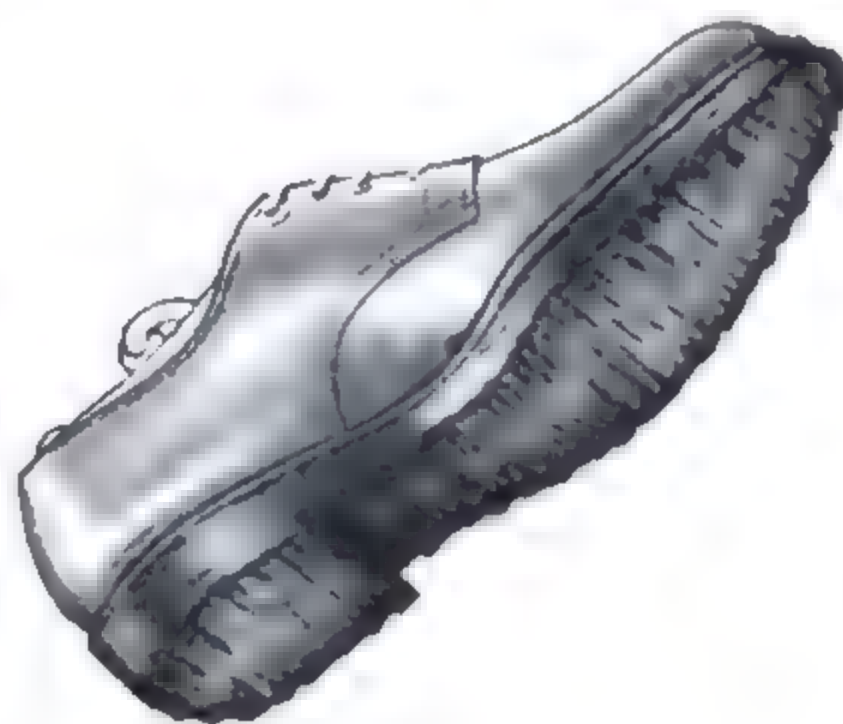
A jaunty, "heads-up" light-weight hat that scores with young men of all ages. Its hand-braided band and fine stitched brim reflect Paragon's style flair. Other Paragon styles \$2.95 to \$5.



Paragon HAT COMPANY CHICAGO

there's going to be a big Spring* in
rubber soles

*Pun intended, gentlemen. Because comfort and "spring" are just as important in Boyd's rubber-soled shoes as acknowledged style rightness. Send for Boyd's booklet of 39 rubber-soled gems—everything from country turf boot to town shoe. Prices from 10.00 down to 1.55—shoes sent postpaid, on approval, anywhere in these United States!



Boyd's

Boyd's, Olive at Sixth, St. Louis, Mo.
Send FREE booklet on rubber-soled shoes.

Name _____
Address _____

GAY DOGS

"Go Dutch"

in Genuine
HOLLAND
Style



THE KLOPPER



THE KLOMPEN



THE KLOSSEN

\$5

Other Styles \$4.00 to \$10.50

Ah, men! Footwear never looked so smart... fit so well... felt so good. You get a new idea of a "Dutch Treat" as you rock along in these style hits that are sweeping the country. Fashioned after the native Dutch klomp, again Racine leads the latest trend in shoe smartness for spectator sport and knock-about wear. Kloppe has light wooden sole. Klompen has comfortable crepe sole. Klossen has leather sole and heel. All have uppers of natural calf. Buy them by name from your local dealer or write:

HOLLAND-RACINE SHOES, INC.
Holland, Michigan

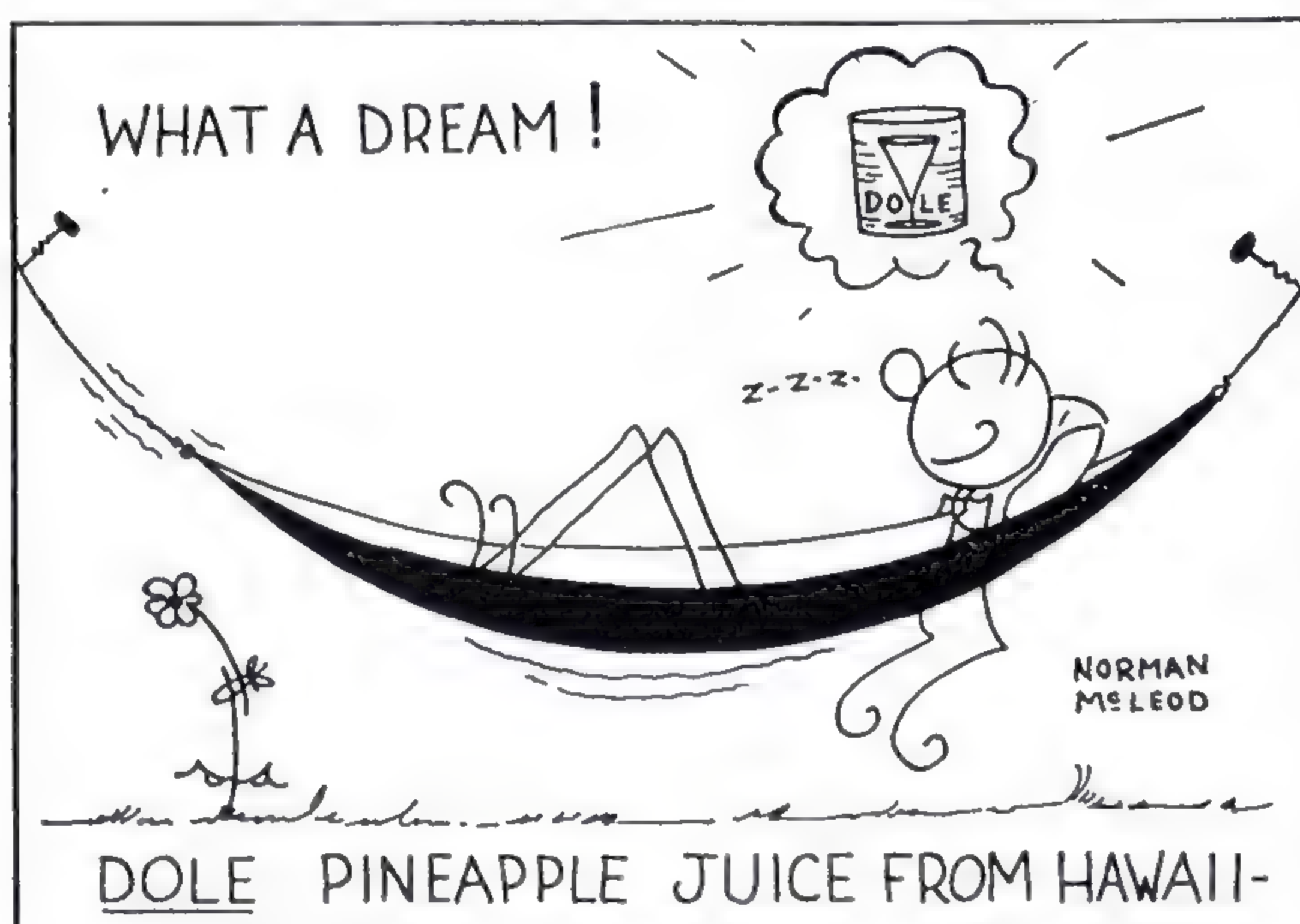
Attention DAD! That son of yours! Let him be the first with the latest. The Kloppe, Klompen and Klossen come in boys' sizes too... only \$4.00.

Racine Shoes

PACESETTERS IN MEN'S FOOTWEAR

Report any Change of Address direct to Esquire rather than to the Post Office

A request for change of address must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, enclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy. The Post Office will not forward copies to your new address unless extra postage is provided by you.



The Kid Don't Get It

Continued from pages 59-183

the kid, "be sure and let me know." "Punk," I say, with dignity, "I resent that crack. It sounded like you thought I don't know what I'm talking about."

"Sir," the kid says, "I hope you'll excuse me for thinking." And he picks up some trashy book he's been reading lately.

"And another thing," I add, "you'll have to cultivate a more respectful attitude toward the traditional customs of this country. Instead of filling up your dome

with a lot of slap-happy ideas, you'll be better off to spend a little thought on how to preserve the good old American Way."

"Nuts," says the kid, with his nose deep in the book.

I should have clouted his ears down but I didn't. The kids must get that way from the junk stuff they read these days. That book he had for instance, *Theory of Relativity*, by some bird named Einstein. What else can you expect? ##

Polo: Gentleman's Game

Continued from page 93

team, "Greentree" boasts of G. H. Bostwick, Gerald Balding, Thomas Hitchcock, and J. H. "Jock" Whitney, cousin of "Sonny." There are about eighty clubs in the United States. The oldest, Meadow Brook and Westchester, are in a dead heat, both being registered with the Polo Association on the 6th of June, 1890. The Myopia Club, near Boston, is runner-up, with its election date of August 6, in the same year. The Aiken Club followed in 1899.

Eleven universities have teams, and any number of army posts. We hope that it is not giving away military secrets in this era of spy scare if we reveal that about fifty officers play polo on Governors Island. The army supplies the ponies and pays for their upkeep. For additional expenses such as mallets, balls, etc., there is a club at every polo playing garrison in the United States. Colonel Shallenberger, at Fort Snelling, even allows promising civilians to keep their horses in the Fort's stables, and encourages them to play on army teams, and many other commanding officers follow the Colonel's example. This makes polo less expensive for those who long to play the game and have little money. As a matter of fact, the army sometimes even supplies the ponies for civilians who show talent for polo—and one or two mallets more or less do not bother the expense club, when it comes to good sport and a promising young sportsman. For, although polo is an expensive game, it is now a national pride: the Americans are the best players in the world. Most of the time they beat England and Argentina, their strongest rivals.

Talk about the clubs would not be complete if we omit the Snyder family. There is Pa Snyder, Ma Snyder, three boys and one or two friends, who travel around in two big cars, dragging along trailers filled with ponies in the polo season. They roam the countryside and challenge small clubs to a friendly match of polo, right on the spot. The male members of the party form the team, and Ma Snyder takes care of the horses, and sees to it that the men have a good dinner after the game. They are generally liked, and regarded by out-of-the-way clubs as good

Samaritans, for there are many teams in the country who are unable to find opponents in their own neighborhood. To them the Snyders are a Godsend. Having gratified the fighting spirit of a village team, the Snyders move on to play at some other isolated place.

Polo is played indoors too. It is pretty nearly the same as outdoor polo, except that the field is smaller, the side boards are higher, and the team consists of only three men. The ball is also different, having resemblance to an indoor baseball. Indoor games go on in New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Pittsburgh, and a score of other places. But in California, Florida, and other places where the climate is warm, polo is played outdoors the year round. There are tournaments and circuits arranged, and most polo clubs on the "main road" have continuous good sport. Polo is an exciting game whether it is played in Omaha, Pasadena, or Burlingame. But it is most fascinating when one sees the "real" game, an international, played on the superb Long Island field.

Here veteran players sit their ponies as though they were part of them. Eight centaurs are in combat, sixteen keen brains are concentrated on a small white ball. Every nerve and muscle of these alert, daring, brilliant men, every nerve and muscle of these diabolically clever, tricky, and speedy horses, is tense to the ultimate degree. Here teams work in uncanny unison. Polo is teamwork; if the four players are absolutely as one, they may win, even though they are individually weaker than the other side.

The season ends, and the ponies which paid one dollar a day for their food and board at the club's stables (if they were owned by members) say Au Revoir to the help and return to the family estate, in Maryland, Virginia, Long Island, or elsewhere, to roam the pastures with other, lesser, horses. Then, when a class-conscious working horse rails at them, they get snooty: "My master is a 10 goal player. Why, it's a gentleman's game! You are not even insured, you..." And with a trick learned on the polo field, they push aside a bewildered and astonished country horse. ##

First World War Peace Offer

Continued from page 56

Grey. I had little first-hand knowledge of the English, and I was well aware of how the Germans regarded Sir Edward. To them he was the arch-conspirator, the man of cold blood, the passionless builder of Germany's ring of enemies, that particularly dangerous kind of calculating Englishman who speaks with immediate hypocrisy and acts with farsighted self-interest. I had my doubts about this judgment, yet the real Sir Edward was a revelation.

His personal appearance was that of a somewhat shaggy ascetic. He was tall, erect, slender. His thin hair was long and not trim. His clothes were not pressed. The face was abloom with good color, but the lips were pressed in a tight line. At the time I knew nothing of Sir Edward Grey, naturalist, nor of the breed of Englishmen he represented. Now I know many of the same kind, indifferent to their appearance, somewhat restrained in manner because they are sensitive and shy, and better educated, I think, than any other men in the world.

I delivered my message from the German Chancellor and ended with the instructions I had received to return to him and repeat what Sir Edward had to say in reply.

Sir Edward's face became crimson when I came to the word indemnity. I suddenly wished I had not said it. I thought of the Baroness's explanation. Why shouldn't I repeat that? It would not be correct, but if I blurted it out, I might be forgiven. The hateful word itself had a much worse sound even to my ears, spoken in the office of the British Foreign Secretary, than when it had come from the vocal cords of the German Chancellor in Berlin. I could feel the emotional temperature in the room rise.

But Sir Edward gave me no time to blurt out anything. He passed over what I said about Belgium as though the fate of that country had never been mentioned. He struck out at the suggestion of an indemnity which he dismissed with words of superior contempt. And he launched into one of the finest speeches I ever heard in a vocabulary then unfamiliar to me. Did not Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg know what must come from the war? It must be a world of international law where treaties were observed, where men welcomed conferences and did not scheme for war. It must be a world of international standards, not of national aspirations. I was to tell Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg that his suggestion of an indemnity was an insult and that Great Britain was fighting for a new basis for foreign relations, a new international morality.

When the speech came to an end, he looked at me for a moment, and then as though realizing that he, too, did not wish to close any voluntarily opened door, he

asked me, if I ever visited London again to come to see him. That ended the interview. There was a moment of leave-taking and handshaking, stiff but not formal, and I was away.

I felt distressingly disappointed, for I was a youngster, I hated the war, I longed for peace, and I had naïvely hoped that by some miracle I might somehow be a minor instrument in its coming. But this reply of Sir Edward's was a slap in Bethmann-Hollweg's face.

Now that I look back upon my mission, I admit that I myself may have been partly to blame for its failure. I should have heard Sir Edward out, and then asked permission to explain something about inner German politics. I should have gone beyond my brief. Why not? I belonged to myself, not to Bethmann-Hollweg. I could have offered my explanation why the word "indemnity" had been mentioned. I could have suggested ever so tactfully that Sir Edward had himself been a little hasty in judging the Chancellor's message. I could have told him that I should be glad if he would permit me, simply, to say to Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg that Great Britain had no intention of paying an indemnity, but *was* interested in the independence of Belgium and in anything else he cared to mention. I could have elaborated the differences between the peace and the war parties in Germany, and stressed the advantage of strengthening Bethmann's hand.

I lacked both the courage and wisdom to say all or any of this, and even if I had done so I doubt whether it would have made much difference. Sir Edward at that time was fed up with Bethmann-Hollweg. We know from his memoirs that he believed him to be upright and reasonable and utterly impotent. Sir Edward, in true Anglo-Saxon emotionalism (for the British are the most emotional of the European peoples) was still deeply angry over the violation of Belgium, and in particular over Bethmann's having offered a prize—and a poor one—for Britain's neutrality in the war. The war had come, and British leadership was stirred to the depths by moral issues. Sir Edward was the moralizing voice of England. That December afternoon I had heard the vocabulary, then still novel, which was to be the international language after the war. Bethmann had been thinking of Belgian soil. Sir Edward Grey was thinking of law and principle.

I went back to Berlin crestfallen. A dutiful reporter, I repeated to the Imperial German Chancellor what Sir Edward had said, once more sitting beside the great desk in the hushed room where Bismarck had labored so many years.

When I ended, Bethmann-Hollweg looked weary, and he thanked me in a spiritless voice. I had merely confirmed what he already

Continued at top of page 186

NEW PIPE OR OLD PIPE

it's sweeter with this delightfully different blend

NEW, AROMATIC PIPE TOBACCO

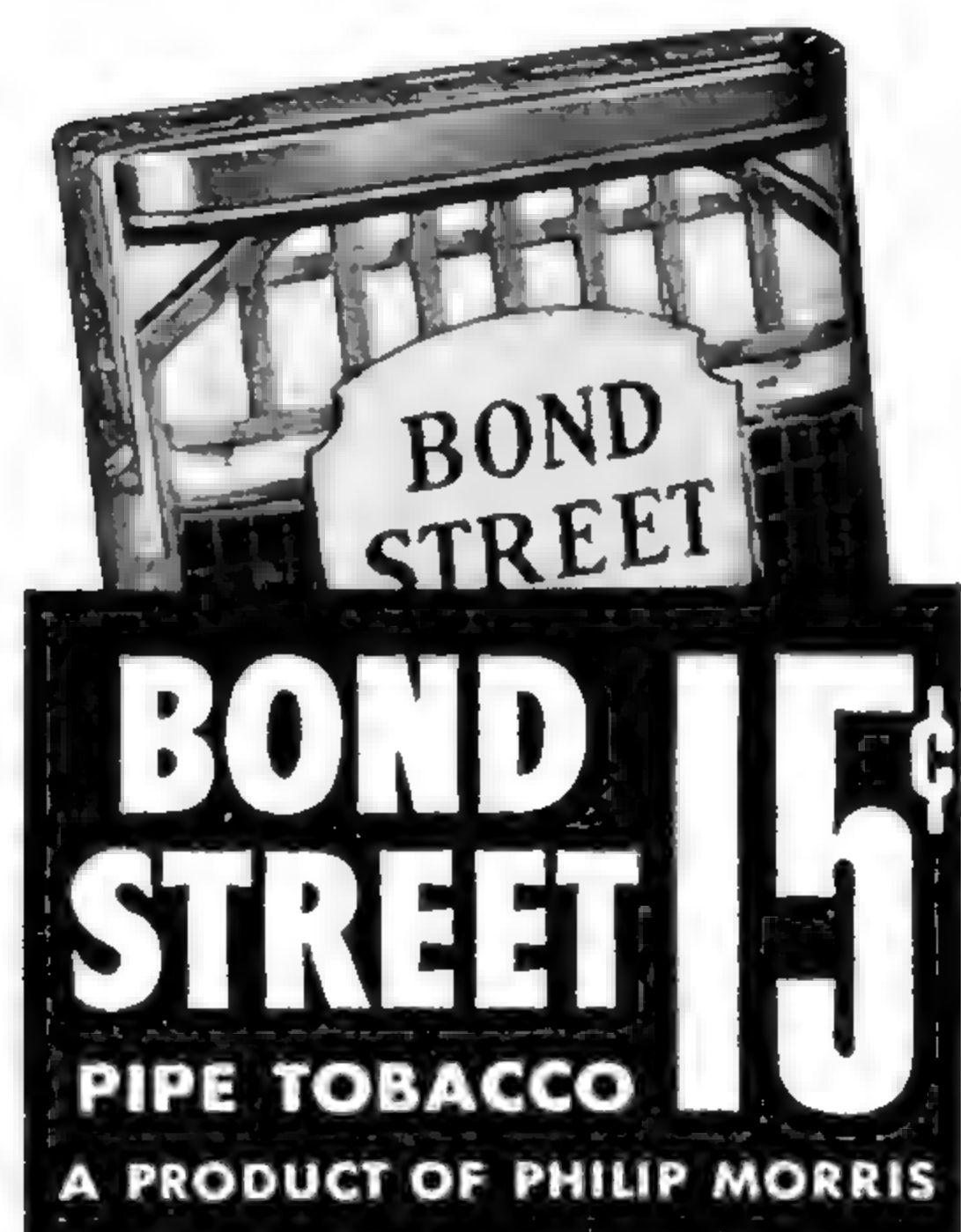


Here's tobacco so amazingly different that new pipes lose their "bite"... and old pipes taste better than ever!

Rare tobaccos, and blending, make BOND STREET smoke, smell and taste like a costly special blend. Yet it costs only 15¢.

Rich man's pipe tobacco... at every man's price. Even the women approve its aroma! Try a tin today.

NOTE: If your dealer has none, write Philip Morris, 119 Fifth Ave., New York.



15th

of every month is the day to look for the new ESQUIRE on the newsstands

NEW! MASCULINE! Belts and Braces

made of

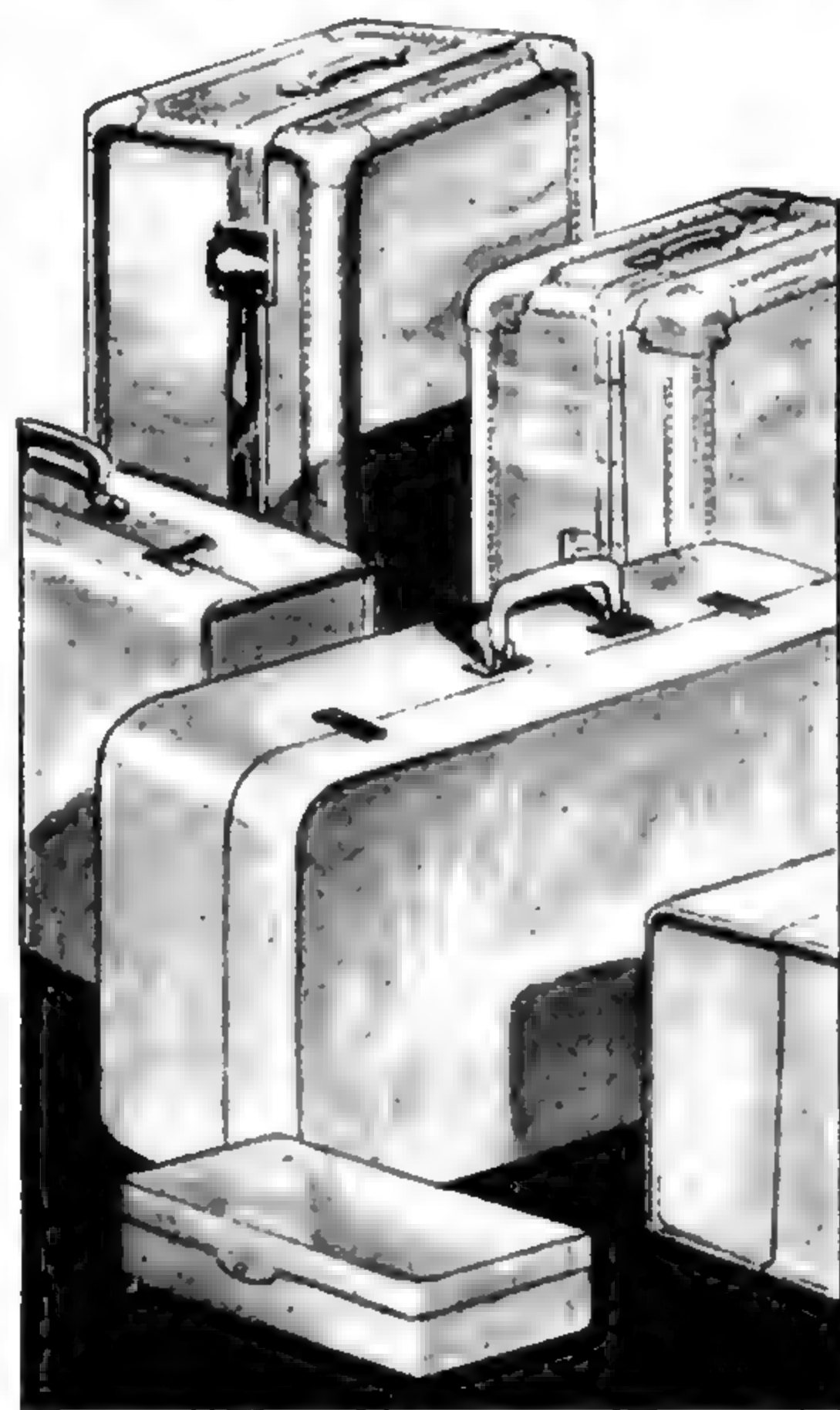
GENUINE

Rawhide by GUTMANN (Also known as TUFRAW)



In Natural and rich Colors... smart and durable as only rawhide can be... with that touch of distinction gentlemen demand for a well-balanced wardrobe.

Rawhide Luggage ULTRA SMART!



A luggage endowed with style... tempered with good taste, rare in its distinctive beauty.

At better dealers and department stores.

Genuine Rawhide is made by

GUTMANN and Company, Inc.

A name associated with the finest in leathers
1511 Webster Avenue, Chicago

There is a **SURE**

way to stop Moths!



READ HOW
LARVEX
ENDS MOTH
WORRIES...
QUICKLY,
CHEAPLY,
SURELY

A great many women work hard and long to stop moth damage, yet actually waste both time and money by using faulty methods. Don't let this happen to you!

You can keep every rug and chair and woolen garment safe... at very little cost and with very little trouble... by proper use of Larvex.

For your furniture and garments, use liquid Larvex, sprayed by hand or the power sprayer on your vacuum cleaner. For blankets and washables, use Rinsing Larvex. Just follow the simple directions on each package.

Nothing need be wrapped or stored away when you use Larvex. There's no unpleasant odor to put up with. When Larvex is bought by the gallon it costs less than 25¢ to mothproof a man's 3-piece suit. Use Larvex, and be safe from moths!

THIS YEAR DO YOUR
MOTHPROOFING RIGHT
LARVEX
IS QUICK, CHEAP, SURE



AN ENGLISH PIPE TOBACCO FOR THE "ONE MAN IN A THOUSAND"

CRAVEN MIXTURE is not for every man. It is a blend for the *connoisseur*... the "one man in a thousand" whose taste is cultivated to a true appreciation of English pipe tobacco at its very best.

Product of the celebrated Carreras of London, **CRAVEN MIXTURE** was created originally in 1867, expressly to please the fastidious palate of the third Earl of Craven. Since then its fame has spread to the corners of the earth. Today, wherever you travel, you will find men of taste and discernment praising the pleasures that **CRAVEN MIXTURE** brings.

You have only to smoke a single pipeful of this grand old blend to appreciate its rare distinction. Cool-burning, fragrant, deliciously mild, yet surpassingly rich in flavor, **CRAVEN MIXTURE** is a man's tobacco, worthy of your finest briar.

Immortalized by Sir James M. Barrie as "a tobacco to live for" in "My Lady Nicotine," **CRAVEN MIXTURE** is now available in the United States at the better clubs, hotels and tobacco shops. Get a tin today and try it!

CARRERAS, Ltd., London, Eng.

Sole U. S. Agents: Faber, Coe & Greig, New York, Chicago

IF YOUR DEALER CAN NOT
SUPPLY YOU, MAIL THE COUPON

CARRERAS, Ltd., Dept. EE, 247 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

I was unable to get Craven Mixture from my local dealer. I enclose 35¢ in stamps for 1½ oz. tin.



Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

First World War Peace Offer

Continued from pages 56-185

knew, that the war must go on. It couldn't end with an early peace. He undoubtedly thought that Sir Edward had intentionally replied only to the mention of the indemnity because he wasn't interested at this time in the pledge about Belgium. I couldn't very well say that I thought not, and that Sir Edward had pounced upon the indemnity because he was an Englishman, and was bound to react that way. Even if I had, Bethmann-Hollweg would not have believed me. No German would have believed that Sir Edward did anything but calculate with a cold, machine-like accuracy.

The Baroness thought Sir Edward had not been emotional. She laughed at my dismal worry at having performed my mission poorly.

"The English are angry. They are going to fight on!" she would say. "It's what I keep telling you. Only the Germans are ready for peace. Our enemies are determined

to destroy us. We fight a defensive war. You must make that clear in what you write for America."

In imagination I could hear her console Bethmann-Hollweg at her next dinner party. She would say to him that only he, of all the war statesmen, really wanted peace. Only he had had the courage to demonstrate it. Only he spoke the language of civilization.

It happens that I was right about Sir Edward's anger over the mention of the indemnity. Years later, in his biography, he wrote briefly about my visit. An American had come from the German Chancellor, he said, to tell him that Germany expected an indemnity in the peace. Years later he still was indignant about it, he still missed the point about Belgium, and saw none of the light my visit ought to have thrown for him on current German politics. I repeat, Sir Edward was an emotional man.##

The Extreme Airiness of Dutton Lang

Continued from page 55

for fear of hitting the roof above.

On his next try he sailed over the bar at fifteen feet with a foot to spare, and pandemonium broke loose. The crowd burst into the arena. Everybody wanted to slap him on the back, to shake his hand, to get his autograph. He didn't mind signing programs with his big gold fountain pen, but he was embarrassed when they hoisted him up on their shoulders and found that he weighed so little.

We left as soon as we could: Dutton was a retiring man and didn't like the fuss; and he was getting horribly worried. He said, "As a result of the exercise, I probably lost more weight tonight."

Before I could think what to answer, a gust of wind struck him and almost blew him under the wheels of a passing automobile. The driver screamed, "Hey! Can't you watch where you're going?" and the wind, fortunately, gave an extra puff, and blew him clear over the automobile and out of danger.

In May, less than two weeks ago, I asked him what he weighed.

He said, "I don't know. I won't even look at the scales."

He received the most flattering offers to enter professional athletics. He turned them down. We experimented one night in the university gymnasium, when we could be alone. At his first jump he broke one of the big electric light bulbs set into the ceiling, at least fifty feet from the floor. I caught him when he came down. I was afraid he had hurt himself. He sat on my arm quite gracefully, and his waistline—I believe I've mentioned it, haven't I?—was still forty-eight, and his height over six feet.

He was white with anger. He said, "Henry, put me down this instant."

I did.

He dusted the splinters of

broken glass from his hat. He added, "It is humiliating for a full professor of chemistry to sit on a man's elbow, like an infant." Naturally I agreed.

We went to the nearest bar.

Yes—a Martini, please.

We discussed the subject at length. He said, "If the curve becomes hyperbola, and rises after passing through zero, I may be saved. But it is far more likely to be a catenary, and if it is, nothing can be done."

Do you understand that? I didn't.

Ten days ago, John Tomlinson, head of the physics department, experimented on him. Dressed, but without an overcoat, Dutton weighed one pound, eight and one-half ounces. Tomlinson asked him to take off his shoes. He did, and floated right up to the ceiling, where he bobbed about like a big balloon, extremely angry, until I threw him a rope and hauled him down.

A few nights later—that was a week ago—he had a nightmare. That would be the word, though it was real enough when he woke. He had gone to bed without undressing. He awakened because the mattress seemed hard. He lit a match.

He found himself resting against the ceiling again, with the bed linen hanging straight down—though it seemed to be up—on either side of him. He crawled to the nearest window, like a fly, and crawled down along the binding of the curtain.

Every day last week he balanced himself in the morning, putting weights into his pockets to make sure he wouldn't leave the earth for good. But yesterday morning he forgot himself while lecturing, banged his hand on the desk, and rose six feet into the air before settling gently on a rack of



"Why can't they make diapers as wet-proof as my Sheltersuede leather jacket?"

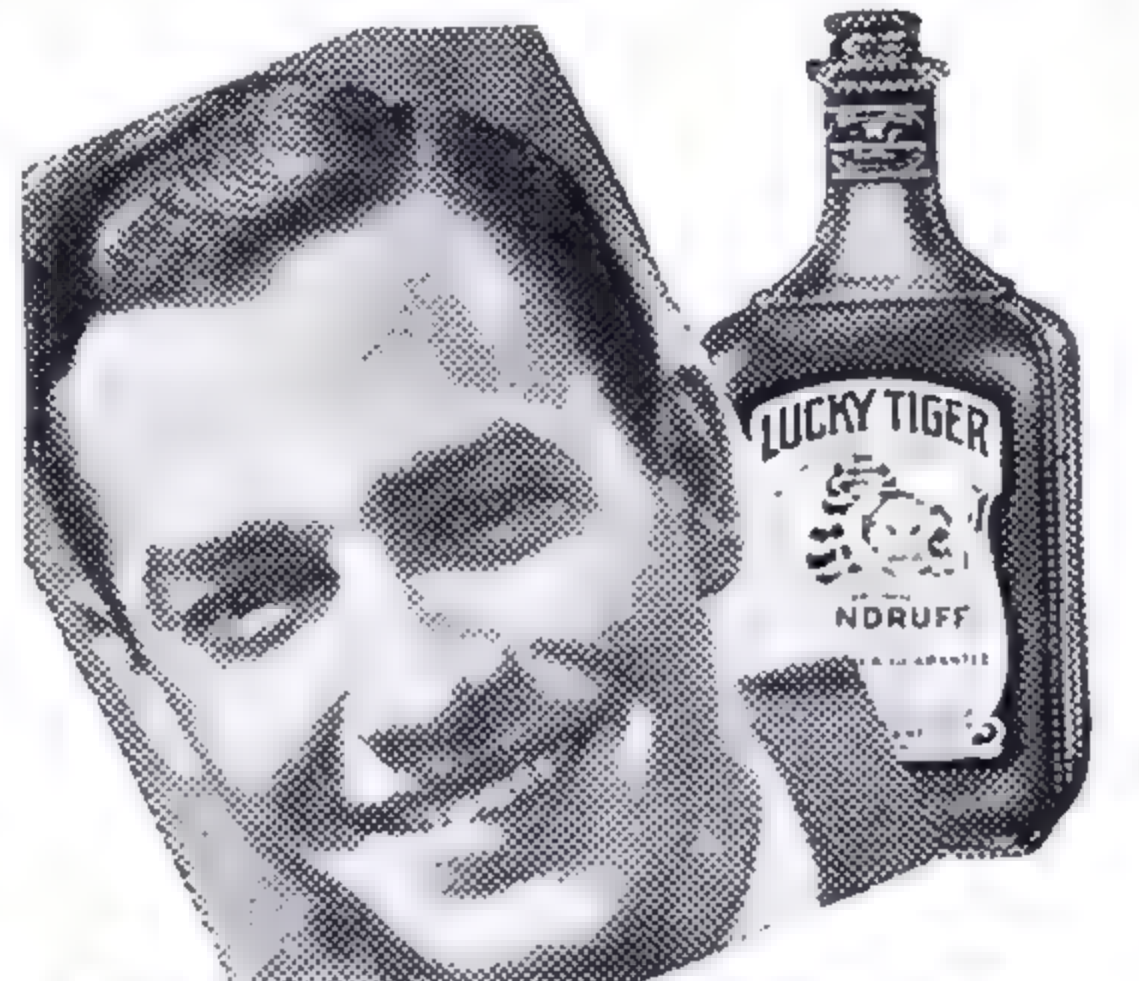
SHELTERSUEDE

— a genuine suede leather for jackets — keeps out the wet — keeps in the warm. Showerproofed and wind-proofed (without affecting natural ventilation) by Lawrence — a great name in leather.



A. C. Lawrence Leather Co.
Peabody, Mass.

LEATHER BREATHES.
SHELTERSUEDE LEATHER
BREATHES and PROTECTS.



MILLIONS USE LUCKY TIGER

To do a man's-size job of removing loose dandruff—To check excessive falling hair—To allay that annoying scalp itching—To relieve scalp irritations—To groom and beautify the hair.

FOR MORE THAN 25 YEARS Lucky Tiger has been a popular stand-by for the care of the hair and scalp. Grateful persons write us from all parts of the country.

Get a bottle at your drug or 10¢ store and applications at your barber shop.

FREE! A NEW LUCKY TIGER WITH OIL

A new Lucky Tiger **WITH OIL** is now being made for excessive dry hair and scalp. A 35¢ bottle will be sent upon receipt of 12¢ in stamps to pay packing and postage.

LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO., Dept. 8A, Kansas City, Mo.

15th of every month is the day to look for the new **ESQUIRE** on the newsstands

test tubes—without breaking one of them.

He decided to give up lecturing on the spot.

Snelgrove, the president, didn't want him to quit. He said, "Hang it, Duton, you're one of our biggest drawing cards!"

Duton remembered not to thump the desk, though he was beside himself with anger. He only asked, "Snelgrove, are you running a circus or are you running a university?"

At that moment John Tomlinson came in and suggested more experimentation. I had advised against it, but Duton Lang was a scientist to the core.

He telephoned for me, and we accompanied Tomlinson to the physics laboratory. Duton tied his ankle securely to one beam of a precision balance. He stripped—behind a sheet. Have I mentioned that Duton was a man of the most delicate propriety? And I watched the sheet enveloping the big body rise into the air until Tomlinson attached weights aggregating three pounds, nine and one-half ounces, which exactly balanced the negative gravity.

He said, "Duton, it's the most awful thing in the history of physics," and Duton answered, like a true scientist, "The hell of it is that it has to be in physics, which is your department, and not in chemistry, which is mine."

Tomlinson looked at the swathed figure, swaying easily from side to side, and said, "Duton, I'd like to try a test. The question is whether only you lose weight, or whether objects which come under your influence also lose weight."

Duton answered, "Don't talk like an idiot, John. There are sinkers in my pocketbook, and they weigh as much as ever, thank heaven."

Tomlinson nodded. "But what would happen if you swallowed something—a weight, for example, as you do when you eat?"

"I'm not going to swallow a sinker, even to please you."

"I'm not suggesting that," Tomlinson said hastily, "but I'd like you to drink a measured quantity of water—that is, before you detach yourself from the scales."

Duton was unexpectedly agreeable. "I won't object to that," he said. "It happens I'm thirsty."

We poured out distilled water. Duton was very co-operative, and being a big man, he could hold a lot. He drank six pounds before he decided that would do, and the big body, swathed in the sheet, stood securely on the floor. Tomlinson readjusted the balance while Duton sat on the pan, and found that his positive weight had become two pounds, six and one-half ounces.

Tomlinson crowed, "You see? Exactly as I expected!"

Duton stuck his head out over the top of the sheet and glared at him. "It proves nothing whatever," he declared. "Now I'm going to get dressed. Hand me my clothes."

We couldn't get a word out of

him while he put them on—behind the sheet. But there was nothing we could say, was there?

He marched me out of the room. He took my arm. He said, "Henry, I'm distressed. Let's go out into the country."

Well, we went into the subway, and Duton insisted on paying the fares for both of us.

I said, "Duton, this curse may go as suddenly as it came."

He said, "Not unless the curve should become hyperbolic, and my equations all predict the contrary. But don't let's talk about it."

I don't blame him for refusing to talk: the car was full of passengers, and he didn't want to be recognized. He just settled back into his seat and refused to say a word.

We got out at Bronx Park. It was spring. We walked. We had gone only a short distance when we came to a delightful lake. I cannot tell you how bitterly I regret it, but I said, unthinkingly, "Duton, you couldn't jump across that."

"Of course I could jump it," he said.

"It's all of sixty feet, and you've never tried a long jump."

He snorted. "I could do it without half trying. I could do it with a triple somersault thrown into the bargain."

I said "That would be a remarkable feat," and I wish now I had cut my tongue out first.

He only replied, "It's years since I did a triple somersault."

He buttoned his coat tightly. He jumped. He revolved three times in the air and landed like a feather among the rushes on the other side.

A big policeman, whom neither of us had seen, came running. He blew a whistle and screamed, "Say, stop that! It ain't allowed here!"

Duton became angry: his temper was always short, and besides, he had just performed a feat which no other man would ever duplicate. He actually thumbed his nose at the policeman, and as the policeman, brandishing his club, started to run around the lake toward him, Duton sprang easily into the nearest tree.

The policeman bellowed, "It's against the rules!" and Duton, swinging gracefully from a branch forty or fifty feet above the ground, catapulted into another tree.

We raced after him, both of us, while Duton leaped from tree to tree with no visible effort. He could have out-distanced us easily, but he amused himself by keeping just ahead of our pursuit.

He let himself come to the ground eventually at the brink of a waterfall, perching comfortably on a rock, while the policeman and I, unable to climb the vertical sides, stood at the foot of the fall, thirty feet below, with the spray dashing into our faces.

The policeman bellowed, "Come down out of there!" and Duton, whose temper was up, answered, "I'll come down when I'm damned good and ready."

Quite a number of persons had

Continued on page 188



PORTIS HATS LOOK BETTER
IN ALL KINDS OF WEATHER!

EXCLUSIVE
LONG-WEAR FEATURES

"Swansback"
Water-repellent
Finish

"Protek"
Perspiration-proof
Interlining



Chief—leads the Spring Parade
in style, in quality, in its soft
canyon-color tones. Indian
weavings inspired the band...
it's All-American. **\$3.85**

Other Portis styles to \$5

HAND FASHIONED

HATS by PORTIS

PORTIS BROS. HAT CO. • MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO



GENUINE FILTERS
PACKED ONLY IN THIS
RED AND BLACK BOX



Only filter combining 66 baffle interior and cellophane exterior. Greatest scientific smoking invention. Keeps juices out of mouth.

DEMAND "Filtered Smoking"
Frank MEDICO
PIPES, CIGARETTE & CIGAR HOLDERS



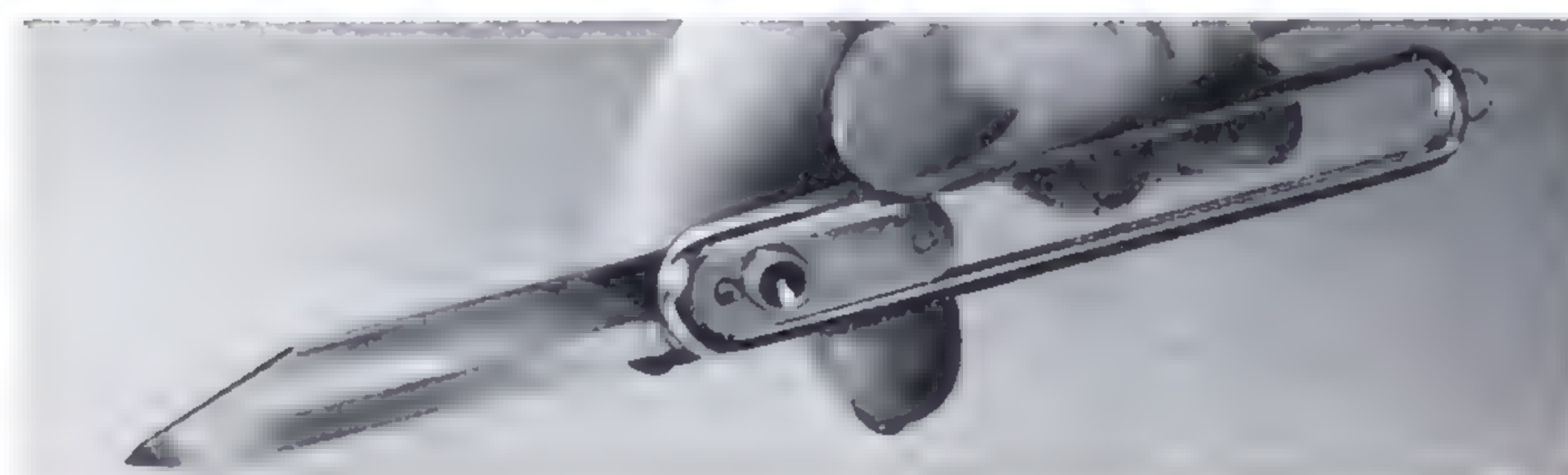
Water test proves cellophane exterior will not permit moisture or saliva to break down perfect functioning of filter. Stem and bowl stay dry.



Used filter shows juices and flakes trapped within; preventing raw mouth, wet heel, bad odor, frequent expectoration. No breaking in.

NEWEST SHAPES
FINEST BRIAR
MONEY CAN BUY

KNIFE WITH SAFETY FEATURES



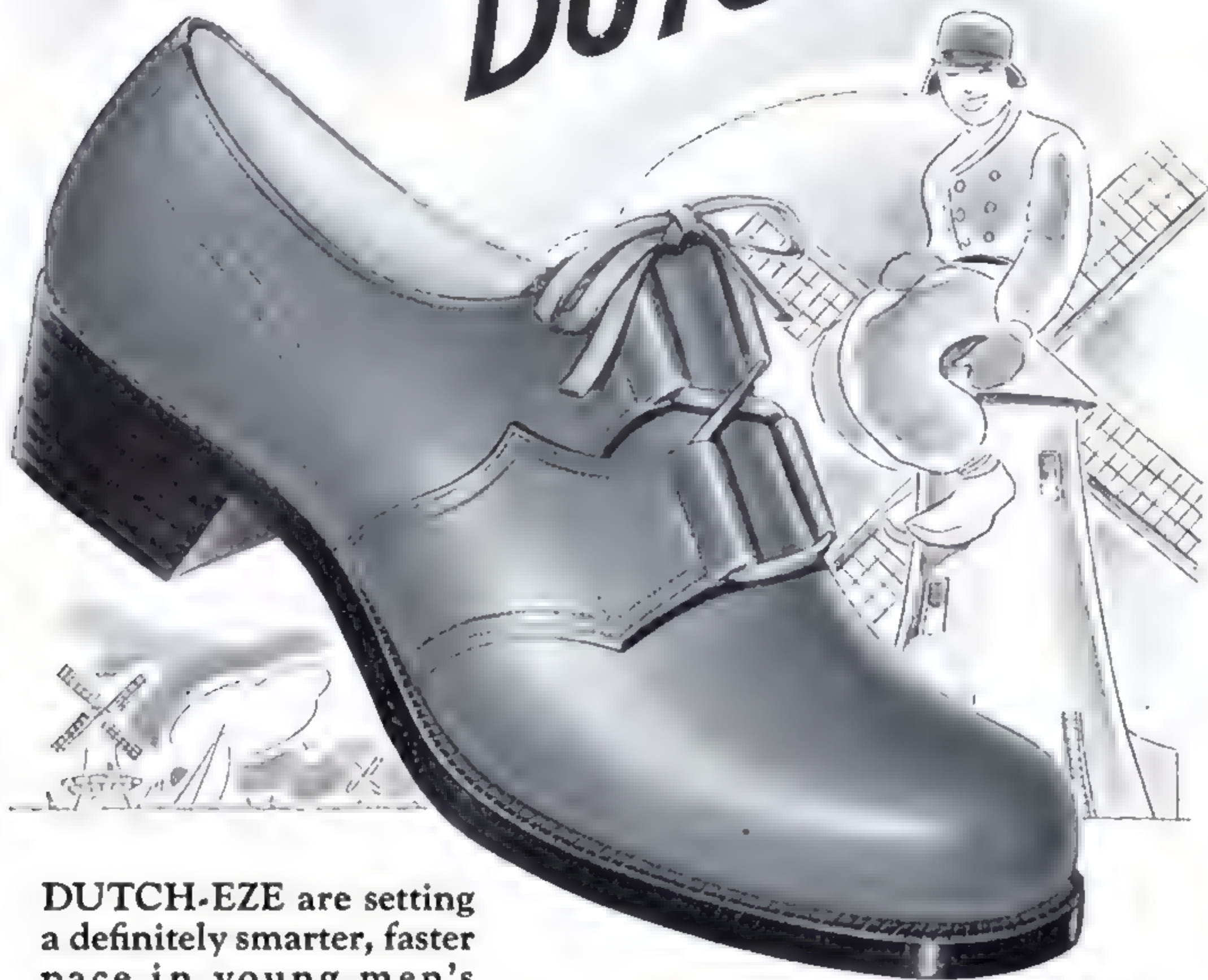
HERE is a new kind of knife that opens and closes with one hand and locks automatically at three blade lengths. No broken fingernails. No danger of fingers being cut by blade snapping shut...Neat, handy, useful, durable. Stainless steel frame. Blade of finest razor steel, chromium plated...Smart, practical. Trim, sleek, space-saving design. Light weight. Fine enough to wear on the handsomest watch chain. Press the button and slide

the blade smoothly out or in. Really 3 blades in one. Guaranteed to please...At your dealer's, or sent post paid for \$1. Use coupon below.

THE CHRISTY CO., Fremont, Ohio. Q-18
Enclosed is \$1.00 for a Christy Sport Knife. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my \$1.00 will be refunded. (Ohio orders add 3c for sales tax.) This offer good in U. S. A. only.

HAVE YOU SEEN CITY CLUB'S
SENSATIONAL NEW

DUTCH-EZE



DUTCH-EZE are setting a definitely smarter, faster pace in young men's leisure shoes. Unlined, with thick leather soles and Dutch heels, they're the last word in comfort and value. DUTCH-EZE come in natural calf as illustrated, or natural calf with wing tip. They're built on the famous Amsterdam last. Sizes 6 to 11. Widths A through D.

\$5-
Some Styles to \$6.50

Write for your Dealer's name and a FREE bag of Peters golf tees. Dept. E.



CITY CLUB SHOES



PETERS SHOE COMPANY, DIVISION INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS



FOR GOLF • YACHTING • HIKING • FISHING

The perfect utility jacket in any weather . . . styled by Congress Sportswear in its exclusive SunOrain fabric to keep you snug in a gale and dry in a shower . . . permanently water repellent and wind-proof because it's Zelan-processed.

SUNORAIN JACKETS

CAN BE WASHED OR DRY CLEANED

Raglan shoulders, roomy back and special pivot sleeves give extra freedom. Four reversible combinations: rust and fawn, Oregon green and fawn, aspen blue and fawn, navy and natural.

SEND

If your dealer can't supply you, send his name and address with money order or check for \$7.95, giving your size and colors desired. Your jacket will be promptly delivered.

CONGRESS
SPORTSWEAR
141 ESSEX ST.,
BOSTON

Made by
CONGRESS
Sportswear

The Extreme Airiness of Duton Lang

Continued from pages 55-187

followed us while we ran. They had witnessed Duton's remarkable progress through the trees. They gathered behind us. They gaped and stared.

The policeman shouted, "I'll give you one minute to come down!" but I took him by the arm and said, "Don't shoot! He's a university professor!"

The policeman glared at me and said, "He acts more like one of them there freshmen."

And then a really terrible thing took place . . . Something unforeseen . . . Something which neither Duton nor I could have included in our calculations . . .

Yes, a Martini would be right.

I have mentioned that Duton was perched at the top of a waterfall. I have also mentioned that he had drunk six measured pounds of distilled water . . .

You know the effect of running water . . .

It is subtle. It is psychological. It is difficult to explain. But even at the distance which separated us, I could see Duton suddenly blush, and I guessed the reason.

Being a man with a delicate sense of propriety, he was trying to control himself—and the water rushed by his very feet, leaping, purling, cascading from rock to rock. I could imagine the struggle that was going on within him. It was titanic; colossal. I felt for him; if I had known an appropriate prayer, I would have repeated it.

Abruptly he said—I could hear it clearly, "Excuse me, Henry"—and he turned his back.

I turned my back, also. So did nearly everybody else except the policeman, who had no sense of propriety at all. But I turned around again when I heard a shout and saw Duton rising slowly but certainly from the ground.

He was as surprised as I. He screamed at me, "Henry, I don't understand it."

The limb of a yellow birch overhung the stream. He reached for it and managed to seize its tip. He held on.

I could see that with his other hand he was searching his pockets.

He cried out, "Henry, there was a pickpocket in the subway train. My pocketbook is gone."

I called back, "Don't think of money at a time like this. Pull yourself down to the ground."

He answered, "I may be too light without my pocketbook. It was full of sinkers."

I could see, as he had already seen, that the branch to whose outstretched tip he clung was none too strong. I called, "Be careful, Duton! Don't try to make it too quickly!"

The policeman shouted, "The minute's nearly up!"

Duton didn't answer him. He may have been frightened, but his courage was amazing.

He began to inch his way along the branch . . . and a puff of wind hit him and turned him upside

down, and his coat, which he had unbuttoned when he searched himself for the pocketbook, fell over his head and arms and enveloped them completely.

I could hear him call out something, but I couldn't make out the words. If he couldn't help himself, there was nothing anybody could do to help him.

I watched, paralyzed with horror, while objects began to fall out of his pockets: quite a lot of small change, there must have been several dollars' worth; his watch; his eyeglasses; his heavy cigarette case; his keys; finally his big gold fountain pen.

It must have been the last that turned the scales. The branch—it was hardly more than a twig—broke. He was free of all anchorage to the earth. He began to rise more and more rapidly.

He was dignified to the end. I don't know how he did it, but he managed to turn himself into a more conventional position—with his head up and his feet down. He buttoned his coat. He waved the branch to which he still clung as if it were a pointer and the clouds his blackboard.

He said clearly, "The height to which I shall rise will answer the equation $H = \frac{1}{2}(32)t^2$!"

Then he called out suddenly, and they were his last words, "Airplanes, Henry! Airplanes!"

At first I thought that he saw planes; but almost immediately I guessed what was in his resourceful mind. If I could charter an airplane, I could follow him and throw him a rope—and tow him back to earth—to the university—to his chair in the department of chemistry; and of course, once safe again, he would have lead soles fastened to his shoes, and sinkers distributed all over his person, and would continue a useful and brilliant career.

But airplanes are expensive, and the small sums I have been able to collect will not charter one for more than a few minutes.

My dear sir, I am putting it to you as a man and a brother: will you open your heart and your pocket? Will you give, give till it hurts, to help my unfortunate friend, Duton Lang?

* * *

"Well," inquired the bartender, "did he talk your ear off?"

"I didn't mind," I said, still dazed.

"Did he get anything out of you?"

"Four bits—"

"Ah!"

"And five Martinis."

"He told you about his friend who got heavier and heavier, until he ended up by sinking right through the earth?"

"On the contrary," I said, much startled. "His friend's trouble seemed to be quite the opposite."

"Did it?" said the bartender. "The opposite? Well, any story that sells five drinks is a good story." ##

Death of an Outcast

Continued from page 63

this arrangement and soon departed.

Chink Collins shook hands heartily with those who had given him the chance to make a fine speech and also departed. The lights were dimmed and soon most of the men went to sleep.

About an hour later, just at daylight, Meyer the proprietor of this Paradise Hotel awoke Holley the ex-service man and asked him to put on his clothes and come out to the front room.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing important but I want to talk to you. Yes, it is important otherwise you can be sure that I wouldn't be asking you."

A few minutes later they were sitting in the front room beside the stove.

"Listen," said Meyer, "I want you to know something. When they were gone I went over to the bed and got the old man's suitcase out and put it in the office just so nobody helps himself. And I felt around to see if he had some identification papers in his breast pocket. They are going to ask me something. I found instead your corduroy coat."

"Where was it?"

"He is wearing it under his flannel shirt."

"Well I'll be damned."

"Me too. I couldn't believe it.

But you can see it for yourself."

"Poor fellow. I just feel sorry as hell," said the ex-service man. "Me too."

Then after a brief silence Meyer added, "Well, what shall we do about it? Do you want the vest?"

"Hell no. Let him keep it. Better not say anything about it because it's best the men don't know."

"That's what I think myself. You know he never would have done it if he was not cold. And that must have been the cold he caught a week ago that did him in. Remember when he was making the contract, he knew then that the vest would soon be found

for he said something about wanderers seeking kindness and warmth, and he swore by man's necessities. . . . I will button up his shirt tight and no one will see it."

"Yes, that's the best, just so the men don't know. We don't want to let them down."

The light of the day was now stronger and Meyer got up to turn out his gas lamps. He paused before the large floral horseshoe creation and felt of the quality of the bright red ribbon with the letters that read "Success."

"You know, Holley," he said, "no one ever gave me a thing like that when I opened up here." ##

Aviation As a Business

Continued from page 77

Burma or the Malay States, "those who are not in a hurry." Inside, the planes are furnished with deep, leather-cushioned seats into which you sink, put your feet up and absorb the *London Times*. There's the same smell, the same quiet-voiced, well-mannered servant as in one of those dismal clubs on Piccadilly or Pall Mall. And the same awful food, the same English lunches ending with the same biscuits and cheese. . . .

The German air line betrays immediately that it's run by a military nation. Their planes give you the impression of being so constructed that in twenty-four hours they could be turned into bombers. In fact are not the Heinkel ships now used by Luft-hansa the same with some slight variations as those that dropped G. I. cans over Barcelona a year ago with cards from Mr. Franco? One finds a continual saluting, clicking of heels and a martial atmosphere about Tempelhof and other German airdromes.

Very likely this is unfair to the Lufthansa organization, because all aviation in Europe is military and an auxiliary, more or less disguised, to the nation's air forces. Thus the chief of the Le Bourget flying field at Paris is an officer of the French Flying Corps. That's the one great difference between aviation here and abroad. There it is military and mostly subsidized; here it is largely unsubsidized and run to make a profit. Let's put the difference succinctly. In European aviation the government comes first. In the United States the passenger comes first.

Yes and how he is treated in this country! How he is waited upon, coddled, placated and soothed by stewards and hostesses from Walla Walla to Fort Worth. Sometimes the everlasting politeness of the American air employees becomes almost gluey. "Mr. Tunis," said the driver of the bus on the way to Burbank Field in Los Angeles, "I'd like for you to meet Mr. Swanson, Mr. Davis and Mr. Carroll." Then with the elegant manners of a Brooks Brothers salesman he turned with a flourish to

his wheel, leaving us properly introduced and ready to take the plane for San Francisco without any embarrassment.

Compared to air travel abroad, however, such super-courtesy is bearable. From the moment you buy your air ticket, invariably sold by a personable youth in the company's office, until you are deposited at your destination, everyone smiles. Employees at the airport, employees at the main office, pilots, stewards, hostesses, bus drivers, porters and attendants; everybody smiles. A friendly, disarming smile. To descend from the chilly atmosphere of 11,000 feet above the mountains of Arizona, to land on that postage stamp between the peaks which is the airport at Boulder City, to see that smiling young man in the familiar uniform open the door of the plane, greet you by name and hand you a telegram, well, there's American organization at its best.

Aviation is martial in Germany, leisurely and clublike in England, but here it is a business. To this business the American has brought his passion for efficiency, to this complicated transportation system he has carried his love of gadgets and machinery, his superb technique for co-ordinating, selling, putting over a new product.

That efficiency shows from the time you buy your ticket. The Continental offices in Colorado Springs who have sold me my ticket, slip it into an envelope which has, written on the back flap, my destination, the time the plane leaves for the airport, the cost of the trip, and my taxi fare to the airport. The next morning we've hardly left the glorious snow-capped cone of Pikes Peak in the rear when the pilot, or one of them, comes through. A sign over the door, something carried by few European airlines, informs me that the Captain is named Avery Black and the First Officer Wade Johnson.

As I'm the sole passenger, Mr. Johnson sits down and offers me a cigarette. He must be thirty-two, has deep blue eyes and that queer look around the corners of

his mouth so often seen on the faces of sailors and airmen. He tells me he has flown a million miles, that he is married and enjoys flying, and discusses the question of getting used to elevation. For we are now at thirteen thousand feet above sea level. Like most men keen on their jobs, he is interesting and eloquent. Soon he returns to the cockpit as we descend at Santa Fe, and a few minutes later swoop down into the airport at Albuquerque.

One of the amazing things about the network the airlines have woven over this nation is the series of airdromes that dot the country. You land in a town like Fresno, California, or Cheyenne, Wyoming, and find an airport that wouldn't be at all out of place in many capitals of Europe. The airport at Albuquerque is built in Spanish mission style, and the interior is tastefully decorated with colored blankets and Indian touches. Here as elsewhere, the same courtesy, the same quiet voice of the announcer calling the plane going east.

Check my bag? Certainly. Get me a cab to see the town? Why of course. Reserve a good seat on the incoming plane so I can see the Grand Canyon? By all means. Put on a lunch when we leave for me? Yes indeed. During a recent coast-to-coast trip in a Mainliner I saw a stewardess hand out at various times of the day and night an electric razor, chewing gum, newspapers and magazines, clean diapers for a baby, tea for the baby's mother, and a glass of bromo-seltzer.

"Our position at 11:54 a. m. will be Tucumcari, New Mexico. Our altitude is 10,000 feet, the temperature outside the cabin is 60 degrees, and our arrival at Winslow, Arizona is estimated at 2:54 p. m. The mountains to our right are the Sangre de Cristos. Several peaks are around 13,000 feet." The slip is passed back from the pilot. A little thing, but it counts during the monotony of a long flight, and so far as I am aware only one line abroad takes the trouble to do this.

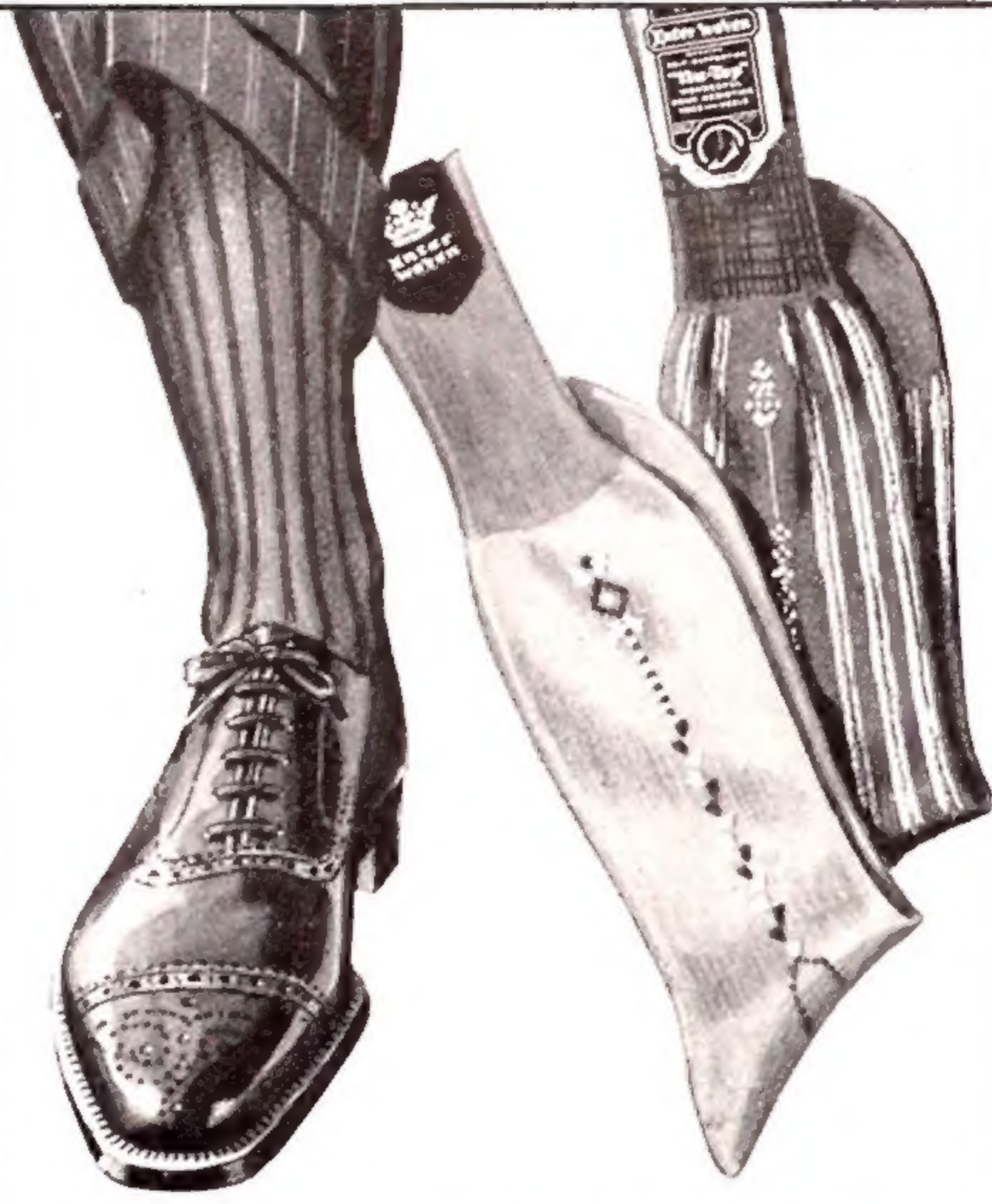
"Airline transportation in the United States is the safest of all," said Major Al Williams on his return from his trip abroad last summer. If figures are worth anything this seems to be true. The latest at hand, those for 1936, give 46 passenger fatalities during the year for the United States domestic routes and their foreign extensions, and for all other countries in the world combined, 69. Moreover the American lines flew 73,000,000 miles as against 62,000,000, with 10 fatal accidents as against 32 for the rest of the world of aviation.

These figures compiled by the National Safety Council also show that in 1936 the United States airlines carried 1,147,969 passengers and the rest of the world, 1,026,095. Our lines flew 1,658,779 miles per passenger fatality, as against just over 900,000 miles per passenger fatality for the foreign air services, a record almost fifty per cent better. That may not, it's true, mean I've got to travel 1,658,779 miles before my next crash, but it gives me a better feeling when I'm over Pittsburgh than when I'm over Paris or Prague.

Yes, here's something at which the American excels. My only gripes with our airlines are two, both of them petty, which makes me feel maybe I'm losing my grip. However since they urge and request travelers to comment on the service, here goes. First of all, the Douglas planes in use by the main lines are difficult to see from. The windows are small and the wings prevent vision from several seats on each side. The Dewoitine planes in France are models of light and vision compared to American ships. Another thing hurts. That's the charge to the airport. Often it is small, only fifty cents in Washington, but there's no reason for any charge at all. If those catch-as-catch-can European lines ferry you from Le Bourget into Paris and from Croydon into London free, gratis and for nothing, it's time the lines in the United States did the same thing. ##



TOWN—Blue suit . . . Black shoes. Socks:—French Lisle . . . 6 x 3 Rib or flat fabric with Clock—Blue, Maroon, dark Gray and Maroon combination.



TOWN—Blue suit with colored stripes...Brown shoes. Socks:—Red and Blue combination, Blue, Red-browns, Blue mixture.



SEMI-SPORTS—Blue flannel suit with white chalk stripe . . . Black shoes. Socks:—Blue 6 x 3 Rib Lisle, Maroon or Blue vertical stripes.



TOWN—Brown suit...Brown shoes. Socks:—“High-Lo” (Registered trade mark). Sport socks:—Brown, Tan, St. Tropez Red, Green 6 x 3 Rib, Basket-weave or flat fabric.

Styled by Inter woven

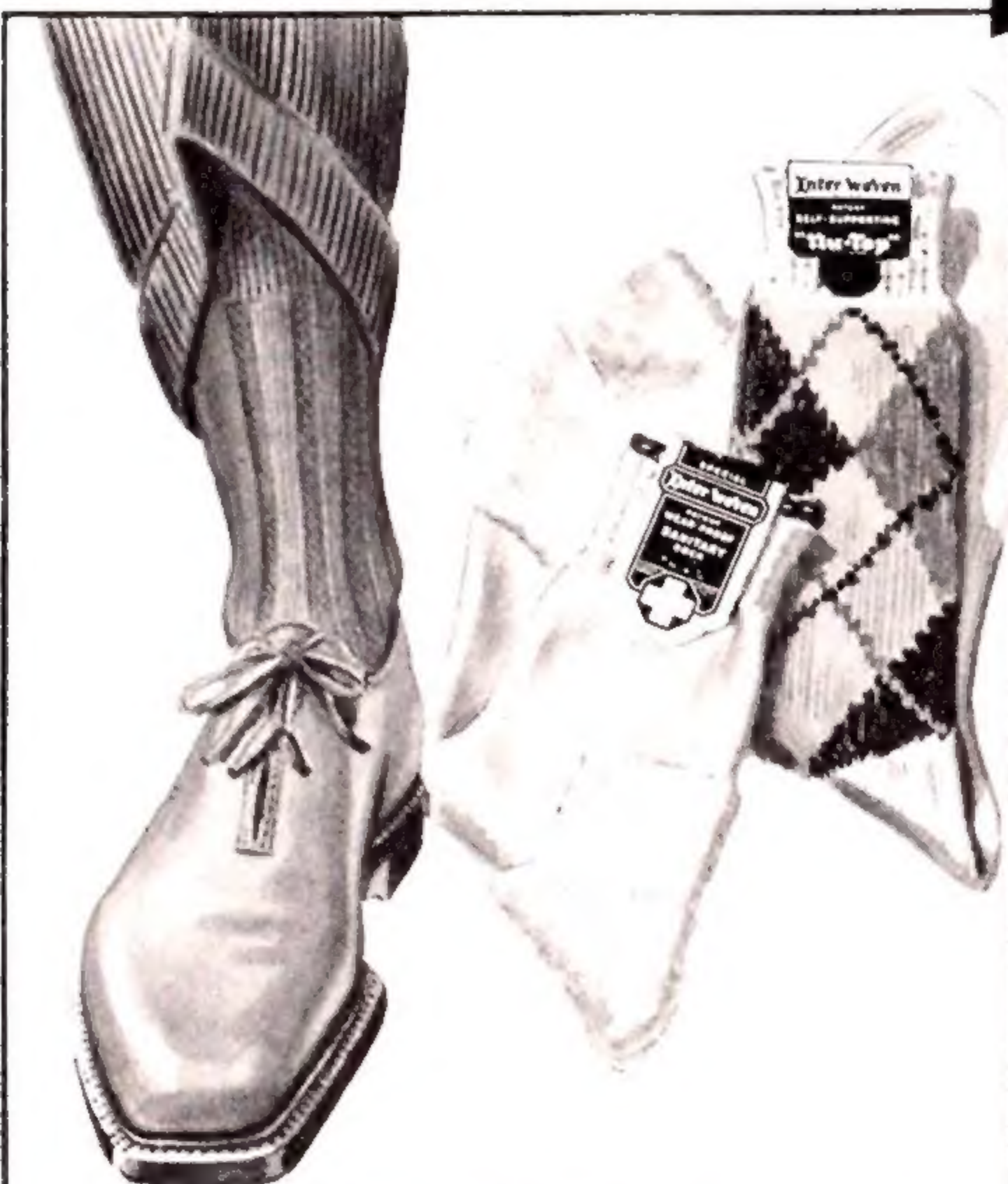
for the well dressed man . . .
More than One Thousand dif-
ferent Socks made by Interwoven
. . . for every occasion.

2 pairs 100 and up

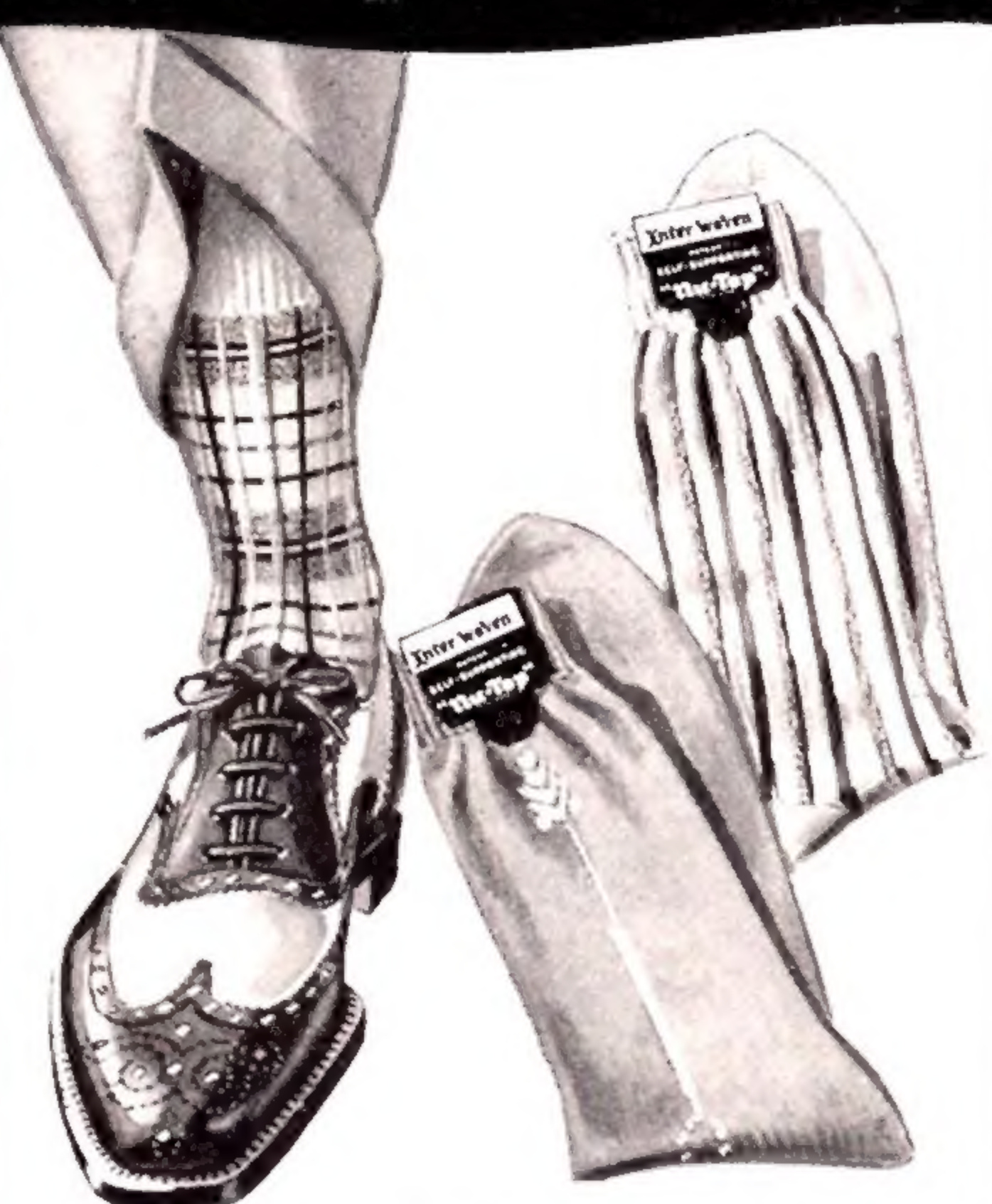
[Interwoven patent self-supporting “Nu-Top” construction shown on the opposite page.]



SEMI-SPORTS—Brown fancy weave suit . . . Brown reverse calf shoes. Socks:—Wool, or Lisle short socks:—Fancy Weaves, Ribbed or bold sport patterns—Brown, Green, Henna, Red, Yellow combinations.



COUNTRY—Velvet cord Breeks—Peasant type country shoes. Short socks:—Interwoven cushion-sole “Pro” Socks...Wide rib Green wool, Fancy Weave Ribbed or colorful wool Scotch Argyle pattern.



COUNTRY—Natural color summer weight suit . . . Brown and white wing-tip shoes. Short socks:—White with Brown—Pastel Green with White . . . Brown with Yellow.



EVENING—Dinner jacket. Socks:—Flat Black Silk . . . Fine Ribbed Black Silk or Black Silk with White Clocks . . . For Full Dress: Black Silk with Black Clock.

Here is the Difference!



THE INTERWOVEN "NU-TOP"
PHOTOGRAPHED INSIDE OUT

Inside the "Nu-Top" the ridges go
"round and round"... "washboard"
resistance keeps the sock from
sliding down the leg.

THE ORDINARY GARTER TOP
PHOTOGRAPHED INSIDE OUT

Inside the regular "garter-top"
rib... knit with elastic yarn...
the ridges run up and down
the leg like *sleigh runners* and the
sock slides down.

Interwoven

REG. U. S. PATENT OFF.

PATENT SELF-SUPPORTING

"Nu-Top"

REG. U. S. PATENT OFF.

Here's an entirely new and different self-supporting Sock... the one that **DOES** stay up!... no gadgets... no contraptions... but the patented "Nu-Top" does the trick. Tremendously popular... Solid colors or Fancy Patterns... 2 pairs \$1.00 and up.



COPYRIGHT 1939 INTERWOVEN STOCKING COMPANY

"Clinging to a tiny platform 600 feet in the air puts a big strain on my nerves," says Charles A. Nelson, steel inspector of the New York World's Fair. His rule to ease nerve tension: "Pause now and then —

LET UP_ LIGHT UP A CAMEL"



LIKE SO MANY OTHERS at the New York World's Fair, Charley Nelson makes it a rule to break the nervous tension of crowded days by pausing every now and then to let up—light up a Camel. Observe, on your visit to New York's greatest exposition, how smoothly everything goes. Also note how many people you see smoking Camels. There are dozens of memorable sights to see at the New York World's Fair—but don't spoil the fun by letting your nerves get tired, fagged. Pause every now and then—let up—light up a Camel—the cigarette for mildness, rich-ripe taste—and *comfort!*



EDDIE CANTOR—Listen in to America's great comic personality in a riot of fun, music, and song. On the air each Monday evening over the Columbia Network. 7:30 pm E.S.T., 9:30 pm C.S.T., 8:30 pm M.S.T., 7:30 pm P.S.T.

BENNY GOODMAN—Hear the one and only King of Swing, and the world's greatest swing band "go to town" in a big way—each Tuesday evening—Columbia Network. 9:30 pm E.S.T., 8:30 pm C.S.T., 7:30 pm M.S.T., 6:30 pm P.S.T.



Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



THE GREAT "SPIKE AND BALL" (above right) is the theme center of the New York World's Fair—the Trylon and the Perisphere—7000 pieces of steel joined by a quarter of a million rivets. It's the trying job of Inspector Nelson to check these two huge shells at every vital point. He says: "I've got to know every inch of that steelwork. Hanging onto girders hundreds of feet up, I can't afford to get jittery. I *have* to sidestep

nerve tension. It's my rule to ease off occasionally—to let up—light up a Camel." (Notes on the two structures above: The great ball will appear to be supported by fountains concealing the concrete foundation pillars. At night, the ball will seem to rotate—an illusion to be created by lighting effects. Inside, a panorama will depict "The World of Tomorrow." The Trylon will be the Fair's broadcasting tower.)



300 FENCING MATCHES and exhibitions are credited to Rosemary Carver, expert with the flashing foil. "Fencing drains the nerves," she says. "But I can't take chances on being tense, jittery in the midst of a fast riposte, parry, or lunge. Throughout the day, and after a match, I rest my nerves—I let up—light up a Camel. I find Camels soothing, comforting to the nerves. And Camels *taste* so good!"



**SMOKERS FIND
CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE
SOOTHING TO THE NERVES**

Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the **LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA**